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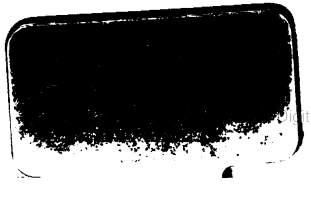
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THE

BOTHIE

OF

TOPER-NA-FUOSICH.

A LONG-VACATION PASTORAL.

BY ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

Nunc formosissimus annus.

OXFORD:
FRANCIS MACPHERSON.
LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.
1848.

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NOTE.

THE reader is warned to expect every kind of irregularity in these modern hexameters: spondaic lines, so called, are almost the rule; and a word will often require to be transposed by the voice from the end of one line to the beginning of the next.

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1848

MY LONG-VACATION PUPILS

WILL I HOPE ALLOW ME TO INSCRIBE THIS TRIFLE TO THEM, AND WILL NOT, I TRUST, BE DISPLEASED IF IN A FICTION, PURELY FICTION, THEY ARE HERE AND THERE REMINDED OF TIMES WE ENJOYED TOGETHER.

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I.

Socii cratera coronant.

IT was the afternoon; and the sports were all but over.
Long had the stone been put, tree cast, and thrown the hammer;
Up the perpendicular hill, Sir Hector so called it,
Eight stout shepherds and gillies had run, two wondrous quickly;
Run too the course on the level had been; the leaping was over:
Last in the show of dress, a novelty recently added,
Noble ladies their prizes adjudged for costume that was perfect,
Turning the clansmen about, who stood with upraised elbows;
Bowing their eye-glassed brows, and fingering kilt and sporran.
It was four of the clock, and the sports were all but over,
Therefore the Oxford party went off to adorn for the dinner.
Be it recorded in song who was first, who last, in dressing.
Hope was the first, black-tied, white-waistcoated, simple, His Honour;
For the postman made out he was son to the Earl of Ilay,
(As indeed he was, to the younger brother, the Colonel,)
Treated him therefore with special respect; doffed bonnet, and ever
Called him his Honour: his Honour he therefore was at the cottage.
Always his Honour at least, sometimes the Viscount of Ilay.
Hope was first, his Honour, and next to his Honour the Tutor.
Still more plain the Tutor, the grave man, nicknamed Adam,
White-tied, clerical, silent, with antique square-cut waistcoat
Formal, unchanged, of black cloth, but with sense and feeling beneath it;
Skilful in Ethics and Logic, in Pindar and Poets unrivalled;
Shady in Latin, said Lindsay, but *topping* in Plays and Aldrich.
Somewhat more splendid in dress, in a waistcoat work of a lady,
Lindsay succeeded; the lively, the cheery, cigar-loving Lindsay,
Lindsay the ready of speech, the Piper, the Dialectician,
This was his title from Adam because of the words he invented,
Who in three weeks had created a dialect new for the party,
Master in all that was new, of whate'er was recherché and racy,
Master of newest inventions, and ready deviser of newer;

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This was his title from Adam, but mostly they called him the Piper.
Lindsay succeeded, the lively, the cheery, cigar-loving Lindsay.
Hewson and Hobbes were down at the *matutine* bathing; of course too
Arthur Audley, the bather par excellence, glory of headers,
Arthur they called him for love and for euphony; so were they bathing,
There where in mornings was custom, where over a ledge of granite
Into a granite bason descended the amber torrent.
There were they bathing and dressing; it was but a step from the cottage,
Only the road and larches and ruinous millstead between.
Hewson and Hobbes followed quick upon Adam; on them followed Arthur.
Airlie descended the last, splendescent as god of Olympus;
Blue, half-doubtfully blue, was the coat that had white silk facings,
Waistcoat blue, coral-buttoned, the white-tie finely adjusted,
Coral moreover the studs on a shirt as of crochet of women:
When for ten minutes already the fourwheel had stood at the gateway,
He, like a god, came leaving his ample Olympian chamber.
And in the fourwheel they drove to the place of the clansmen's meeting.
So in the fourwheel they came; and Donald the innkeeper showed them
Up to the barn where the dinner should be. Four tables were in it;
Two at the top and the bottom, a little upraised from the level,
These for Chairman and Croupier,* and gentry fit to be with them,
Two lengthways in the midst for keeper and gillie and peasant.
Here were clansmen many in kilt and bonnet assembled;
Keepers a dozen at least; the Marquis's targeted gillies;
Pipers five or six, among them the young one, the drunkard;
Many with silver brooches, and some with those brilliant crystals
Found amid granite-dust on the frosty scalp of the Cairn-Gorm;
But with snuff-boxes all, and all their boxes using.
Here too were Catholic Priest, and Established Minister standing,
One to say grace before, the other after the dinner;
Catholic Priest; for many still clung to the Ancient Worship,
And Sir Hector's father himself had built them a chapel;
So stood Priest and Minister, near to each other, but silent,
One to say grace before, the other after the dinner.
Hither anon too came the shrewd, ever-ciphering Factor,
Hither anon the Attaché, the Guardsman mute and stately,
Hither from lodge and bothie† in all the adjoining shootings
Members of Parliament many, forgetful of votes and blue books,
Here, amid heathery hills, upon beast and bird of the forest,

* Vice-President. † Hut.

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Venting the murderous spleen of the endless Railway Committee.
Hither the Marquis of Ayr, and Dalgarnish Earl and Croupier,
And at their side, amid murmurs of welcome, long-looked for, himself too
Eager, the gray, but boy-hearted Sir Hector, the Chief and the Chairman.
Then was the dinner served, and the Minister asked a blessing,
And to the viands before them with knife and with fork they beset them;
Venison, the red and the roe, with mutton; and grouse succeeding;
Such was the feast, with whiskey of course, and at top and bottom
Small decanters of Sherry, not overchoice, for the gentry.
So to the viands before them with laughter and chat they beset them.
And, when on flesh and on fowl had appetite duly been sated,
Up rose the Catholic Priest and returned God thanks for the dinner.
Then on all tables were set black bottles of well-mixed toddy,
And, with the bottles and glasses before them, they sat digesting,
Talking, enjoying, but chiefly awaiting the toasts and speeches.

Spare me, O mighty Remembrance! for words to the task were unequal,
Spare me, O mistress of Song! nor bid me recount minutely
All that was said and done o'er the well-mixed tempting toddy,
Bid me not show in detail, grimace and gesture painting,
How were healths proposed and drunk with all the honours,
Glasses and bonnets waving, and three-times-three thrice over,
Queen, and Prince, and Army, and Landlords all, and Keepers;
Bid me not, grammar defying, repeat from grammar-defiers
Long constructions strange and plusquam-thucydidëan,
Tell, how as sudden torrent in time of speat * in the mountain
Hurries six ways at once, and takes at last to the roughest,
Or as the practised rider at Astley's or Franconi's
Skilfully, boldly bestrides many steeds at once in the gallop,
Crossing from this to that, with one leg here, one yonder,
So, less skilful, but equally bold, and wild as the torrent,
All through sentences six at a time, unsuspecting of syntax,
Hurried the lively good-will and garrulous tale of Sir Hector.
Left to oblivion be it, the memory, faithful as ever,
How the noble Croupier would wind up his word with a whistle,
How the Marquis of Ayr, with quaint gesticulation,
Floundering on through game and mess-room recollections,
Gossip of neighbouring forest, praise of targeted gillies,

* Flood.

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Anticipation of royal visit, skits at pedestrians,
Swore he would never abandon his country, nor give up deer-stalking;
How, too, more brief, and plainer in spite of Gaelic accent,
Highland peasants gave courteous answer to flattering nobles.
Two orations alone the memorial song will render;
For at the banquet's close spake thus the lively Sir Hector,
Somewhat husky with praises exuberant, often repeated,
Pleasant to him and to them, of the gallant Highland soldiers
Whom he erst led in the fight;—something-husky, but cheery, tho' weary,
Up to them rose and spoke the grey but gladsome chieftain:—
Fill up your glasses once more, my friends—with all the honours,
There was a toast which I forgot, which our gallant Highland homes have
Always welcomed the stranger, I may say, delighted to see
Fine young men at my table—My friends! are you ready? the Strangers.
Gentlemen, I drink your healths,—and I wish you—with all the honours!
So he said, and the cheers ensued, and all the honours,
All our Collegians were bowed to, the Attaché detecting His Honour,
The Guardsman moving to Arthur, the Marquis sidling to Airlie,
While the little drunken Piper came across to shake hands with Lindsay.—
But, while the healths were being drunk, was much tribulation and trouble,
Nodding and beckoning across, observed of Attaché and Guardsman:
Adam wouldn't speak,—indeed it was known he couldn't;
Hewson could, and would if they wished; Philip Hewson the poet,
Hewson the radical hot, hating lords and scorning ladies,
Silent mostly, but often reviling in fire and fury
Feudal tenures, mercantile lords, competition and bishops,
Liveries, armorial bearings, amongst other things the Game-laws:
He could speak, and was asked-to by Adam, but Lindsay aloud cried
(Whiskey was hot in his brain) Confound it, no, not Hewson,
A'nt he cock-sure to bring-in his eternal political humbug?
However, so it must be, and after due pause of silence,
Waving his hand to Lindsay, and smiling queerly to Adam,
Up to them rose and spoke the poet and radical Hewson.
I am, I think, perhaps the most perfect stranger present.
I have not, as two or three of my friends, in my veins some tincture,
Some few ounces of Scottish blood; no, nothing like it.
I am therefore perhaps the fittest to answer and thank you.
So I thank you, sir, for myself and for my companions,
Heartily thank you all for this unexpected greeting,
All the more welcome as showing you do not account us intruders

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Are not unwilling to see the north and south forgather.
And, surely, seldom have Scotch and English more joyously mingled;
Scarcely with warmer hearts, clearer sense of mutual manhood,
Even in tourney, and foray, and fray, and regular battle,
Where the life and the strength come out in the tug and tussle,
Scarcely, where man confronted man, and soul clasped soul,
Close as the bodies and intertwining limbs of athletic wrestlers
When for a final bout are a day's two champions mated,—
In the grand old times of bows, and bills, and claymores,
At the old Flodden-field—Bannockburn—Culloden.
—(And he paused a moment, for breath, and because of cheering,)
We are the better friends, I fancy, for that old fighting,
Better friends, inasmuch as we know each other better,
We can now shake hands without subterfuge or shuffling.
On this passage followed a great tornado of cheering,
Tables were rapped, feet stamped, a glass or two got broken:
He, ere the cheers had died wholly away, and while still there was stamping,
Added with a smile in an altered voice his sarcastic conclusion.
Yet I myself have little claim to this honour of having my health drunk,
For I am not a game-keeper, I think, nor a game-preserver.
So he said, and sat down, but his satire was not taken.
Only the *Men*, who were all on their legs as concerned in the thanking,
Were a trifle confused, but mostly stared without laughing;
Lindsay alone, close-facing the chair, shook his fist at the speaker.
Only a Liberal member, away at the end of the table,
Started, remembering sadly the chance of a coming election,
Only the Attaché sneered to the Guardsman, who twirled his moustachio,
Only the Marquis faced round, but not quite clear of the meaning
Joined with the joyous Sir Hector, who lustily beat on the table.
And soon after the chairman arose, and the feast was over:
Now should the barn be cleared and forthwith adorned for the dancing,
And our friends, retiring to wait for this consummation,
Were, as they stood in the doorway uncertain, debating together,
By the good chieftain so joyous invited hard-by to the castle.
But as the doorway they quitted, a thin man clad as the Saxon,
Trouser and cap and jacket of home-spun blue, hand-woven,
Singled out, and said with determined accent to Hewson,
Resting his hand on his shoulder, while each with eyes dilating
Firmly scanned each: Young man, if ye pass through the Braes o' Lochaber,
See by the loch-side ye come to the Bothie of Toper-na-fuosich.

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II.

Et certamen erat, Corydon cum Thyrside, magnum.

MORN, in yellow and white came broadening out from the mountains,
Long ere music and reel were hushed in the barn of the dancers.
Duly in matutine bathed before eight some two of the party,
There where in mornings was custom, where over a ledge of granite
Into a granite bason descended the amber torrent.
Duly there two plunges each took Philip and Arthur,
Duly in matutine bathed, and read, and wished for breakfast;
Breakfast commencing at nine lingered lazily on to noon-day.
Tea and coffee was there; a jug of water for Hewson;
Tea and coffee; and four cold grouse upon the sideboard;
Cranberry-jam was reserved for tea, and for festive occasions:
Gaily they talked, as they sat, some late and lazy at breakfast,
Some professing a book, some smoking outside at the window.
'Neath an aurora soft-pouring a still sheeny tide to the zenith,
Hewson and Arthur, with Adam, had walked and got home by eleven;
Hope and the others had staid till the round sun lighted them bedward.
They of the lovely aurora, but these of the lovelier women
Spoke—of noble ladies and rustic girls, their partners.
Turned to them Hewson, the chartist, the poet, the eloquent speaker.
Sick of the very names of your Lady Augustas and Floras
Am I, as ever I was of the dreary botanical titles
Of the exotic plants, their antitypes, in the hothouse:
Roses, violets, lilies for me! the out-of-door beauties;
Meadow and woodland sweets, forget-me-nots and heartsease!
Pausing awhile, he proceeded anon, for none made answer.
Oh, if our high-born girls knew only the grace, the attraction,
Labour, and labour alone, can add to the beauty of women,
Truly the milliner's trade would quickly, I think, be at discount,
All the waste and loss in silk and satin be saved us,
Saved for purposes truly and widely productive——
That's right,
Take off your coat to it, Philip, cried Lindsay, outside in the garden,
Lindsay, cigar-loving hero, the Piper, the Dialectician,
Take off your coat to it, Philip.

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Well, well, said Hewson, resuming;
Laugh if you please at my novel economy; listen to this, though;
As for myself, and apart from economy wholly, believe me,
Never I properly felt the relation of man to woman,
Though to the dancing-master I went, perforce, for a quarter,
Where, in dismal quadrille, were good-looking girls in plenty,
Though, too, school-girl cousins were mine—a bevy of beauties,—
Never (of course you will laugh, but of course all the same I shall say it,)
Never, believe me, revealed itself to me the sexual glory,
Till in some village fields in holidays now getting stupid,
One day sauntering 'long and listless,' as Tennyson has it,
Long and listless strolling, ungainly in hobbadiboyhood,
Chanced it my eye fell aside on a capless, bonnetless maiden,
Bending with three-pronged fork in a garden uprooting potatoes.
Was it the air? who can say? or herself, or the charm of the labour?
But a new thing was in me; and longing delicious possessed me,
Longing to take her and lift her, and put her away from her slaving:
Was it to clasp her in lifting, or was it to lift her by clasping,
Was it embracing or aiding was most in my mind; hard question!
But a new thing was in me, I too was a youth among maidens:
Was it the air, who can say? but in part 'twas the charm of the labour.
I was too awkward, too shy, a great deal, be assured, for advances,
Shyly I shambled away, stopping oft, but afraid of returning,
Shambled obliquely away, with furtive occasional sidelook,
Long, though listless no more, in my awkward hobbadiboyhood.
Still, though a new thing was in me, though vernal emotion, the secret,
Yes, amid prurient talk, the unimparted mysterious secret
Long, the growing distress, and celled-up dishonour of boyhood,
Recognised now took its place, a relation, oh bliss! unto others;
Though now the poets, whom love is the key to, revealed themselves to me,
And in my dreams by Miranda, her Ferdinand, sat I unwearied,
Though all the fuss about girls, the giggling, and toying, and coying,
Were not so strange as they had been, so incomprehensible purely;
Still, as before, (and as now) balls, dances, and evening parties,
Shooting with bows, going shopping together, and hearing them singing,
Dangling beside them, and turning the leaves on the dreary piano,
Offering unneeded arms, performing dull farces of escort,
Seemed like a sort of unnatural up-in-the-air balloon-work,
(Or what to me is as hateful, a riding about in a carriage,)
Utter divorcement from work, mother earth, and objects of living,

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As mere gratuitous trifling in presence of business and duty,
As does the turning aside of the tourist to look at a landscape
Seem in the steamer or coach to the merchant in haste for the city.
Hungry and fainting for food you ask me to join you in snapping—
What but a pink-paper comfit, with motto romantic inside it?
Wishing to stock me a garden, I'm sent to a table of nosegays;
Pretty, I see it, and sweet; but they hardly would grow in my borders.
Better a crust of black bread than a mountain of paper-confections,
Better a daisy in earth than a dahlia cut and gathered,
Better a cowslip with root than a prize carnation without it.

That I allow, said Adam.

But he with the bit in his teeth,—scarce
Breathed a brief moment, and hurried exultingly on with his rider,
Far over hillock, and runnel, and bramble, away in the champaign,
Snorting defiance and force, the white foam flecking his quarters,
Rein hanging loose to his neck, and head projected before him.

Oh, if they knew and considered, unhappy ones! oh, could they see, could
But for a moment discern, how the blood of true gallantry kindles,
How the old knightly religion, the chivalry semi-quixotic
Stirs in the veins of a man at seeing some delicate woman
Serving him, toiling—for him, and the world; some tenderest girl, now
Over-weighted, expectant, of him, is it? who shall, if only
Duly her burden be lightened, not wholly removed from her, mind you,
Lightened if but by the love, the devotion man only can offer,
Grand on her pedestal rise as urn-bearing statue of Hellas;—
Oh, could they feel at such moments how man's heart, as into Eden
Carried anew, seems to see, like the gardener of earth uncorrupted,
Eve from the hand of her Maker advancing, an helpmeet for him,
Eve from his own flesh taken, a spirit restored to his spirit,
Spirit but not spirit only, himself whatever himself is,
Unto the mystery's end sole helpmate meet to be with him;—
Oh if they saw it and knew it; we soon should see them abandon
Boudoir, toilette, carriage, drawing-room, and ball-room,
Satin for worsted exchange, gros-de-naples for linsey-woolsey,
Sandals of silk for clogs, for health lackadaisical fancies!
So, feel women, not dolls; so feel the sap of existence
Circulate up through their roots from the far-away centre of all things,
Circulate up from the depths to the bud on the twig that is topmost!

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Yes, we should see them delighted, delighted ourselves in the seeing,
Bending with blue cotton gown skirted-up over striped linsey-woolsey,
Milking the kine in the field, like Rachel, watering cattle,
Rachel, when at the well the predestined beheld and kissed her,
Or, with pail upon head, like Dora beloved of Alexis,
Comely, with well-poised pail over neck arching soft to the shoulders,
Comely in gracefullest act, one arm uplifted to stay it,
Home from the river or pump moving stately and calm to the laundry;
Aye, doing household work, as many sweet girls I have looked at,
Needful household work, which some one, after all, must do,
Needful, graceful therefore, as washing, cooking, scouring,
Or, if you please, with the fork in the garden uprooting potatoes.—
Or—high-kilted perhaps, cried Lindsay, at last successful,
Lindsay, this long time swelling with scorn and pent-up fury,
Or high-kilted perhaps, as once at Dundee I saw them,
Petticoats up to the knees, or, it might be, a little bit higher,
Matching their lily-white legs with the clothes that they trod in the wash-tub!
Laughter loud ensued; and seeing the Tutor embarrassed,
It was from them, I suppose, said Arthur, smiling sedately,
Lindsay learnt the tune we all have learnt from Lindsay,
For oh, he was a roguey, the Piper o' Dundee.
Laughter ensued again; and the Tutor still slightly embarrassed
Picked at the fallen thread, and commenced a reply to Hewson.
There's truth in what you say, though truly much distorted;
These, I think, no less than other agaceries, cloy one;
Still there's truth, I own, I perfectly understand you.
While the Tutor was gathering his thoughts, continued Arthur,
Is not all this just the same that one hears at common-room breakfasts,
Or perhaps Trinity wines, about Gothic buildings and Beauty?
And with a start from the sofa came Hobbes; with a cry from the sofa,
There where he lay, the great Hobbes, contemplative, corpulent, witty,
Author forgotten and silent of currentest phrase and fancy,
Mute and exuberant by turns, a fountain at intervals playing,
Mute and abstracted, or strong and abundant as rain in the tropics;
Studious; careless of dress; inobservant; by smooth persuasions
Lately decoyed into kilt on example of Hope and the Piper,
Hope an Antinous mere, Hyperion of calves the Piper.
Beautiful! cried he upleaping, analogy perfect to madness!
O inexhaustible source of thought, shall I call it, or fancy!
Wonderful spring, at whose touch doors fly, what a vista disclosing!

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Exquisite germ! Ah no, crude fingers shall not soil thee;
Rest, lovely pearl, in my brain, and slowly mature in the oyster.
While at the exquisite pearl they were laughing and corpulent oyster,
Ah, could they only be taught, he resumed, by a Pugin of women,
How even churning and washing, the dairy, the scullery duties,
Wait but a touch to redeem and convert them to charms and attractions,
Scrubbing requires for true grace but frank and artistical handling,
And the removal of slops to be ornamentally treated.
Philip who speaks like a book, retiring and pausing he added,
Philip here, who speaks—like a folio, say'st thou, Piper?
Philip shall write us a book, a Treatise upon *The Laws of Architectural Beauty in Application to Women;*
Illustrations, of course, and a Parker's Glossary pendent,
Where shall in specimen seen be the sculliony stumpy-columnar
(Which to a reverent taste is perhaps the most moving of any,)
Rising to grace of true woman in English the Early and Later,
Charming us still in fulfilling the Richer and Loftier stages,
Lost, ere we end, in the Lady-Debased and the Lady-Flamboyant:
Thence why in satire and spite too merciless onward pursue her
Hither to hideous close, Modern-Florid, modern-fine-lady?
No, I will leave it to you, my Philip, my Pugin of women.
Leave it to Arthur, said Adam, to think of, and not to play with.
You are young, you know, he said, resuming to Philip,
You are young, he proceeded, with something of fervour to Hewson,
You are a boy; when you grow a man, you'll find things alter.
You will learn to seek the good, to scorn the attractive,
Scorn all mere cosmetics, as now of rank and fashion,
Delicate hands, and wealth, so then of poverty also,
Poverty truly attractive, more truly, I bear you witness.
Good, wherever found, you will choose, be it humble or stately,
Happy if only you find, and finding do not lose it.
Yes, we must seek what is good, it always and it only;
Not indeed absolute good, good for us, as is said in the Ethics,
That which is good for ourselves, our proper selves, our best selves;
This if you find in another, desert not, whatever you call it,
Call it a likeness of souls, call it anything else you fancy,
Perfect response, if you please, to what would in us be most perfect,
Answer most searching to what in ourselves is profoundest and shyest:
This if you find in another, desert not, wherever you find it,
Happy if only you find, and finding do not lose it!

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Ah, you have much to learn, we can't know all at twenty,
You are a boy, as I said; when you grow a man, you'll say so.
This was the answer he had from the eager impetuous Hewson:
Yes, I say it now, I know I'm young; and know, too,
How the grown-up man puts-by the youthful instinct,
Learns to deal with the good, but what good is, discerns not;
Learns to handle the helm, but breaks the compass to steer by;
In the intuitive loses far more than his gain discursive;
Or, in the lingo you love, the lingo emphatic of Aldrich,
Gets up the form syllogistic, ignoring the premiss and matter.
While he spoke, Adam rose, sat again, and dropping his eyelids
Bowed his face in his hands, and rested his hands on the table;
So for a minute he sat—the one first minute of silence;
Looked up at last, and laughed, and answered, speaking serenely,
Speaking serenely, but still with a moisture about the eyelids.
Truly, queer fellow is Hewson! for bidding him choose good only
Thus to upbraid me with years, chill years that are thick'ning to forty.
Nay, never talk! listen now! What I say you can't apprehend—
No, you are looking elsewhere. You will not ever, I fancy—
Till you ignore your premiss, repairing the loss by a new one,
Till you discard your compass, if not for instruction in steering,
Yet to purchase a better and pay, I suppose, for the purchase.
So much in repartee—but let us return to the question.
Partly you rest on truth, old truth, the duty of Duty,
Partly on error, you long for equality.
Aye, cried the Piper,
That's the sore place, that confounded Egalité, French manufacture,
He is the same as the Chartist who made an address in Ireland,
What, and is not one man, fellow-men, as good as another?
Faith, replied Pat, *and a deal better too!*
So rattled the Piper:
But undisturbed in his tenor, the Tutor.
Partly in error
Seeking equality, *is not one woman as good as another?*
I with the Irishman answer *Yes, better too;* the poorer
Better full oft than richer, than loftier better the lower.
Irrespective of wealth and of poverty, pain and enjoyment,
Women all have their duties, the one as well as the other;
Are all duties alike? Do all alike fulfil them?
It is to these we must look, and in these we are not on a level;

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Neither in these, nor in gifts, nor attainments, nor requirements.
However noble the dream of equality, mark you, Philip,
Nowhere equality reigns in God's sublime creations,
Star is not equal to star, nor blossom the same as blossom;
Herb is not equal to herb, any more than planet to planet.
True, that the plant should be rooted in earth, I granted you wholly,
And that the daisy in earth surpasses the cut carnation,
Only, the rooted carnation surpasses the rooted daisy:
There is one glory of daisies, another of carnations;
Foolish were budding carnation, in gay parterre by greenhouse,
Should it decline to accept the nurture the gardener gives it,
Should it refuse to expand to sun and genial summer,
Simply because the field-daisy, that grows in the grass-plat beside it,
Cannot, for some cause or other, develope and be a carnation.
Would not the daisy itself petition its scrupulous neighbour?
Up, grow, bloom, and forget me; be beautiful even to proudness,
E'en for the sake of myself and other poor daisies like me.
Rooted in earth should it be, carnation alike or daisy,
That I grant, and refer you to Shakespeare on gillyflowers,
Where in the Winter's Tale Leontes Perdita questions.
Education and manners, accomplishments, refinements,
Waltz, peradventure, and polka, the knowledge of music and drawing,
All these things are Nature's, to Nature dear and precious.
We must all do something, man, woman alike, I own it;
Yes, but woman-and-man in lady-and-gentleman is not
Lost, extinct; it lives; if not, God help them, change them!
We must all do something, and in my judgment do it
In our station; independent of it, but not regardless;
Holding it, not for enjoyment, but because we cannot change it.
 Ah! replied Philip, Alas! the noted phrase of the prayer book,
Doing our duty in that state of life to which God has called us,
Seems to me always to mean, when the little rich boys say it,
Standing in velvet frock by mama's brocaded flounces,
Eying her gold-fastened book and the chain and watch at her bosom,
Seems to me always to mean, Eat, drink, and never mind others.
 Nay, replied Adam, smiling, so far your economy leads me,
Velvet and gold and brocade are nowise to my fancy;
Benefit of trade, I see, is mockery vile and delusion.
Nay, he added, believe me, I like luxurious living
Even as little as you, and grieve in my soul not seldom,

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More for the rich indeed than the poor, who are not so guilty.
Ah! replied Philip again, But as for the rest of the story,
Truly I see a good deal in the daisy-carnation fable;
Though I should like to be clear what standing in the earth means.
But, as you said to me when this long discussion started,
There's truth in what you say, though I *don't* quite understand you.
So the discussion ended; and Arthur rose up smiling,
Now, quoth he, that Philip daren't bully you more, it is my turn.
How will my argument please you? To-morrow we start on our travel.
And took up Hope the chorus.
To-morrow we start on our travel.
Lo the weather is golden, the weather-glass, say they, rising;
Four weeks here have we read; four weeks will we read hereafter;
Three weeks hence will return and revisit our dismal classics,
Three weeks hence re-adjust our visions of classes and classics.
Fare ye well, meantime, forgotten, unnamed, undreamt of,
History, Science, and Poets! lo, deep in dustiest cupboard,
Thookydid, Oloros' son, Halimoosian, here lieth buried!
Slumber in Liddell-and-Scott, O musical chaff of Old Athens,
Dishes, and fishes, bird, beast, and sesquipedalian blackguard!
Sleep, weary Ghosts, be at peace, and abide in your lexicon-limbo!
Sleep, as in lava for ages your Herculanean kindred,
Sleep, and for ought that I care, 'the sleep that knows no waking,'
Æschylus, Sophocles, Homer, Herodotus, Pindar, and Plato.
Three weeks hence be it time to exhume our dreary classics.
And in the chorus joined Lindsay, the Piper, the Dialectician.
Three weeks hence we return to the *shop* and the *wash-hand-stand-bason*,*
Three weeks hence unbury *Thicksides* and *hairy* Aldrich.
But the Tutor enquired, the grave man, nicknamed Adam,
Who are they that go, and when do they promise returning?
And a silence ensued, and the Tutor himself continued,
Airlie remains, I presume, he continued, and Hobbes, and Hewson,
Lindsay and Arthur and Hope to verify Black are a quorum.
Answer was made him by Philip, the poet, the eloquent speaker.
Airlie remains, I presume, was the answer, and Hobbes, peradventure;
Tarry let Airlie May-fairly, and Hobbes, brief-kilted hero,
Tarry let Hobbes in kilt, and Airlie 'abide in his breaches;'
Tarry let these, and read, four Pindars apiece an it like them!
Weary of reading am I, and weary of walks prescribed us;

* Cottage and matutine.

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Weary of Ethic and Logic, of Rhetoric yet more weary,
Eager to range over heather unfettered of gillie and marquis,
I will away with the rest, and bury my *hairy* 'Tottle.
And to the Tutor rejoining, Be mindful; you go up at Easter,
This was the answer returned by Philip, the Pugin of Women.
Good are the Ethics, I wis; good absolute, not for me, though;
Good too Logic, of course; in itself, but not in fine weather.
Three weeks hence, with the rain, to Prudence, Temperance, Justice,
Virtues Moral and Mental, with Latin prose included,
Three weeks hence we return, to cares of classes and classics.
I will away with the rest, and bury my *hairy* 'Tottle.
But the Tutor enquired, the grave man, nicknamed Adam,
Where do you mean to go, and whom do you mean to visit?
And he was answered by Hope, the Viscount, His Honour, of Ilay.
Kitcat, a Trinity coach, has a party at Drumnadrochet,
Up on the side of Loch Ness, in the beautiful valley of Urquhart;
Mainwaring says they will lodge us, and feed us, and give us a lift too:
Only they talk ere long to remove to Glenmorison. Then at
Castleton high in Braemar, strange home, with his earliest party,
Harrison, fresh from the schools, has James and Jones and Lauder.
Thirdly, a Cambridge man I know, Smith, a senior wrangler,
With a mathematical score hangs-out at Inverary.
Finally too, from the kilt and the sofa said Hobbes in conclusion,
Finally Philip must hunt for that home of the probable poacher,
Hid in the braes of Lochaber, the bothie of What-did-he-call-it.
Hopeless of you and of us, of gillies and marquisses hopeless,
Weary of Ethic and Logic, of Rhetoric yet more weary,
There shall he, smit by the charm of a lovely potato-uprooter,
Study the question of sex in the Bothie of What-did-he-call it.

III.

Namque canebat uti ———

SO in the golden morning they parted and went to the westward.
And in the cottage with Airlie and Hobbes remained the Tutor;
Reading nine hours a day with the Tutor Hobbes and Airlie;
One between bathing and breakfast, and six before it was dinner,
(Breakfast at eight, at four, after bathing again, the dinner)

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Finally, two after walking and tea, from nine to eleven.
Airlie and Adam at evening their quiet stroll together
Took on the terrace-road, with the western hills before them;
Hobbes, only rarely a third, now and then in the cottage remaining,
E'en after dinner, eupeptic, would rush yet again to his reading;
Other times, stung by the œstrum of some swift-working conception,
Ranged, tearing-on in his fury, an Io-cow, through the mountains,
Heedless of scenery, heedless of bogs, and of perspiration,
Far on the peaks, unwitting, the hares and ptarmigan starting.
And the three weeks past, the three weeks, three days over,
Neither letter had come, nor casual tidings any,
And the pupils grumbled, the Tutor became uneasy,
And in the golden weather they wondered, and watched to the westward.
There is a stream, I name not its name, lest inquisitive tourist
Hunt it, and make it a lion, and get it at last into guide-books,
Springing far off from a loch unexplored in the folds of great mountains,
Falling two miles through rowan and stunted alder, enveloped
Then for four more in a forest of pine, where broad and ample
Spreads to convey it the glen with heathery slopes on both sides:
Broad and fair the stream, with occasional falls and narrows;
But, where the lateral glen approaches the vale of the river,
Met and blocked by a huge interposing mass of granite,
Scarce by a channel deep-cut, raging up, and raging onward,
Forces its flood through a passage, so narrow, a lady would step it.
There, across the great rocky wharves, a wooden bridge goes,
Carrying a path to the forest; below, three hundred yards, say,
Lower in level some twenty-five feet, through flats of shingle,
Stepping-stones and a cart-track cross in the open valley.
But in the interval here the boiling, pent-up water
Frees itself by a final descent, attaining a basin,
Ten feet wide and eighteen long, with whiteness and fury
Occupied partly, but mostly pellucid, pure, a mirror;
Beautiful there for the colour derived from green rocks under;
Beautiful, most of all, where beads of foam uprising
Mingle their clouds of white with the delicate hue of the stillness.
Cliff over cliff for its sides, with rowan and pendent birch boughs,
Here it lies, unthought of above at the bridge and pathway,
Still more concealed from below by wood and rocky projection.
You are shut in, left alone with yourself and perfection of water,
Hid on all sides, left alone with yourself and the goddess of bathing.

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Here, the pride of the plunger, you stride the fall and clear it;
Here, the delight of the bather, you roll in beaded sparklings,
Here into pure green depth drop down from lofty ledges.
Hither, a month agone, they had come, and discovered; hither
(Long a design, but long unaccountably left unaccomplished),
Leaving the well-known bridge and pathway above to the forest,
Turning below from the track of the carts over stone and shingle,
Piercing a wood, and skirting a narrow and natural causeway
Under the rocky wall that hedges the bed of the streamlet,
Rounded a craggy point, and saw on a sudden before them
Slabs of rock, and a tiny beach, and perfection of water,
Picture-like beauty, seclusion sublime, and the goddess of bathing.
There they bathed, of course, and Arthur, the glory of headers,
Leapt from the ledges with Hope, he twenty feet, he thirty;
There, overbold, great Hobbes from a ten-foot height descended,
Prone, as a quadruped, prone with hands and feet protending;
There in the sparkling champagne, ecstatic, they shrieked and shouted.
"Hobbes's gutter" the Piper entitles the spot, profanely,
Hope "the Glory" would have, after Arthur, the glory of headers:
But, for before they departed, in shy and fugitive reflex
Here in the eddies and there did the splendour of Jupiter glimmer,
Adam adjudged it the name of Hesperus, star of the evening.
Hither, to Hesperus, now, the star of evening above them,
Come in their lonelier walk the pupils twain and Tutor;
Turned from the track of the carts, and passing the stone and shingle,
Piercing the wood, and skirting the stream by the natural causeway,
Rounded the craggy point, and now at their ease looked up; and
Lo, on the rocky ledge, regardant, the Glory of headers,
Lo, on the beach, expecting the plunge, not cigarless, the Piper.—
And they looked, and wondered, incredulous, looking yet once more.
Yes, it was he, on the ledge, bare-limbed, an Apollo, down-gazing,
Eyeing one moment the beauty, the life, ere he flung himself in it,
Eyeing thro' eddying green waters the green-tinting floor underneath them,
Eyeing the bead on the surface, the bead, like a cloud, rising to it,
Drinking-in, deep in his soul, the beautiful hue and the clearness,
Arthur, the shapely, the brave, the unboasting, the glory of headers;
Yes, and with fragrant weed, by his knapsack, spectator and critic,
Seated on slab by the margin, the Piper, the Cloud-compeller.
Yes, they were come; were restored to the party, its grace and its gladness,
Yes, were here, as of old; the light-giving orb of the household,

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Arthur, the shapely, the tranquil, the strength-and contentment-diffusing,
In the pure presence of whom none could quarrel long, nor be pettish,
And, the gay fountain of mirth, their own dear genial Piper.
Yes, they were come, were here: but Hewson and Hope—where they then?
Are they behind, travel-sore, or ahead, going straight, by the pathway?
And from his seat and cigar spoke the Piper, the Cloud-compeller.
Hope with the uncle abideth for shooting. Ah me, were I with him!
Ah, good boy that I am, to have stuck to my word and my reading!
Good, good boy to be here, far away, who might be at Balloch!
Only one day to have staid who might have been welcome for seven,
Seven whole days in castle and forest—gay in the mazy
Moving, imbibing the rosy, and pointing a gun at the horny!
And the Tutor impatient, expectant, interrupted,
Hope with the uncle, and Hewson—with him? or where have you left him?
And from his seat and cigar spoke the Piper, the Cloud-compeller.
Hope with the uncle, and Hewson—Why Hewson we left in Rannoch,
By the lochside and the pines, in a farmer's house,—reflecting,—
Helping to shear,* and dry clothes, and it may be, uproot potatoes,
Studying the question of sex, though not at What-did-he-call-it.
And the Tutor's countenance fell, perplexed, dumb-founded
Stood he—slow and with pain disengaging jest from earnest.
He is not far from home, said Arthur from the water,
He will be with us to-morrow, at latest, or the next day.
And he was even more reassured by the Piper's rejoinder.
Can he have come by the mail, and have got to the cottage before us?
So to the cottage they went, and Philip was not at the cottage;
But by the mail was a letter from Hope, who himself was to follow.
Two whole days and nights succeeding brought not Philip,
Two whole days and nights exhausted not question and story.
For it was told, the Piper narrating, corrected of Arthur,
Often by word corrected, more often by smile and motion,
How they had been to Iona, to Staffa, to Skye, to Culloden,
Seen Loch Awe, Loch Tay, Loch Fyne, Loch Ness, Loch Arkaig,
Been up Ben-nevis, Ben-more, Ben-cruachan, Ben-muick-dhui;
How they had walked, and eaten, and drunken, and slept in kitchens,
Slept upon floors of kitchens, and tasted the real Glen-livat,
Walked up perpendicular hills, and also down them,
Hither and thither had been, and this and that had witnessed,
Left not a thing to be done, and had not a *brown* remaining.

* Reap.

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For it was told withal, he telling, and he correcting,
How they had met, they believed, with St. John, the muckle-hart-slayer,
How in the race they had run, and beaten the gillies of Rannoch;
How in forbidden glens, in Mar and midmost Athol,
Philip insisting hotly, and Arthur and Hope compliant,
They had defied the keepers; the Piper alone protesting,
Liking the fun, it was plain, in his heart, but tender of game-law;
Yea, too, in Meäly glen, the heart of Lochiel's fair forest,
Where Scotch firs are darkest and amplest, and intermingle
Grandly with rowan and ash—in Mar you have no ashes,
There the pine is alone or relieved by birch and alder—
How in Meäly fair, while stags were starting before—they
Made the watcher believe they were guests from Achnacarry.

And there was told moreover, he telling, the other correcting,
Often by word, more often by mute significant motion,
Much of the Cambridge coach and his pupils at Inverary,
Huge barbarian pupils, expanded in infinite series,
Firing-off signal guns (great scandal), from window to window
(For they were lodging perforce in distant and numerous houses)
Signals, when, one retiring, another should go to the Tutor:—
Much too of Kitcat, of course, and the party at Drumnadrochet,
Mainwaring, Foley, and Fraser, their idleness horrid and dog-cart;
Drumnadrochet was *seedy*, Glenmorison *adequate*, but at
Castleton, high in Braemar, were the *clippingest* places for bathing,
One by the bridge in the village, indecent, *the Town-Hall* christened,
Where howbeit had Lauder been bathing, and Harrison also,
Harrison even, the Tutor, another like Hesperus here, and
Up the water of Eye, half-a-dozen at least, all *stunners*.
And it was told, the Piper narrating and Arthur correcting,
Colouring he, dilating, magniloquent, glorying in picture,
He to matter-of-fact still softening, paring, abating,
He to the great might-have-been upsoaring, sublime and idëal,
He to the merest it-was restricting, diminishing, dwarfing,
River to streamlet reducing, and fall to slope subduing,
So was it told, the Piper narrating, corrected of Arthur,
How under Linn of Dee, where over rocks, between rocks,
Freed from prison the river comes, pouring, rolling, rushing,
Then at a sudden descent goes sliding, gliding, unbroken,
Falling, sliding, gliding, in narrow space collected,

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Save for a curl at the end where the curve rejoins the level,
Save for a ripple at last, a sheeted descent unbroken,—
How to the element offering their bodies, down-shooting the fall, they
Mingled themselves with the flood and the force of imperious water.
And it was told too, Arthur narrating, the Piper correcting,
How, as one comes to the level, the weight of the downward impulse
Carries the head under water, delicious, ineffable; how the
Piper, here ducked and blinded, got stray, and borne-off by the current
Wounded his lily-white thighs, below, at the craggy corner.
And it was told, the Piper resuming, corrected of Arthur,
More by word than by motion, change ominous, noted of Adam,
How at the floating-bridge of Laggan, one morning at sunrise,
Came in default of the ferryman out of her bed a brave lassie;
And, as Philip and she together were turning the handles,
By which the chain is wound that works it across the water,
Hands intermingled with hands, and at last, as they stept from the boatie,
Turning about, they saw lips also mingle with lips; but
That was flatly denied and loudly exclaimed at by Arthur:
How at the General's hut, the Inn by the Fall of Foyers,
Where o'er the loch looks at you the summit of Méalfourvónie,
How here too he was hunted at morning, and found in the kitchen
Watching the porridge being made, pronouncing them* smoked for certain,
Watching the porridge being made, and asking the lassie that made them,
What was the Gaelic for girl, and what was the Gaelic for pretty;
How in confusion he shouldered his knapsack, yet blushingly stammered,
Waving a hand to the lassie, that blushingly bent o'er the porridge
Something outlandish—Slan-something, Slan leat, he believed, Caleg Looach,†
That was the Gaelic it seemed for "I bid you good-bye, bonnie lassie;"
Arthur allowed it was true, not of Philip, but of the Piper.
And it was told by the Piper, while Arthur looked out at the window,
How in thunder and rain—it is wetter far to the westward,
Thunder and rain and wind, losing heart and road, they were welcomed,
Welcomed, and three days detained at a farm by the lochside of Rannoch;
How in the three days' detention was Philip observed to be smitten,
Smitten by golden-haired Katie, the youngest and comeliest daughter;
Was he not seen, even Arthur observed it, from breakfast to bedtime,
Following her motions with eyes ever brightening, softening ever?
Did he not fume, fret, and fidget to find her stand waiting at table?
Was he not one mere St. Vitus' dance, when he saw her at nightfall

* *Porridge* is plural. † Caileag Laoghach.

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Go through the rain to fetch peat, through beating rain to the peat-stack?
How it so happened a dance was given by Grant of Glenurchie,
And with the farmer they went as the farmer's guests to attend it,
Philip staid dancing till day-light,—and ever-more with Katie;
How the whole next afternoon he was with her away in the shearing,*
And the next morning ensuing was found in the ingle beside her
Kneeling, picking the peats from her apron,—blowing together,
Both, between laughing, with lips distended, to kindle the embers;
Lips were so near to lips, one living cheek to another,—
Though, it was true, he was shy, strangely shy,—yet it was not nature,
Was not nature, the Piper averred, there shouldn't be kissing;
Then when they packed up their knapsack at noon, and proposed to be starting,
Philip professed he was lame, would leave in the morning and follow;
Follow he did not; do burns when you go up a glen, follow after?
Follow he had not, nor left; do needles leave the loadstone?
Nay too, they turned after starting, and looked through the trees at the corner,
Lo, on the rocks by the lake there he was, the lassie beside him,
Lo, there he was, stooping by her, and helping with stones from the water
Safe in the wind to keep down the clothes she would spread for the drying.
There had they left him, and there, if Katie was there, was Philip,
There drying clothes, making fires, making love, getting on too by this time,
Though he was shy, so exceedingly shy.

You may say so, said Arthur,
For the first time they had known with a peevish intonation,—
Did not the Piper himself flirt more in a single evening,
Namely, with Janet the elder, than Philip in all our sojourn?
Philip had staid, it was true; the Piper was loth to depart too,
Harder his parting from Janet than e'en from the keeper at Balloch;
And it was certain that Philip was lame.

Yes, in his excuses,
Answered the Piper, indeed!—

Nay, truly, said Hobbes, interposing,
Did you not say she was seen every day in her beauty and bedgown
Doing plain household work, as washing, cooking, scouring?
How could he help but love her? nor lacked there of course the attraction
That in a blue cotton print tucked up over striped linsey-woolsey,
Barefoot, barelegged, he beheld her, with arms bare up to the elbows,
Bending with fork in her hand in a garden uprooting potatoes?
Is not Katie as Rachel, and is not Philip a Jacob?

* Reaping.

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Truly Jacob, supplanting an hairy Highland Esau?
Shall he not, love-entertained, feed sheep for the Laban of Rannoch?
O happy patriarch he, the long servitude ended of wooing,
If when he wake in the morning he find not a Leah beside him!
But the Tutor enquired, who had bit his lip to bleeding,
How far off is the place? who will guide me there to-morrow?
But by the mail, ere the morrow, came Hope, and brought new tidings;
Round by Rannoch had come, and Philip was not at Rannoch;
He had left that noon, an hour ago.
With the lassie?—
With her? the Piper exclaimed, undoubtedly! By great Jingo!
And upon that he arose, slapping both his thighs, like a hero,
Partly, for emphasis only, to mark his conviction, but also
Part, in delight at the fun, and the joy of eventful living.
Really I did not enquire, answered Hope, but I hardly think it;
Janet, Piper, your friend, I saw, and she didn't say so,
Though she asked a good deal about Philip, and where he was gone to:
One odd thing by the bye, he continued, befell me while with her;
Standing beside her, I saw a girl pass; I thought I had seen her,
Somewhat remarkable-looking, elsewhere; and asked what her name was;
Elspie Mackaye, she answered, the daughter of David! she's stopping
Just above there, with her uncle. And David Mackaye where lives he?
It's away west, she replied, they call it Toper-na-fuosich.

IV.

Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstulit error.

SO in the golden weather they waited. But Philip came not.
Sunday six days thence a letter arrived in his writing.—
But, O Muse, that encompassest Earth like the ambient ether,
Swifter than steamer or railway or magical missive electric
Belting like Ariel the sphere with the star-like trail of thy travel,
Thou with thy Poet, to mortals mere post-office second-hand knowledge
Leaving, wilt seek in the moorland of Rannoch the wandering hero.
There is it, there, or in lofty Lochaber, where, silent up-heaving,
Heaving from ocean to sky, and under snow-winds of September,
Visibly whitening at morn to darken by noon in the shining,
Rise on their mighty foundations the brethren huge of Bennevis?
There, or westward away, where roads are unknown to Loch Nevish,

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And the great peaks look abroad over Skye to the westermost islands?
There is it? there? or there? we shall find our wandering hero?
Here, in Badenoch, here, in Lochaber anon, in Lochiel, in
Knoydart, Croydart, Moydart, Morrer, and Ardnamurchan,
Here I see him and here: I see him; anon I lose him!
Even as cloud passing subtly unseen from mountain to mountain,
Leaving the crest of Benmore to be palpable next on Benvohrlich,
Or like to hawk of the hill which ranges and soars in its hunting,
Seen and unseen by turns, now here, now in ether eludent.
Wherefore like cloud of Benmore or hawk overranging the mountains,
Wherefore in Badenoch drear, in lofty Lochaber, Lochiel, and
Knoydart, Croydart, Moydart, Morrer, and Ardnamurchan,
Wandereth he, who should either with Adam be studying logic,
Or by the lochside of Rannoch on Katie his rhetoric using;
He who, his three weeks past, past now long ago, to the cottage
Punctual promised return to cares of classes and classics,
He who smit to the heart by that youngest comeliest daughter,
Bent, unregardful of spies, at her feet, spreading clothes from her wash-tub?
Can it be with him through Badenoch deary, Lochaber, Lochiel and
Knoydart, Croydart, Moydart, Morrer, and Ardnamurchan,
Can it be with him he beareth the golden-haired lassie of Rannoch?
This fierce furious walking—o'er mountain-top and moorland,
Sleeping in shieling and bothie, with drover on hill-side sleeping,
Folded in plaid, where sheep are strewn thicker than rocks by Loch Awen,
This fierce furious travel unwearying,—cannot in truth be
Merely the wedding tour succeeding the week of wooing!
No, wherever be Katie, with Philip she is not; I see him,
Lo, and he sitteth alone, and these are his words in the mountain.
Souls of the dead, one fancies, can enter and be with the living;
Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I could go and uphold her!
Spirits escaped from the body can enter and be with the living,
Entering unseen, and retiring unquestioned, they bring, do they feel too?
Joy, pure joy, as they mingle and mix inner essence with essence;
Would I were dead I keep saying, that so I could go and uphold her!
Joy, pure joy, bringing with them, and when they retire leaving after
No cruel shame, no prostration, despondency; memories rather
Sweet, happy hopes bequeathing. Ah! wherefore not thus with the living?
Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I could go and uphold her!
Is it impossible, say you, these passionate fervent impulsions,
These projections of spirit to spirit, these inward embraces,

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Should in strange ways, in her dreams should visit her, strengthen her, shield her?
Is it possible, rather, that these great floods of feeling
Setting-in daily from me towards her should, impotent wholly,
Bring neither sound nor motion to that sweet shore they heave to?
Efflux here, and there no stir nor pulse of influx!
It must reverberate surely, reverberate idly, it may be.
Yea, hath He set us our bounds which we shall not pass, and cannot?
Would I were dead I keep saying that so I could go and uphold her!
Surely, surely, when sleepless I lie in the mountain lamenting,
Surely, surely, she hears in her dreams a voice 'I am with thee,'
Saying, 'although not with thee: behold, for we mated our spirits,
Then, when we stood in the chamber, and knew not the words we were saying;'
Yea, if she felt me within her, when not with one finger I touched her,
Surely she knows it, and feels it, while sorrowing here in the moorland,
Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I could go and uphold her!
Spirits with spirits commingle and separate; lightly as winds do,
Spice-laden South with the ocean-born Zephyr; they mingle and sunder;
No sad remorses for them, no visions of horror and vileness;
Elements fuse and resolve, as affinity draws and repels them;
We, if we touch, must remain, if attracted, cohere to the ending,
Guilty we are if we do not, and yet if we would we could not:
Would I were dead I keep saying, that so I could go and uphold her.
Surely the force that here sweeps me along in its violent impulse,
Surely my strength shall be in her, my help and protection about her,
Surely in inner-sweet gladness and vigour of joy shall sustain her,
Till, the brief winter o'er-past, her own true sap in the springtide
Rise, and the tree I have bared be verdurous e'en as aforetime:
Surely it may be, it should be, it must be. Yet ever and ever,
Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I could go and uphold her!
No wherever be Katie, with Philip she is not: behold, for
Here he is sitting alone, and these are his words in the mountain.
And, at the farm on the lochside of Rannoch in parlour and kitchen
Hark! there is music—yea, flowing of music, of milk, and of whiskey,
Dancing and drinking, the young and the old, the spectators and actors,
Never not actors the young, and the old not alway spectators:
Lo, I see piping and dancing! and whom in the midst of the battle
Cantering loudly along there, or look you, with arms uplifted
Whistling, and snapping his fingers, and seizing his gay-smiling Janet,
Whom?—whom else but the Piper? the wary precognizant Piper,
Who, for the love of gay Janet, and mindful of old invitation,

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Putting it quite as a duty and urging grave claims to attention,
True to his night had crossed over: there goeth he, brimfull of music,
Like to cork tossed by the eddies that foam under furious lasher,
Like to skiff lifted, uplifted, in lock by the swift-swelling sluices,
So with the music possessing him, swaying him, goeth he, look you,
Swinging and flinging, and stamping and tramping, and grasping and clasping
Whom but gay Janet?—Him rivalling Hobbes, briefest-kilted of heroes
Enters, O stoutest, O rashest of creatures, mere fool of a Saxon,
Skill-less of philabeg, skill-less of reel too,—the whirl and the twirl o't:
Him see I frisking, and whisking, and ever at swifter gyration
Under brief curtain revealing broad acres—not of broad cloth.
Him see I there and the Piper—the Piper what vision beholds not?
Him and his Honour and Arthur, with Janet our Piper, and is it,
Is it, O marvel of marvels! he too in the maze of the mazy,
Skipping, and tripping, tho' stately, tho' languid, with head on one shoulder,
Airlie, with sight of the waistcoat the golden-haired Katie consoling?
Katie, who simple and comely, and smiling, and blushing as ever,
What though she wear on that neck a blue kerchief remembered as Philip's,
Seems in her maidenly freedom to need small consolement of waistcoats!—

Wherefore in Badenoch then, far-away, in Lochaber, Lochiel, in
Knoydart, Croydart, Moydart, Morrer, or Ardnamurchan,
Wanders o'er mountain and moorland, in shieling or bothie is sleeping,
He, who,—and why should he not then? capricious? or is it rejected?
Might to the piping of Rannoch be pressing the thrilling fair fingers,
Might, as he clasped her, transmit to her bosom the throb of his own,—yea,—
Might in the joy of the reel be wooing and winning his Katie?

What is it Adam reads far off by himself in the Cottage?
Reads yet again with emotion, again is preparing to answer?
Answered before too it had been at once, on the spur of the moment,
Answered, but oft reconsidered, and after-thought needs will be spoken,
What is it Adam is reading? What was it, Philip had written?

There was it writ, how Philip possessed undoubtedly had been,
Deeply, entirely possessed by the charm of the maiden of Rannoch;
Deeply as never before! how sweet and bewitching he felt her
Seen still before him at work, in the garden, the byre, the kitchen;
How it was beautiful to him to stoop at her side in the shearing,
Binding uncouthly the ears, that fell from her dexterous sickle,
Building uncouthly the stooks,* which she laid-by her sickle to straighten;
How at the dance he had broken through shyness; for four days after

* Shocks.

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Lived on her eyes, unspeaking what lacked not articulate speaking;
How in the room where he slept he met her cleaning and dusting,
How he unmeaningly talked of clothes for the washing,—of this thing,
That thing, and still as he spoke felt folded unto her, united,
Yea, without touch united, essentially, bodily with her,
Felt too that she too was feeling what he did,—howbeit they parted!
How by a kiss from her lips he had seemed made nobler and stronger,
Yea, for the first time in life a man complete and perfect,
So forth! much that before too was heard of—Howbeit they parted.
What had ended it all was singular, said he, very.
I was walking along some two miles from the cottage
Full of my dreamings—a girl went by in a party with others;
She had a cloak on, was stepping on quickly, for rain was beginning;
But as she passed, from the hood I saw her eyes look at me.
So quick a glance, so regardless I, that although I felt it,
You couldn't properly say our eyes met. She cast it, and left it:
It was three minutes perhaps ere I knew what it was. I had seen her
Somewhere before I am sure, but that wasn't it; not its import;
No, it had seemed to regard me with simple superior insight,
Quietly saying to itself—Yes, there he is still in his fancy,
Letting drop from him at random as things not worth considering
All the benefits gathered and put in his hands by fortune,
Loosing a hold which others, content and unambitious,
Trying down here to keep-up, know the value of better than he does.
Was it this? was it perhaps?—Yes there he is still in his fancy,
Doesn't yet see we have here just the things he is used-to elsewhere,
And that the things he likes here, elsewhere he wouldn't have looked at,
People here too are people, and not as fairy-land creatures;
He is in a trance, and possessed; I wonder how long to continue;
It is a shame and a pity—and no good likely to follow.
Something like this, but indeed I cannot the least define it.
Only, three hours thence I was off and away in the moorland,
Hiding myself from myself if I could; the arrow within me.
Katie was not in the house, thank God: I saw her in passing,
Saw her, unseen myself, with the pang of a cruel desertion,
Poignant enough; which however but made me walk the faster,
Like a terrible spur running into one's vitals, and through them,
Turning me all into pain and sending me off, I suppose like
One that is shot to the heart and leaps in the air in his dying.
What dear Katie thinks, God knows; poor child; may she only

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Think me a fool and a madman, and no more worth her remembering.
Meantime all through the mountains I tramp and know not whither,
Tramp along here, and think, and know not what I should think.
Tell me then, why as I sleep amid hill tops high in the moorland,
Still in my dreams I am pacing the streets of the dissolute city,
Where dressy girls slithering-by upon pavements give sign for accosting,
Paint on their beautiless cheeks, and hunger and shame in their bosoms;
Hunger by drink and by that which they shudder yet burn for, appeasing,—
Hiding their shame—ah God, in the glare of the public gas lights?
Why while I feel my ears catching through slumber the run of the streamlet,
Still am I pacing the pavement, and seeing the sign for accosting,
Still am I passing those figures, nor daring to look in their faces?
Why when the chill, ere the light, of the daybreak uneasily wakes me,
Find I a cry in my heart crying up to the heaven of heavens,
No, Great Unjust Judge; she is purity; I am the lost one:
No, I defy Thee, strike not; crush me, if thou wilt, who deserve it.
You will not think that I soberly look for such things for sweet Katie,
Contemplate really, as possible even, a thing that would make one
Think death luxury, seek death, to get at damnation beyond it.
No, but the vision is on me; I now first see how it happens,
Feel how tender and soft is the heart of a girl; how passive
Fain would it be, how helpless; and helplessness leads to destruction.
Maiden reserve torn from off it, grows never again to reclothe it,
Modesty broken-through once to immodesty flies for protection,
Desperate, braving when weakest the greatest and direst of dangers;
Thinks to be bold and defiant at all times, cannot at all times,
Think by ignoring to fill-up that breach which ignoring but widens.
Oh, who saws through the trunk, though he leave the tree up in the forest,
When the next wind casts it down,—is *his* not the hand that smote it?
Yea, and who barketh the tree, is even as he that felleth.

This is the answer, the second, which, pondering long with emotion,
There by himself in the cottage the Tutor addressed to Philip.
I was severe in my last, my dear Philip, and hasty; forgive me;
Yes, I was fain to reply ere I duly had read through your letter;
But it was written in scraps with crossings and counter-crossings
Hard to connect with each other correctly, and hard to decipher;
Paper was scarce, I suppose: forgive me; I write to console you.
Grace is given of God, but knowledge is bought in the market;
Knowledge needful for all, yet cannot be had for the asking.

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There are exceptional beings, one finds them distant and rarely,
Who, endowed with the vision alike and the interpretation,
See, by their neighbours' eyes, and their own still motions enlightened,
In the beginning the end, in the acorn the oak of the forest,
In the child of to-day its children to long generations,
In a thought or a wish a life, a drama, an epos.
There are inheritors, is it? by mystical generation,
Heiring the wisdom and ripeness of spirits gone-by; without labour
Owning what others by doing and suffering earn; what old men
After long years of mistake and erasure are proud to have come to,
Sick with mistake and erasure possess when possession is idle.
Yes, there is power upon earth, seen feebly in women and children,
Which can, laying one hand on the cover, read-off, unfaltering,
Leaf after leaf unlifted, the words of the closed book under,
Words which we are poring at, hammering at, stumbling at, spelling.
Rare is this; to many in pittance and modicum given,
Working, an instinct blind, in woman and child and rustic,
Rare in full measure, and often e'en then too maimed and hampered;
When with the power of speech, and the spirit united of music,
Lo, a new day has dawned, and the ages wait upon Shakespeare—
Rare is this; wisdom mostly is bought for a price in the market,—
Rare is this; and happy, who buy so much for so little,
As I conceive have you, and as I will hope has Katie.
Knowledge is needful for man—needful no less for woman,
Even in Highland glens, were they vacant of shooter and tourist.
Not that, of course, I mean to prefer your blindfold hurry
Unto a soul that abides most loving yet most withholding;
Least unfeeling though calm, self-contained yet most unselfish;
Renders help and accepts it, a man among men that are brothers,
Views, not plucks the beauty, adores, and demands no embracing,
So in its peaceful passage whatever is lovely and gracious
Still without seizing or spoiling, itself in itself reproducing.
No, I do not set Philip herein on the level of Arthur,
No, I do not compare still tarn with furious torrent,
Yet will the tarn overflow, assuaged in the lake be the torrent.
Women are weak as you say, and love of all things to be passive,
Passive, patient, receptive, yea even of wrong and misdoing,
Even to force and misdoing with joy and victorious feeling
Passive, patient, receptive; for that is the strength of their being,
Like to the earth taking all things and all to good converting.

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Oh 'tis a snare indeed!—Moreover, remember it, Philip,
To the prestige of the richer the lowly are prone to be yielding,
Think that in dealing with them they are raised to a different region;
Where old laws and morals are modified, lost, exist not;
Ignorant they as they are, they have but to conform and be yielding;
There to protect and to guide them the old *'Tis not usual* avails not,
But of a new *'Tis not right* must the soul be with travail delivered,
Yea,—itself of itself engender and bear the protector.
How shall a poor quiet girl self-create the law and commandment?
How shall a poor silly sheep get endowed with the will of a woman!
But I said this in my letter before, and need not repeat it.
You will have seen yourself the danger of pantry-flirtation,
You will not now run after what merely attracts and entices,
Every-day things highly coloured, and common-place carved and gilded.
You will henceforth seek only the good: and seek it, Philip,
Where it is—not more abundant perhaps, but—more easily met with;
Where you are surer to find it, less likely to run into error,
In your station, regardful of that, though not dependent.
But as I said, I have said this before and need not repeat it.
So was the letter completed: a postscript afterward added,
Telling the tale that was told by the dancers returning from Rannoch.
So was the letter completed: but query, whither to send it?
Not for the will of the wisp, the cloud, and the hawk of the moorland,
Ranging afar thro' Lochaber, Lochiel, and Knoydart, and Croydart,
Have even latest extensions adjusted a postal arrangement.
Query, resolved very shortly when Hope from his chamber descending,
Came with a note in his hand from the Lady, his aunt, of Ilay;
Came and revealed the contents of a missive that brought strange tidings;
Came and announced to the friends in a voice that was husky with wonder,
Philip was staying at Balloch, was there in the room with the Countess,
Philip to Balloch had come and was dancing with Lady Maria.
Philip at Balloch, he said, after all that stately refusal,
He there at last—O strange! O marvel, marvel of marvels!
Airlie, the Waistcoat, with Katie, we left him this morning at Rannoch;
Airlie with Katie, he said, and Philip with Lady Maria.
And amid laughter Adam paced up and down, repeating
Over and over, unconscious, the phrase which Hope had lent him,
Dancing at Balloch, you say, in the castle, with Lady Maria.

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V.

——— *Putavi*
Stultus ego huic nostræ similem.

SO in the cottage with Adam the pupils five together
Duly remained, and read, and looked no more for Philip,
Philip at Balloch shooting and dancing with Lady Maria.
Breakfast at eight, and now, for brief September daylight,
Luncheon at two, and dinner at seven, or even later,
Five full hours between for the loch and the glen and the mountain,—
So in the joy of their life and glory of shooting jackets,
So they read and roamed, the pupils five with Adam.
What if autumnal shower came frequent and chill from the westward,
What if on browner sward with yellow leaves besprinkled
Gemming the crispy blade, the delicate gossamer gemming,
Frequent and thick lay at morning the chilly bead of hoar frost,
Duly in matutine still, and daily, whatever the weather,
Bathed in the rain and the frost and the mist with the Glory of headers
Hope. Thither also at times of cold and of possible gutters
Careless, unmindful, unconscious, would Hobbes, or e'er they departed,
Come, in a heavy pea-coat his trouserless trunk enwrapping,
Come, under coat over-brief those lusty legs displaying,
All from the shirt to the slipper the natural man revealing.
Duly there they bathed, and daily, the twain or the trio,
There where of mornings was custom, where over a ledge of granite
Into a granite bason descended the amber torrent;
Beautiful, very, to gaze-in ere plunging; beautiful also,
Perfect as picture, as vision entrancing that comes to the sightless,
Through the great granite jambs the stream and glen and mountain,
Purple with heather the mountain, the level stream in foreground;
Beautiful, seen by snatches in intervals of dressing,
Morn after morn, unsought for, recurring; themselves too seeming
Not as spectators, accepted into it, immingled, as truly
Part of it as are the kine in the field lying there by the birches.
So they bathed, they read, they roamed in glen and forest;
Far amid blackest pines to the waterfall they shadow,
Far up the long long glen to the loch, and the loch beyond it,
Deep under huge red cliffs, a secret: and oft by the starlight,

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Or the aurora perchance, racing home for the eight o'clock mutton.
So they bathed, and read, and roamed in heathery Highland;
There in the joy of their life and glory of shooting jackets,
Bathed and read and roamed, and looked no more for Philip.

List to a letter that came from Philip at Balloch to Adam.
I am here, O my friend!—idle, but learning wisdom.
Doing penance, you think; content, if so, in my penance.
You have conjectured a change must have come to my mind: I believe it!
You will believe it too; if I tell you the thoughts that haunt me!
Often I find myself saying, while watching in dance or on horseback
One that is here, in her freedom, and grace, and imperial sweetness,
Often I find myself saying, old faith and doctrine abjuring,
Into the crucible casting philosophies, facts, convictions,—
Were it not well that the stem should be naked of leaf and of tendril,
Poverty-stricken, the barest, the dismallest stick of the garden;
Flowerless, leafless, unlovely, for ninety-and-nine long summers,
So in the hundredth, at last, were bloom for one day at the summit,
So but that fleeting flower were lovely as Lady Maria.
Often I find myself saying, and know not myself as I say it,
What of the poor and the weary? their labour and pain is needed.
Perish the poor and the weary! what can they better than perish,
Perish in labour for her, who is worth the destruction of empires?
What! for a mite, or a mote, an impalpable odour of honour,
Armies shall bleed; cities burn; and the soldier red from the storming
Carry hot rancour and lust into chambers of mothers and daughters:
What! would ourselves for the cause of an hour encounter the battle,
Slay and be slain; lie rotting in hospital, hulk, and prison;
Die as a dog dies; die secure that to uttermost ages
Not one ray shall illumine our midnight of shame and dishonour,
Yea, till in silence the fingers stand still on the world's great dial
Fathers and mothers, the gentle and good of unborn generations,
Shall to their little ones point out our names for their loathing and horror?
Yea?—and shall hodmen in beer-shops complain of a glory denied them,
Which could not ever be theirs more than now it is theirs as spectators?
Which could not be, in all earth, if it were not for labour of hodmen?
And I find myself saying and what I am saying, discern not,
Dig in thy deep dark prison, O miner! and finding be thankful;
Though unpolished by thee, unto thee unseen in perfection,
While thou art eating black bread in the poisonous air of thy cavern,

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Far away glitter the gem on the peerless neck of a Princess.
Dig, and starve, and be thankful; it is so, and thou hast been aiding.
Often I find myself saying, in irony is it, or earnest?
Yea, what is more, be rich, O ye rich! be sublime in great houses,
Purple and delicate linen endure; be of Burgundy patient;
Suffer that service be done you, permit of the page and the valet,
Vex not your souls with annoyance of charity schools or of districts,
Cast not to swine of the sty the pearls that should gleam in your foreheads.
Live, be lovely, forget them, be beautiful even to proudness,
Even for their poor sakes whose happiness is to behold you:
Live, be uncaring, be joyous, be sumptuous; only be lovely,—
Sumptuous not for display, and joyous, not for enjoyment;
Not for enjoyment truly; for Beauty and God's great glory!
Yes, and I say, and it seems inspiration—of Good or of Evil!
Is it not He that hath done it and who shall dare gainsay it?
Is it not even of Him, who hath made us?—Yea, for the lions
Roaring after their prey, do seek their meat from God!
Is it not even of Him, who one kind over another
All the works of His hand hath disposed in a wonderful order?
Who hath made man, as the beasts, to live the one on the other,
Who hath made man as Himself to know the law—and accept it!
You will wonder at this, my friend! I also wonder!
But we must live and learn; we can't know all things at twenty.
List to a letter of Hobbes to Philip his friend at Balloch.
All Cathedrals are Christian, all Christians are Cathedrals,
Such is the orthodox doctrine; 'tis ours with a slight variation;
Every Woman is, or should be a Cathedral,
Built on the ancient plan, a Cathedral pure and perfect,
Built by that only law, that Use be suggestor of Beauty,
Nought be concealed that is done, but all things done to adornment,
Meanest utilities seized as occasions to grace and embellish.—
So had I duly commenced in the spirit and style of my Philip,
So had I formally opened the Treatise upon *the Laws of Architectural Beauty in Application to Women,*
So had I writ.—But my fancies are palsied by tidings they tell me,
Tidings—ah me, can it be then? that I the blasphemer accounted,
Here am with reverent heed at the wondrous analogy working,
Pondering thy words and thy gestures, whilst thou, a poet apostate,
(How are the mighty fallen!) whilst thou, a shepherd travestie,
(How are the mighty fallen!) with gun,—with pipe no longer,

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Teachest the woods to re-echo thy game-killing recantations,
Teachest thy verse to exalt Amryllis, a Countess' daughter?
What, thou forgettest, bewildered, my Master, that rightly considered
Beauty must ever be useful, what truly is useful is graceful?
She that is handy is handsome, good dairy-maids must be good looking,
If but the butter be nice, the tournure of the elbow is shapely,
If the cream-cheeses be white, far whiter the hands that made them,
If—but alas, is it true? while the pupil alone in the cottage
Slowly elaborates here thy system of feminine graces,
Thou in the palace, its author, art dining, small-talking and dancing,
Dancing and pressing the fingers kid-gloved of a Lady Maria.

These are the final words, that came to the Tutor from Balloch.
Yes, you have conquered, my friend! you will meet me, I hope, in Oxford,
Altered in manners and mind. I yield to the laws and arrangements,
Yield to the ancient existent decrees: who am I to resist them?
Yes, you will find me altered in mind, I think, as in manners,
Anxious too to atone for six weeks' loss of your Logic.

So in the cottage with Adam, the Pupils five together,
Read, and bathed, and roamed, and thought not now of Philip,
All in the joy of their life, and glory of shooting jackets.

VI.

Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin.

BRIGHT October was come, the misty-bright October,
Bright October was come to burn and glen and cottage;
But the cottage was empty, the matutine deserted.
Who are these that walk by the shore of the salt sea water?
Here in the dusky eve, on the road by the salt sea water?
Who are these? and where? it is no sweet seclusion;
Blank hill sides slope down to a salt sea loch at their bases,
Scored by runnels, that fringe ere they end with rowan and alder;
Cottages here and there out-standing bare on the mountain,
Peat-roofed, windowless, white; the road underneath by the water.
There on the blank hill side, looking down through the loch to the ocean,
There with a runnel beside, and pine trees twain before it,
There with the road underneath, and in sight of coaches and steamers,

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Dwelling of David Mackaye and his daughters Elspie and Bella,
Sends up a column of smoke the Bothie of Toper-na-fuosich.
And of the older twain, the elder was telling the younger,
How on his pittance of soil he lived, and raised potatoes,
Barley, and oats, in the bothie where lived his father before him;
Yet was smith by trade, and had travelled making horse-shoes
Far, in the army had seen some service with brave Sir Hector,
Wounded soon, and discharged, disabled as smith and soldier;
He had been many things since that,—drover, school-master,
Whitesmith,—but when his brother died childless came up hither;
And although he could get fine work that would pay, in the city,
Still was fain to abide where his father abode before him.
And the lassies are bonnie,—I'm father and mother to them,—
Bonnie and young; they're healthier here, I judge, and safer:
I myself find time for their reading, writing, and learning.
So on the road they walk by the shore of the salt sea water,
Silent a youth and maid, and elders twain conversing.

This was the letter that came when Adam was leaving the cottage.
If you can manage to see me before going off to Dartmoor,
Come by Tuesday's coach through Glencoe (you have not seen it)
Stop at the ferry below, and ask your way (you will wonder,
There however I am) to the Bothie of Toper-na-fuosich.
And on another scrap, of next day's date, was written.
It was by accident purely I lit on the place; I was going
Quietly, travelling homeward, by one of these wretched coaches;
One of the horses cast a shoe; and a farmer passing
Said, Old David's your man; a clever fellow at shoeing
Once; just up by the firs; they call it Toper-na-fuosich.
So I saw and spoke with David Mackaye, our acquaintance.
When we came to the journey's end, some five miles further,
In my unoccupied evening I walked back again to the bothie.
But on a final crossing, still later in date was added.
Come as soon as you can; be sure and do not miss me.
Who would have guessed I should find my haven and end of my travel,
Here, by accident too, in the bothie we laughed about so?
Who would have guessed that here would be she whose glance at Rannoch
Turned me in that mysterious way; yes, angels conspiring,
Slowly drew me, conducted me, home, to herself; the needle
Which in the shaken compass flew hither and thither, at last, long

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Quivering, poises to north. I think so. But I am cautious;
More, far more than I was in the old silly days when I left you;
Though I much fear that my eyes may betray me. Still I am heedful;
Any way try; and have learnt some self-controul of manner,
As I conceive, with staying and contemplating at Balloch;
Other things I hope, but clearly to be more retentive.
Not at the bothie now; at the changehouse in the clachan;*
Why I delay my letter is more than I can tell you.
There was another scrap, without or date or comment,
Dotted over with various observations, as follows:
Only think, I had danced with her twice, and did not remember.
I was as one that sleeps on the railway; one, who dreaming
Hears thro' his dream the name of his home shouted out; hears and hears not,—
Faint, and louder again, and less loud, dying in distance;
Dimly conscious, with something of inward debate and choice,—and
Sense of claim and reality present, relapses
Nevertheless, and continues the dream and fancy, while forward
Swiftly, remorseless, the car presses on, he knows not whither.
Handsome who handsome is, who handsome does, is more so;
Pretty is all very pretty, it's prettier far to be useful.
No, fair Lady Maria, I say not that; but I *will* say,
Stately is service accepted, but lovelier service rendered,
Interchange of service the law and condition of beauty:
Any way beautiful only to be the thing one is meant for.
I, I am sure, for the sphere of mere ornament am not intended:
No, nor she, I think, thy sister at Toper-na-fuosich;
No, she transcends it as far, as I perhaps fall below it.—
This was the letter of Philip, and this had brought the Tutor:
This is, why tutor and pupil are walking with David and Elspie.—
When for the night they part, and these, once more together,
Went by the lochside along to the changehouse near in the clachan,
Thus to his pupil anon commenced the grave man Adam.
Yes, she is beautiful, Philip, beautiful even as morning:
Yes, it is that which I said, the Good and not the Attractive!
Happy is he that finds, and finding does not leave it!
And by his side in silence walked Philip, and presently answered,
Happy is he that finds, if he lose not: but happy, and more too,
Blessed, be he by whose showing the seeker is changed to the finder.
Ten more days did Adam with Philip abide at the changehouse,

* Public-house in the hamlet.

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Ten more nights they met, they walked with father and daughter.
Ten more nights, and night by night more distant away were
Philip and she; every night less heedful, by habit, the father.
Happy ten days, most happy; and, otherwise than thought of,
Fortunate visit of Adam, companion and friend to David.
Happy ten days, be ye fruitful of happiness! Pass o'er them slowly,
Slowly; like cruise of the prophet be multiplied, even to ages!
Pass slowly o'er them ye days of October; ye soft misty mornings,
Long dusky eves; pass slowly; and thou great Term-Time of Oxford,
Awful with lectures and books, and little-goes and great-goes,
Till but the sweet bud be perfect, recede and retire for the lovers,
Yea, for the sweet love of lovers, postpone thyself even to doomsday!
Pass o'er them slowly, ye hours; Be with them ye Loves and Graces!

Indirect and evasive no longer, a cowardly bather,
Clinging to bough and to rock, and sidling along by the edges,
In your faith, ye Muses and Graces, who love the plain present,
Scorning historic abridgment and artifice antipoetic,
In your faith, ye Muses and Loves, ye Loves and Graces,
I will confront the great peril, and speak with the mouth of the lovers,
As they spoke by the alders, at evening, the runnel below them,
Elspie a diligent knitter, and Philip her fingers watching.

VII.

Vesper adest, juvenes, consurgite; Vesper Olympo
Expectata diu vix tandem lumina tollit.

FOR she confessed, as they sat in the dusk, and he saw not her blushes,
Elspie confessed at the sports long ago with her father she saw him,
When at the door the old man had told him the name of the bothie;
There after that at the dance; yet again at the dance in Rannoch—
And she was silent, confused. Confused much rather Philip
Buried his face in his hands, his face that with blood was bursting.
Silent, confused, yet by pity she conquered her fear, and continued.
Katie is good and not silly; be comforted, Sir, about her;
Katie is good and not silly; tender, but not like many
Carrying off, and at once for fear of being seen, in the bosom
Locking-up as in a cupboard the pleasure that any man gives them,
Keeping it out of sight as a prize they need be ashamed of;

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That is the way I think, Sir, in England more than in Scotland;
No she lives and takes pleasure in all, as in beautiful weather,
Sorry to lose it, but just as we would be to lose fine weather.
And she is strong to return to herself and feel undeserted,
For she always keeps burning a cheerful fire inside her.
Oh, she is strong, and not silly; she thinks no more about you;
She has had kerchiefs before from gentle, I know, as from simple.
Yes, she is good and not silly; yet were you wrong, Mr. Philip,
Wrong, for yourself perhaps more than for her.
But Philip replied not,
Raised not his eyes from the hands on his knees.
And Elspie continued.
That was what gave me much pain, when I met you that dance at Rannoch,
Dancing myself too with you, while Katie danced with Donald;
That was what gave me such pain; I thought it all delusion,
All a mere chance, and accident,—not proper choosing,—
There were at least five or six—not there, no, that I don't say,
But in the country about,—you might just as well have been courting.
That was what gave me much pain, and (you won't remember that, though,)
Three days after, I met you, beside my uncle's, walking,
And I was wondering much, and hoped you wouldn't notice,
So as I passed I couldn't help looking. You didn't know me.
But I was glad, when I heard next day you were gone to the teacher.
And uplifting his face at last, with eyes dilated,
Large as great stars in mist, and dim, with dabbled lashes,
Philip with new tears starting,
You think I do not remember,
Said,—suppose, that I did not observe! Ah me, shall I tell you?
Elspie, it was your look that sent me away from Rannoch.
It was your glance, that, descending, an instant revelation,
Showed me, where I was, and whitherward going; recalled me,
Sent me, not to my books, but to wrestlings of thought in the mountains.
Yes, I have carried your glance within me undimmed, unaltered,
As a lost boat the compass some passing ship has lent her,
Many a weary mile on road, and hill, and moorland:
It has been with me in shieling and bothie of wandering drovers,
It has been with me, more precious, in chariot and palace of peeress:
And you suppose, that I do not remember, I had not observed it!
O, did the sailor bewildered observe when they told him his bearings?
O, did he cast overboard, when they parted, the compass they gave him?

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And he continued more firmly, although with stronger emotion.
Elspie, why should I speak it? you cannot believe it, and should not:
Why should I say that I love, which I all but said to another?
Yet should I dare, should I say, O Elspie, you only I love; you,
First and sole in my life that has been and surely that shall be;
Could—O, could you believe it, O Elspie, believe it and spurn not!
Is it—possible,—possible, Elspie?
Well,—she answered,
Quietly, after her fashion, still knitting,—Well, I think of it.
Yes,—I don't know, Mr. Philip,—but only it feels to me strangely
Like to the high new bridge, they used to build at, below there,
Over the burn and glen on the road. You won't understand me.
But I keep saying in my mind—this long time slowly with trouble
I have been building myself, up, up, and toilfully raising,
Just like as if the bridge were to do it itself without masons,
Painfully getting myself upraised one stone on another,
All one side I mean; and now I see on the other
Just such another fabric uprising, better and stronger,
Close to me, coming to join me: and then I sometimes fancy,—
Sometimes I find myself dreaming at nights about arches and bridges,—
Sometimes I dream of a great invisible hand coming down, and
Dropping the great key stone in the middle: there in my dreaming,
There I feel the great key stone coming in, and through it
Feel the other part—all the other stones of the archway,
Joined into mine with a queer happy sense of completeness, tingling
All the way up from the other side's basement-stones in the water,
Through the very grains of mine:—just like, when the steel, that you showed us
Moved to the magnet, it seemed a feeling got hold of them both. But
This is confusion and nonsense. I am mixing all things I can think of.
And you wont understand me, Mr. Philip.
But while she was speaking,
So it happened, a moment she paused from her work, and pondering,
Laid her hand on her lap: Philip took it: she did not resist:
So he retained her fingers, the knitting being stopped. But emotion
Came all over her more and more, from his hand, from her heart, and
Most from the sweet idea and image her brain was renewing.
So he retained her hand, and, his tears down-dropping on it,
Trembling a long time kissed it at last. And she ended.
And as she ended, up rose he; saying, What have I heard? Oh,
What have I done, that such words should be said to me? Oh, I see it,

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See the great key stone coming down from the heaven of heavens!
And he fell at her feet, and buried his face in her apron.
But as under the moon and stars they went to the cottage,
Elspie sighed and said, Be patient, dear Mr. Philip,
Do not do anything hasty. It is all so soon, so sudden.
Do not say any thing yet to any one.
Elspie, he answered,
Does not my friend go on Friday? I then shall see nothing of you:
Do not I go myself on Monday?
But oh, he said, Elspie;
Do as I bid you, my child; do not go on calling me Mr.;
Might I not just as well be calling you Miss Elspie?
Call me, this heavenly night, for once, for the first time, Philip.
Philip, she said and laughed, and said she could not say it;
Philip, she said; he turned, and kissed the sweet lips as they said it.

But on the morrow Elspie kept out of the way of Philip;
And at the evening seat when he took her hand by the alders,
Drew it back, saying, almost peevishly,
No, Mr. Philip,
I was quite right, last night; it is too soon, too sudden.
What I told you before, was foolish perhaps, was hasty.
When I think it over, I am shocked and terrified at it.
Not that at all I unsay it; that is, I know I said it,
And when I said it, felt it. But oh, we must wait, Mr. Philip!
We mustn't pull ourselves at the great key stone of the centre;
Some one else up above must hold it, fit it, and fix it;
If we try to do it, we shall only damage the archway,
Damage all our own work that we wrought, our painful up-building.
When, you remember, you took my hand last evening, talking,
I was all over a tremble: and as you pressed the fingers
After, and afterwards kissed it, I could not speak. And then, too,
As we went home, you kissed me for saying your name. It was dreadful.
I have been kissed before, she added, blushing slightly,
I have been kissed more than once by Donald my cousin, and others;
It is the way of the lads, and I make up my mind not to mind it;
But Mr. Philip, last night, and from you, it was different quite, Sir.
When I think all that over, I am shocked and terrified at it.
Yes, it is dreadful to me.
She paused, but quickly continued,

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Smiling almost fiercely, continued, looking upward.
You are too strong, you see, Mr. Philip! you are like the sea there,
Which *will* come, through the straights and all between the mountains,
Forcing its great strong tide into every nook and inlet,
Getting far in, up the quiet stream of sweet inland water,
Sucking it up, and stopping it, turning it, driving it backward,
Quite preventing its own quiet running: And then, soon after,
Back it goes off, leaving weeds on the shore, and wrack and uncleanness:
And the poor burn in the glen tries again its peaceful running,
But it is brackish and tainted, and all its banks disordered.
That was what I dreamt all last night. I was the burnie,
Trying to get along through the tyrannous brine, and could not;
I was confined and squeezed in the coils of the great salt tide, that
Would mix-in itself with me, and change me; I felt myself changing;
And I struggled, and screamed, I believe, in my dream. It was dreadful.
You are too strong, Mr. Philip! I am but a poor slender burnie,
Used to the glens and the rocks, the rowan and birch of the woodies,
Quite unused to the great salt sea; quite afraid and unwilling.
Ere she had spoken two words, had Philip released her fingers:
As she went on, he recoiled, fell back, and shook, and shivered;
There he stood, looking pale and ghastly; when she had ended,
Answering in hollow voice,
It is true; oh quite true, Elspie;
Oh, you are always right; oh, what, what have I been doing!
I will depart to-morrow. But oh, forget me not wholly,
Wholly, Elspie, nor hate me, no, do not hate me, my Elspie.
But a revulsion passed through the brain and bosom of Elspie;
And she got up from her seat on the rock; putting by her knitting;
Went to him, where he stood, and answered.
No, Mr. Philip,
No, you are good, Mr. Philip, and gentle; and I am the foolish;
No, Mr. Philip, forgive me.
She stepped right to him, and boldly
Took up his hand, and placed it in hers; he daring no movement;
Took up the cold hanging hand, up-forcing the heavy elbow.
I am afraid, she said, but I will! and kissed the fingers.
And he fell on his knees and kissed her own past counting.

But a revulsion wrought in the brain and bosom of Elspie;
And the passion she just had compared to the vehement ocean,

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Urging in high spring-tide its masterful way through the mountains,
Forcing and flooding the silvery stream, as it runs from the inland;
That great water withdrawn, receding here and passive,
Felt she in myriad springs, her sources, far in the mountains,
Stirring, collecting, rising, upheaving, forth-out-flowing,
Taking and joining, right welcome, that delicate rill in the valley,
Filling it, making it strong, and still descending, seeking,
With a blind forefeeling descending, evermore seeking,
With a delicious forefeeling, the great still sea before it;
There deep into it, far, to carry, and lose in its bosom,
Waters that still from their sources exhaustless are fain to be added.
As he was kissing her fingers, and knelt on the ground before her,
Yielding backward she sank to her seat, and of what she was doing
Ignorant, bewildered, in sweet multitudinous vague emotion,
Stooping, knowing not what, put her lips to the curl on his forehead:
And Philip, raising himself, gently, for the first time, round her
Passing his arms, close, close, enfolded her, close to his bosom.
As they went home by the moon, Forgive me, Philip, she whispered;
I have so many things to think of, all of a sudden;
I who had never once thought a thing,—in my ignorant Highlands.

VIII.

Jam veniet virgo, jam dicetur hymenæus,
Hymen, O hymenæe! Hymen, ades, O hymenæe!

BUT a revulsion again came over the spirit of Elspie,
When she thought of his wealth, his birth and education:
Wealth indeed but small, though to her a difference truly;
Father nor mother had Philip, a thousand pounds his portion,
Somewhat impaired in a world where nothing is had for nothing;
Fortune indeed but small, and prospects plain and simple.
But the many things that he knew, and the ease of a practised
Intellect's motion, and all those indefinable graces
(Were they not hers, too, Philip?) to speech and manner, and movement,
Lent by the knowledge of self, and wisely instructed feeling,—
When she thought of all these, and these contemplated daily,
Daily appreciating more, and more exactly appraising,—
With these thoughts, and the terror withal of a thing she could not

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Estimate, and of a step (such a step!) in the dark to be taken,
Terror nameless and ill understood of deserting her station,—
Daily heavier, heavier upon her pressed the sorrow,
Daily distincter, distincter within her arose the conviction,
He was too high, too perfect, and she so unfit, so unworthy,
(Ah me! Philip, that ever a word such as that should be written!)
It would not do for him; nor for her; she also was something,
Not much indeed and different, yet not to be lightly extinguished.
Should *he*—*he* have a wife beneath him? herself be
An inferior there where only equality can be?
It would do neither for him, nor for her.
Alas for Philip!
Many were tears and great was perplexity. Nor had availed then
All his prayer and all his device. But much was spoken
Now, between Adam and Elspie; companions were they hourly:
Much by Elspie to Adam, enquiring, anxiously seeking,
From his experience seeking impartial accurate statement
What it was to do this or do that, go hither or thither,
How in the after life would seem what now seeming certain
Might so soon be reversed; in her quest and obscure exploring
Still from that quiet orb soliciting light to her footsteps;
Much by Elspie to Adam enquiring, eagerly seeking:
Much by Adam to Elspie, informing, reassuring,
Much that was sweet to Elspie, by Adam heedfully speaking,
Quietly, indirectly, in general terms, of Philip,
Gravely, but indirectly, not as incognizant wholly,
But as suspending until she should seek it, direct intimation;
Much that was sweet in her heart of what he was and would be,
Much that was strength to her mind, confirming beliefs and insights
Pure and unfaltering, but young and mute and timid for action;
Much of relations of rich and poor, and true education.
It was on Saturday eve, in the gorgeous bright October,
Then when brackens are changed, and heather blooms are faded,
And amid russet of heather and fern green trees are bonnie;
Alders are green, and oaks; the rowan scarlet and yellow;
One great glory of broad gold pieces appears the aspen,
And the jewels of gold that were hung in the hair of the birch-tree,
Pendulous, here and there, her coronet, necklace, and earrings,
Cover her now, o'er and o'er; she is weary and scatters them from her.
There, upon Saturday eve, in the gorgeous bright October,

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Under the alders knitting, gave Elspie her troth to Philip.
For as they talked, anon she said—
It is well, Mr. Philip.
Yes, it is well: I have spoken, and learnt a deal with the teacher.
At the last I told him all, I could not help it;
And it came easier with him than could have been with my father;
And he calmly approved, as one that had fully considered.
Yes it is well, I have hoped, though quite too great and sudden,
I am so fearful, I think it ought not to be for years yet.
I am afraid; but believe in you; and I trust to the teacher:
You have done all things gravely and temperate, not as in passion;
And the teacher is prudent, and surely can tell what is likely.
What my father will say, I know not: we will obey him:
But for myself, I could dare to believe all well, and venture.
O Mr. Philip, may it never hereafter seem to be different!
And she hid her face—
Oh, where, but in Philip's bosom!
After some silence, some tears too perchance, Philip laughed and said to her,
So, my own Elspie, at last you are clear that I'm bad enough for you.
Ah, but your father won't make one half the question about it
You have—he'll think me, I know, nor better nor worse than Donald,
Neither better nor worse for my gentlemanship and book-work,
Worse, I fear, as he knows me an idle and vagabond fellow,
Though he allows, but he'll think it was all for your sake, Elspie,
Though he allows I did some good at the end of the shearing.
But I had thought in Scotland you didn't care for this folly,
How I wish, he said, you had lived all your days in the Highlands,
This is what comes of the year you spent in our foolish England.
You do not all of you feel these fancies.
No, she answered,
And in her spirit the freedom and ancient joy was reviving,
No, she said, and uplifted herself, and looked for her knitting,
No, nor do *I*, dear Philip, I don't myself feel always,
As I have felt, more sorrow for me, these four days lately,
Like the Peruvian Indians I read about last winter,
Out in America there, in somebody's life of Pizarro;
Who were as good perhaps as the Spaniards; only weaker;
And that the one big tree might spread its root and branches,
All the lesser about it must even be felled and perish.
No, I feel much more as if I, as well as you, were,

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Somewhere, a leaf on the one great tree, that up from old time
Growing, contains in itself the whole of the virtue and life of
Bygone days, drawing now to itself all kindreds and nations,
And must have for itself the whole world for its root and branches.
No, I belong to the tree, I shall not decay in the shadow;
Yes, I feel the life-juices of all the world and the ages
Coming to me as to you, more slowly no doubt and poorer,
You are more near, but then you will help to convey them to me.
No, don't smile, Philip, now, so scornfully!—While you look so
Scornful and strong, I feel as if I were standing and trembling,
Fancying the burn in the dark a wide and rushing river.
And I feel coming into me from you, or perhaps from elsewhere,
Strong contemptuous resolve; I forget, and I bound as across it.
But after all you know, it may be a dangerous river.
Oh, if it were so, Elspie, he said, I can carry you over.
Nay, she replied, you would tire of having me for a burthen.
O sweet burthen, he said, and are you not light as a feather?
But it is deep, very likely, she said, over head and ears too.
O let us try, he answered, the waters themselves will support us,
Yea, very ripples and waves will form to a boat underneath us;
There is a boat, he said, and a name is written upon it,
Love, he said, and kissed her.—
But I will read your books, though,
Said she, you'll leave me some, Philip.
Not I, replied he, a volume.
This is the way with you all, I perceive, high and low together.
Women must read,—as if they didn't know all beforehand:
Weary of plying the pump we turn to the running water,
And the running spring will needs have a pump built on it.
Weary and sick of our books we come to repose in your eye-sight,
As to the woodland and water, the freshness and beauty of Nature,
Lo, you will talk, forsooth, of the things we are sick to death of.
What, she said, and if I have let you become my sweetheart,
I am to read no books! but you may go your ways then,
And I will read, she said, with my father at home as I used to.
If you must have it, he said, I myself will read them to you.
Well, she said, but no, I will read to myself, when I choose it;
What, you suppose we never read anything here in our Highlands,
Bella and I with the father in all our winter evenings.
But we must go, Mr. Philip—

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I shall not go at all, said
He, if you call me Mr. Thank heaven! that's well over.
No, but it's not, she said, it is not over, nor will be.
Was it not then, she asked, the name I called you first by?
No, Mr. Philip, no—you have kissed me enough for two nights,
No—come, Philip, come, or I'll go myself without you.
You never call me Philip, he answered, until I kiss you.
As they went home by the moon that waning now rose later,
Stepping through mossy stones by the runnel under the alders,
Loitering unconsciously, Philip, she said, I will not be a lady,
We will do work together, you do not wish me a lady,
It is a weakness perhaps and a foolishness; still it is so,
I could not bear to be served and waited upon by footmen,
No, not even by women—
And, God forbid, he answered,
God forbid you should ever be ought but yourself, my Elspie,
As for service, I love it not, I; your weakness is mine too,
I am sure Adam told you as much as that about me.
I am sure, she said, he called you wild and flighty.
That was true, he said, till my wings were clipped by Elspie.
But, my Elspie, he said, you would like to see, I fancy,
Something of the world, of men and women. You will not refuse me,
You will one day come with me and see my uncle and cousins,
Sister, and brother, and brother's wife. You should go, if you liked it,
Just as you are; just what you are, at any rate, my Elspie.
Yes, we will go, and give the old solemn gentility stage-play
One little look, to leave it with all the more satisfaction.
That may be, my Philip, she said, you are good to think of it.
But we are letting our fancies run-on indeed; after all
It may all come, you know, Mr. Philip, to nothing whatever.
There is so much that needs to be done, so much that may happen.
All that needs to be done, said he, shall be done, and quickly.

And on the morrow he took good heart and spoke with David;
Not unwarned the father, nor had been unperceiving;
Fearful much, but in all from the first reassured by Adam.
In the first few days after Philip came to the bothie
They had become hearty friends, full of trust the one in the other:
And in these last three he had talked with him much, and tried him.
And he remembered, how at the first he had liked the lad; and,

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Then too, the old man's eye was much more for inner than outer,
And the natural tune of his heart without misgiving
Went to the noble words of that grand song of the Lowlands,
Rank is the guinea stamp, but the man's a man for a' that.
Still he was doubtful, would hear nothing of it now, but insisted
Philip should go to his books: if he chose, he might write; if after
Chose to return, might come; he truly believed him honest.
But a year must elapse, and many things might happen.
Yet at the end he burst into tears, called Elspie, and blessed them;
Elspie, my bairn, he said, I thought not, when at the doorway
Standing with you, and telling the young man to come and see us,
I did not think he would one day be asking me here to surrender
What is to me more than wealth in my Bothie of Toper-na-fuosich.

IX.

Arva, beata Petamus arva!

SO on the morrow's morrow, with Term-time dread returning,
Philip returned to his books, and read, and remained at Oxford,
All the Christmas and Easter remained and read at Oxford.
Great was wonder in College when Postman showed to Butler
Letters addressed to David Mackaye, at Toper-na-fuosich,
Letter on letter, at least one a week, one every Sunday:
Great at that Highland post was wonder too and conjecture,
When the postman showed letters to wife, and wife to the lasses,
And the lasses declared they couldn't be really to David;
Yes, they could see inside a paper with E. upon it.
Great was surmise in College at breakfast, wine, and supper,
Keen the conjecture and joke; but Adam kept the secret,
Adam the secret kept, and Philip read like fury.
This is a letter written by Philip at Christmas to Adam.
What I said at Balloch has truth in it; only distorted.
Plants are some for fruit, and some for flowering only;
Let there be deer in parks, as well as kine in paddocks,
Grecian buildings upon the earth as well as Gothic.
There may be men, perhaps, whose vocation it is to be idle,
Idle, sumptuous even, luxurious, if it must be:
Only let each man seek to be that for which Nature meant him,

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Independent surely of pleasure, if not regardless,
Independent also of station, if not regardless:
Irrespective alike of station, as of enjoyment,
Do his duty in that state of life to which God, not man, shall call him.
If you were meant to plough, Lord Marquis, out with you, and do it,
If you were meant to be idle, O beggar, behold, I will feed thee;
Take my purse; you have far better right to it, friend, than the Marquis.
If you were born for a groom, and you seem, by your dress, to believe so,
Do it like a man, Sir George, for pay, in a livery stable;
Yes, you may so release that slip of a boy at the corner,
Fingering books at the window, misdoubting the eighth commandment.
What a mere Dean, with those wits, that debtor-and-creditor head-piece!
Go, my detective D. D., take the place of Burns the gauger.
Ah, fair Lady Maria, God meant you to live, and be lovely,
Be so then, and I bless you. But ye, ye spurious ware, who
Might be plain women, and can be by no possibility better!
—Ye unhappy statuettes, ye miserable trinkets,
Poor alabaster chimney-piece ornaments under glass cases,
Come, in God's name, come down! the very French clock by you
Puts you to shame with ticking; the fire-irons deride you.
Break your glasses, ye can! come down, ye are not really plaster,
Come, in God's name, come down! do anything, be but something!
You, young girl, who have had such advantages, learnt so quickly,
Can you not teach? O yes, and she likes Sunday school extremely,
Only it's soon in the morning. Away! if to teach be your calling,
It is no play, but a business: off! go teach and be paid for it.
Surely, that fussy old dowager yonder was meant for the counter;
Oh, she is notable very, and keeps her servants in order
Past admiration. Indeed, and keeps to employ her talent
How many, pray? to what use? Away, the hotel's her vocation.
Lady Sophia's so good to the sick, so firm and so gentle.
Is there a nobler sphere than of hospital nurse and matron?
Hast thou for cooking a turn, little Lady Clarissa? in with them,
In with your fingers! their beauty it spoils, but your own it enhances;
For it is beautiful only to do the thing we are meant for.
But they will marry, have husbands, and children, and guests, and households—
Are there then so many trades for a man, for women one only,
First to look out for a husband and then to preside at his table?
Learning to dance, then dancing, then breeding, and entertaining?
Breeding and rearing of children at any rate the poor do

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Easier, say the doctors, and better, with all their slaving.
How many, too, disappointed, not being this, can be nothing!
How many more are spoilt for wives by the means to become so,
Spoilt for wives and mothers, and every thing else moreover!

This was the answer that came from the Tutor, the grave man, Adam.
Have you ever, Philip, my boy, looked at it in this way?
When the armies are set in array, and the battle beginning,
Is it well that the soldier whose post is far to the leftward
Say, I will go to the right, it is there I shall do best service?
There is a great Field-Marshal, my friend, who arrays our battalions;
Let us to Providence trust, and abide and work in our stations.

This was the final retort from the eager, impetuous Philip.
I am sorry to say your Providence puzzles me sadly;
Children of circumstance are we to be? you answer, On no wise!
Where does Circumstance end, and Providence where begins it?
In the revolving sphere which is upper, which is under?
What are we to resist, and what are we to be friends with?
If there is battle, 'tis battle by night: I stand in the darkness,
Here in the melée of men, Ionian and Dorian on both sides,
Signal and password known; which is friend and which is foeman?
Is it a friend? I doubt, though he speak with the voice of a brother.
Still you are right, I suppose; you always are, and will be.
Though I mistrust the Field-Marshal, I bow to the duty of order.
Let us all get on as we can, and do what we're meant for,
Or, as is said in your favourite weary old Ethics, our ergon.
Yet is my feeling rather to ask, Where *is* the battle?
Yes, I could find in my heart to cry, in spite of my Elspie,
O that the armies indeed were arrayed, O joy of the onset,
Sound, thou Trumpet of God, come forth, Great Cause, to array us,
King and leader appear, thy soldiers sorrowing seek thee.
Would that the armies indeed were arrayed, O where is the battle!
Neither battle I see, nor arraying, nor King in Israel,
Only infinite jumble and mess and dislocation,
Backed by a solemn appeal, 'For God's sake do not stir, there!'
Yet you are right, I suppose; if you don't attack my conclusion,
Let us get on as we can, and hunt for and do the ergon.
That isn't likely to be by sitting still, eating and drinking.
Yes, you are right, I dare say, you always were and will be,
And in default of a fight I will put up with peace and Elspie.

These are fragments again without date addressed to Adam.

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As at return of tide the total weight of ocean,
Drawn by moon and sun from Labrador and Greenland,
Sets-in amain, in the open space betwixt Mull and Scarfa,
Heaving, swelling, spreading, the might of the mighty Atlantic;
There into cranny and slit of the rocky, cavernous bottom
Settles down, and with dimples huge the smooth sea-surface
Eddies, coils, and whirls; by dangerous Corryvreckan:
So in my soul of souls through its cells and secret recesses,
Comes back, swelling and spreading, the old democratic fervour.
But as the light of day enters some populous city,
Shaming away, ere it come, by the chilly daystreak signal,
High and low, the misusers of night, shaming out the gas lamps,—
All the great empty streets are flooded with broadening clearness,
Which, withal, by inscrutable simultaneous access
Permeates far and pierces, to very cellars lying in
Narrow high back-lane, and court and alley of alleys:
He that goes forth to his walk, while speeding to the suburb,
Sees sights only peaceful and pure; as, labourers settling
Slowly to work, in their limbs the lingering sweetness of slumber;
Humble market-carts, coming-in, bringing-in, not only
Flower, fruit, farm-store, but sounds and sights of the country
Dwelling yet on the sense of the dreamy drivers; soon after
Half-awake servant-maids unfastening drowsy shutters
Up at the windows, or down, letting-in the air by the doorway;
School-boys, school-girls soon, with slate, portfolio, satchel,
Hampered as they haste, those running, these others maidenly tripping;
Early clerk anon turning out to stroll, or it may be
Meet his sweetheart—waiting behind the garden gate there;
Merchant on his grass-plat haply, bare-headed; and now by this time
Little child bringing breakfast to "father" that sits on the timber
There by the scaffolding; see, she waits for the can beside him;
Mean-time above purer air untarnished of new-lit fires:
So that the whole great wicked artificial civilized fabric,—
All its unfinished houses, lots for sale, and railway outworks,—
Seems reaccepted, resumed to Primal Nature and Beauty:—
—Such—in me, and to me, and on me the love of Elspie!

Philip returned to his books, but returned to his Highlands after;
Got a first 'tis said; a winsome bride, 'tis certain.
There while courtship was ending, nor yet the wedding appointed,

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Under her father he learnt to handle the hoe and the hatchet:
Thither that summer succeeding came Adam and Arthur to see him
Down by the lochs from the distant Glenmorison: Adam the tutor,
Arthur, and Hope; and the Piper anon who was there for a visit.
He had been into the schools; plucked almost; all but a *gone-coon;*
So he declared; never once had brushed up his *hairy* Aldrich;
Into the great might-have-been upsoaring sublime and ideal
Gave to historical questions a free poetical treatment;
Leaving vocabular ghosts undisturbed in their lexicon-limbo,
Took Aristophanes up at a shot; and the whole three last weeks
Went in his life and the sunshine rejoicing to Nuneham and Godstowe:
What were the claims of Degree to those of life and the sunshine?
There did the four find Philip, the poet, the speaker, the chartist,
Delving at Highland soil, and railing at Highland landlords,
Railing, but more, as it seemed, for the fun of the Piper's fury.
There saw they David and Elspie Mackaye, and the Piper was almost,
Almost deeply in love with Bella the sister of Elspie;
But the good Adam was heedful; they did not go too often.
There in the bright October, the gorgeous bright October,
When the brackens are changed, and heather blooms are faded,
And amid russet of heather and fern green trees are bonnie,
There, when shearing had ended, and barley-stooks were garnered,
David gave Philip to wife his daughter, his darling Elspie;
Elspie the quiet, the brave was wedded to Philip the poet.
So won Philip his bride. They are married and gone—But oh, Thou
Mighty one, Muse of great Epos, and Idyll the playful and tender,
Be it recounted in song, ere we part, and thou fly to thy Pindus,
(Pindus is it, O Muse, or Aetna, or even Ben-Nevis?)
Be it recounted in song, O Muse of the Epos and Idyll,
Who gave what at the wedding, the gifts and fair gratulations.
Adam, the grave careful Adam, a medicine-chest and tool-box,
Hope a saddle, and Arthur a plough, and a rifle the Piper,
Airlie a necklace for Elspie, and Hobbes a Family Bible,
Airlie a necklace, and Hobbes a bible and iron bedstead.
What was the letter, O Muse, sent withal by the corpulent hero?
This is the letter of Hobbes the kilted and corpulent hero.
So the last speech and confession is made, O my eloquent speaker!
So *the good time* is *coming*,* or come is it? O my chartist!
So the Cathedral is finished at last, O my Pugin of Women;

* "The Good Time Coming."—Chartist Song.

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Finished, and now, is it true? to be taken out whole to New Zealand!
Well, go forth to thy field, to thy barley, with Ruth, O Boaz,
Ruth, who for thee hath deserted her people, her gods, her mountains,
Quitted her Moab-Lochaber for thee, thou Naomi-Boaz.
Go, as in Ephrath of old, in the gate of Bethlehem said they,
Go, be the wife in thy house both Rachel and Leah unto thee!
Be thy wedding of silver, albeit of iron thy bedstead!
Yea, to the full golden fifty be lengthened! while fair memoranda
Duly fill-up the fly-leaves duly left in the Family Bible.
Live, be happy, and look too to keep a whole skin on thy sirloin.
Live, and when Hobbes is forgotten, may'st thou, an unroasted Grandsire,
See thy children's children, and Democracy upon New Zealand!
This was the letter of Hobbes, and this the Postscript after.
Wit in the letter will prate, but wisdom speaks in a postcript;
Listen to wisdom—*Which things*—you perhaps didn't know, my dear fellow,
I have reflected; *Which things are an allegory*, Philip.
For this Rachel-and-Leah is marriage; which, I have seen it,
Lo, and have known it, is always, and must be, bigamy only,
Even in noblest kind a duality, compound and complex,
One part heavenly-ideal, the other vulgar and earthy:
For this Rachel-and-Leah is marriage, and Laban their father
Circumstance, chance, the world, our uncle and hard taskmaster.
Rachel we found as we fled from the daughters of Heth by the desert;
Rachel we met at the well; we came, we saw, we kissed her;
Rachel we serve-for, long years,—that seem a few days only,
E'en for the love we have to her,—and win her at last of Laban.
Is it not Rachel we take in our joy from the hand of her father?
Is it not Rachel we lead in the mystical veil from the altar?
Rachel we dream-of at night: in the morning, behold, it is Leah.
"Nay, it is custom," saith Laban, and Leah indeed is the elder.
Happy and wise who consents to redouble his service to Laban,
So, fulfilling her week, he may add to the elder the younger,
Not repudiates Leah, but wins him the Rachel unto her!
Neither hate thou thy Leah, my Philip, she also is worthy;
So—many days shall thy Rachel have joy, and survive her sister:
Yea and her children—*Which things are an allegory*, Philip,
Aye, and by Origen's head with a vengeance too, a long one!
This was a note from the Tutor, the grave man nicknamed Adam.
I shall see you of course, my Philip, before your departure;
Joy be with you, my boy, with you and your beautiful Elspie.

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Happy is he that found, and finding was not heedless;
Happy is he that found, and happy the friend that was with him.
So won Philip his bride;—
They are married, and gone to New Zealand.
Five hundred pounds in pocket, with books, and two or three pictures,
Tool-box, plough, and the rest, they rounded the sphere to New Zealand.
There he hewed, and dug; subdued the earth and his spirit;
There he built him a home; there Elspie bare him his children,
David and Bella; perhaps ere this too an Elspie or Adam;
There hath he farmstead and land, and fields of corn and flax fields;
And the Antipodes too have a Bothie of Toper-na-fuosich.

THE END.

C. WHITTINGHAM, CHISWICK.

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In the course of November,

AMBARVALIA,

POEMS

BY THOMAS BURBIDGE AND ARTHUR H. CLOUGH.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.
OXFORD: FRANCIS MACPHERSON.

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Vivian Hilliard Dick. Sc.

A. V. X. C. X.

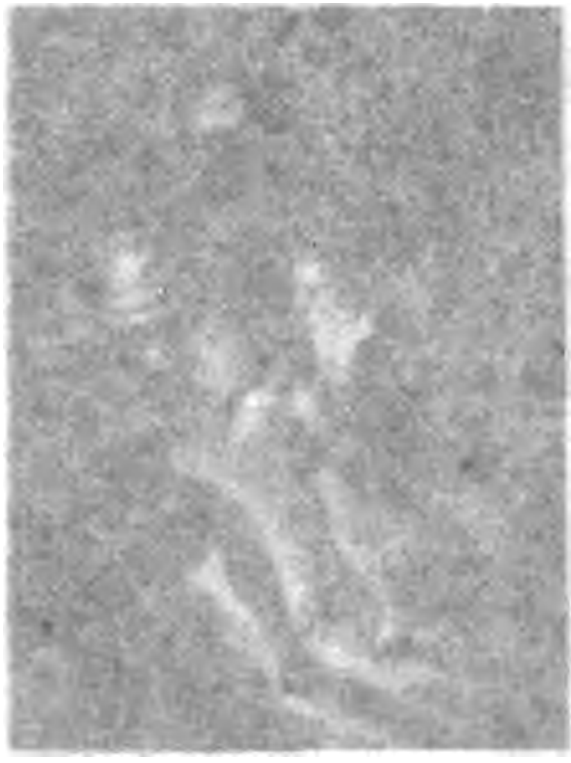
"The fire blazed red at last. On a little mound-shaded by a semicircle of huge trees - sate the Outlaws of Human Reason."

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ALICE,

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, 82 CLIFF-ST.

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ALICE,

OR

THE MYSTERIES:

A SEQUEL TO

"ERNEST MALTRAVERS."

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"ANONI," "NIGHT AND MORNING," "RIENZI,"
"PELHAM," "DEVEREUX," &c.

ΘΑΡΡΩ ΤΩ ΔΙΟΙΚΟΥΝΤΙ.
M. ANTONIN., lib. vi., sec. 8.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, 82 CLIFF-ST.

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PREFACE.

To the many who have complained of the incompleteness, to the few who have questioned the moral, of the former portion of this work, I give these volumes as an answer. I regret, and apologize for, the length to which this narrative has extended; but it was not in my power to be more brief, unless I had left the main conception of the story undeveloped and many of its objects unfulfilled. My task is now concluded; and I consign to the final judgment of the gentle reader the most matured and comprehensive of those works of fiction to which hitherto he has accorded an encouraging and generous approbation.

I grant that the hero of this narrative is far from perfect; and had his principal faults been corrected in the course of the preceding volumes, the reader would have been spared the sequel. It is because his errors of action and of judgment were not yet counterbalanced or amended; it is because his opinions were often morbid and unsound; it is because his sentiments were nobler than his actions, and his pride too lofty for his virtue, that these volumes were necessary to the completion of his trials and the consummation of my design.

From that public, to which he has ever trustfully appealed against the depreciations of literary envies and political hostility, the author once more asks, not favour or indulgence, but a candid judgment and an impartial verdict.

London, March 12, 1838.

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ALICE;

OR,

THE MYSTERIES.

BOOK THE FIRST.

"Σὲ τὰν ἐναύλιοις ὑπὸ δενδροκόμοις
——————ἀναβοάσω."
EURIP. *Hel.*, *l.* 1116.

"Thee, hid the bowering vales amid, I call."

CHAPTER 1.

"Who art thou, fair one, who usurp'st the place
Of Blanch, the lady of the matchless grace?"
LAMB.

It was towards the evening of a day in early April that two ladies were seated by the open window of a cottage in Devonshire. The lawn before them was gay with evergreens, relieved by the first few flowers and fresh turf of the reviving spring; and at a distance, through an opening among the trees, the sea, blue and tranquil, bounded the view, and contrasted the more confined and homelike features of the scene. It was a spot, remote, sequestered, shut out from the business and pleasures of the world; as such it suited the tastes and character of the owner.

That owner was the younger of the ladies seated by the window. You would scarcely have guessed, from her appearance, that she was more than seven or eight-and-twenty, though she exceeded by four or five years that critical boundary in the life of beauty. Her form was slight and delicate in its proportions, nor was her countenance the less lovely, because, from its gentleness and repose (not unmixed with a certain sadness), the coarse and the gay might have thought it wanting in expression. For there is a stillness in the aspect of those who have felt deeply which deceives the common eye, as rivers are often alike tranquil and profound, in proportion as they are remote from the springs which agitated and swelled the commencement of their course, and by which their waters are still, though invisibly, supplied.

The elder lady, the guest of her companion, was past seventy; her gray hair was drawn back from the forehead, and gathered under a stiff cap of Quaker-like simplicity; while her dress, rich but plain, and of no very modern fashion, served to increase the venerable appearance of one who seemed not ashamed of years.

"My dear Mrs. Leslie," said the lady of the house, after a thoughtful pause in the conversation that had been carried on for the last hour, "it is very true; perhaps I was to blame in coming to this place; I ought not to have been so selfish."

"No, my dear friend," returned Mrs. Leslie, gently; "selfish is a word that can never be applied to you; you have acted as became you; agreeably to your own instinctive sense of what is best at your age; independent in fortune and rank, and still so lovely, you resigned all that would have attracted others, and devoted yourself, in retirement, to a life of quiet and unknown benevolence. You are in your sphere in this village, humble though it be, consoling, relieving, healing the wretched, the destitute, the infirm, and teaching your Evelyn insensibly to imitate your modest and Christian virtues." The good old lady spoke warmly and with tears in her eyes; her companion placed her hand in Mrs. Leslie's.

"You cannot make me vain," said she, with a sweet and melancholy smile. "I remember what I was when you first gave shelter to the poor desolate wanderer and her fatherless child; and I, who was then so poor and destitute, what should I be if I was deaf to the poverty and sorrows of others; others, too, who are better than I am? But now Evelyn, as you say, is growing up; the time approaches when she must decide on accepting or rejecting Lord Vargrave; and yet, in this village, how can she compare him with others? how can she form a choice? What you say is very true, and yet I did not think of it sufficiently. What shall I do? I am only anxious, dear girl, to act so as may be best for her own happiness."

"Of that I am sure," returned Mrs. Leslie; "and yet I know not how to advise. On one hand, so much is due to the wishes of your late husband in every point of view, that, if Lord Vargrave be worthy of Evelyn's esteem and affection, it would be most desirable that she should prefer him to all others. But if he be what I hear he is considered in the world—an artful, scheming, almost heartless man, of ambitious and hard pursuits—I tremble to think how completely the happiness of Evelyn's

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whole life may be thrown away. She certainly is not in love with him, and yet I fear she is one whose nature is but too susceptible of affection. She ought now to see others; to know her own mind, and not to be hurried, blindfold and inexperienced, into a step that decides existence. This is a duty we owe to her; nay, even to the late Lord Vargrave, anxious as he was for the marriage. His aim was surely her happiness, and he would not have insisted upon means that time and circumstances might show to be contrary to the end he had in view."

"You are right," replied Lady Vargrave; "when my poor husband lay on his bed of death, just before he summoned his nephew to receive his last blessing, he said to me, 'Providence can counteract all our schemes. If ever it should be for Evelyn's real happiness that my wish for her marriage with Lumley Ferrers should not be fulfilled, to you I must leave the right to decide on what I cannot foresee. All I ask is, that no obstacle shall be thrown in the way of my wish, and that the child shall be trained up to consider Lumley as her future husband.' Among his papers was a letter addressed to me to the same effect; and, indeed, in other respects, that letter left more to my judgment than I had any right to expect. Oh, I am often unhappy to think that he did not marry one who would have deserved his affection! and—but regret is useless now!"

"I wish you could really feel so," said Mrs. Leslie; "for regret of another kind still seems to haunt you; and I do not think you have yet forgotten your early sorrows."

"Ah! how can I?" said Lady Vargrave, with a quivering lip.

At that instant a light shadow darkened the sunny lawn in front of the casements, and a sweet, gay young voice was heard singing at a little distance; a moment more, and a beautiful girl, in the first bloom of youth, bounded lightly along the grass, and halted opposite the friends.

It was a remarkable contrast, the repose and quiet of the two persons we have described; the age and gray hairs of one, the resigned and melancholy gentleness written on the features of the other, with the springing step, and laughing eyes, and radiant bloom of the new comer. As she stood with the setting sun glowing full upon her rich fair hair, her happy countenance, and elastic form, it was a vision almost too bright for this weary earth; a thing of light and bliss, that the joyous Greek might have placed among the forms of Heaven, and worshipped as an Aurora or a Hebe.

"Oh, how can you stay in doors this beautiful evening? Come, dearest Mrs. Leslie; come, mother, dear mother, you know you promised you would; you said I was to call you; see, it won't rain any more, and the shower has left the myrtles and the violet-bank so fresh."

"My dear Evelyn," said Mrs. Leslie, with a smile, "I am not so young as you."

"No, but you are just as gay when you are in good spirits; and who can be out of spirits in such weather? Let me call for your chair; let me wheel you? I am sure I can. Down, Sultan; so you have found me out, have you, sir? Be quiet, sir; down!"

This last exhortation was addressed to a splendid dog of the Newfoundland breed, who now contrived wholly to occupy Evelyn's attention.

The two friends looked at this beautiful girl, as with all the grace of youth she shared while she rebuked the exuberant hilarity of her huge playmate; and the elder of the two seemed the most to sympathize with her mirth. Both gazed with fond affection upon an object dear to both. But some memory or association touched Lady Vargrave, and she sighed as she gazed.

CHAPTER II.

"Is stormy life preferred to this serene?"
YOUNG'S *Satires*.

AND the windows were closed in, and night had succeeded to evening, and the little party at the cottage were grouped together. Mrs. Leslie was quietly seated at her tambour-frame; Lady Vargrave, leaning her cheek on her hand, seemed absorbed in a volume before her, but her eyes were not on the page; Evelyn was busily employed in turning over the contents of a parcel of books and music which had just been brought from the lodge, where the London coach had deposited it.

"Oh, dear mamma!" cried Evelyn, "I am so glad; there is something you will like; some of the poetry that touched you so much set to music."

Evelyn brought the songs to her mother, who roused herself from her revery and looked at them with interest.

"It is very strange," said she, "that I should be so affected by all that is written by this person; I, too" (she added, tenderly stroking down Evelyn's luxuriant tresses), "who am not so fond of reading as you are."

"You are reading one of his books now," said Evelyn, glancing over the open page on the table. "Ah, that beautiful passage upon 'Our First Impressions.' Yet I do not like you, dear mother, to read his books; they always seem to make you sad."

"There is a charm to me in their thoughts, their manner of expression," said Lady Vargrave, "which sets me thinking, which reminds me of—of an early friend, whom I could fancy I hear talking while I read. It was so from the first time I opened by accident a book of his years ago."

"Who is this author that pleases you so much?" asked Mrs. Leslie, with some surprise, for Lady Vargrave had usually little pleasure in reading even the greatest and most popular masterpieces of modern genius.

"Maltravers," answered Evelyn; "and I think I almost share my mother's enthusiasm."

"Maltravers," repeated Mrs. Leslie. "He is, perhaps, a dangerous writer for one so young. At your age, dear girl, you have naturally romance and feeling enough of your own, without seeking them in books."

"But, dear madam," said Evelyn, standing up for her favourite, "his writings do not consist of romance and feeling only; they are not exaggerated; they are so simple, so truthful."

"Did you ever meet him?" asked Lady Vargrave.

"Yes," returned Mrs. Leslie, "once, when he was a gay fair-haired boy. His father resided in the next county, and we met at a country-house. Mr. Maltravers himself has an estate near my daughter in B——shire, but he does not live on

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it; he has been some years abroad—a strange character!"

"Why does he write no more?" said Evelyn; "I have read his works so often, and know his poetry so well by heart, that I should look forward to something new from him as an event."

"I have heard, my dear, that he has withdrawn much from the world and its objects; that he has lived greatly in the East. The death of a lady to whom he was to have been married is said to have unsettled and changed his character. Since that event he has not returned to England. Lord Vargrave can tell you more of him than I."

"Lord Vargrave thinks of nothing that is not always before the world," said Evelyn.

"I am sure you wrong him," said Mrs. Leslie, looking up, and fixing her eyes on Evelyn's countenance; "for *you* are not before the world."

Evelyn slightly, very slightly pouted her pretty lip, but made no answer. She took up the music, and, seating herself at the piano, practised the airs. Lady Vargrave listened with emotion; and as Evelyn, in a voice exquisitely sweet, though not powerful, sang the words, her mother turned away her face, and, half unconsciously, a few tears stole silently down her cheek.

When Evelyn ceased—herself affected, for the words were impressed with a wild and melancholy depth of feeling—she came again to her mother's side, and, seeing her emotion, kissed away the tears from the pensive eyes. Her own gayety left her; she drew a stool to her mother's feet, and, nestling to her and clasping her hand, did not leave that place till they retired to rest.

And the lady blessed Evelyn, and felt that, if bereaved, she was not alone.

CHAPTER III.

"But come, thou goddess, fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne!
* * * * *
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night."

L'Allegro.

"But come, thou goddess, sage and holy,
Come, divinest Melancholy!
* * * * *
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble."

Il Penseroso.

The early morning of early spring—what associations of freshness and hope in that single sentence! And there—a little after sunrise—there was Evelyn, fresh and hopeful as the morning itself, bounding with the light step of a light heart over the lawn. Alone, alone! no governess with a pinched nose and a sharp voice to curb her graceful movements, and tell her how young ladies ought to walk. How silently morning stole over the earth! It was as if youth had the day and the world to itself. The shutters of the cottage were still closed, and Evelyn cast a glance upward to assure herself that her mother, who also rose betimes, was not yet stirring. So she then tripped along, singing from very glee, to secure a companion and let out Sultan; and, a few moments afterward, they were scouring over the grass, and descending the rude steps that wound down the cliff to the smooth seasands. Evelyn was still a child at heart, yet somewhat more than a child in mind. In the majesty of

"That hollow, sounding, and mysterious main;"

in the silence broken but by the murmur of the billows; in the solitude relieved but by the boats of the early fisherman, she felt those deep and tranquillizing influences which belong to the religion of Nature. Unconsciously to herself, her sweet face grew more thoughtful and her step more slow. What a complex thing is education! How many circumstances, that have no connexion with books and tutors, contribute to the rearing of the human mind! the earth, and the sky, and the ocean were among the teachers of Evelyn Cameron; and beneath her simplicity of thought was daily filled, from the urns of invisible spirits, the fountain of the poetry of feeling.

This was the hour when Evelyn most sensibly felt how little our real life is chronicled by external events; how much we live a second and a higher life in our meditations and dreams. Brought up, not more by precept than example, in the faith which unites creature and Creator, this was the hour in which thought itself had something of the holiness of prayer; and if (turning from dreams divine to earthlier visions) this also was the hour in which the heart painted and peopled its own fairy land below, of the two ideal worlds that stretch beyond the inch of time on which we stand, Imagination is perhaps holier than Memory.

So now, as the day crept on, Evelyn returned in a more sober mood, and then she joined her mother and Mrs. Leslie at breakfast; and then the household cares, such as they were, devolved upon her, heiress though she was; and, that duty done, once more the straw hat and Sultan were in requisition; and, opening a little gate at the back of the cottage, she took the path along the village churchyard that led to the house of the old curate. The burial-ground itself was surrounded and shut in with a belt of trees. Save the small, time-discoloured church, and the roofs of the cottage and the minister's house, no building—not even a cotter's hut—was visible there. Beneath a dark and single yew-tree in the centre of the ground was placed a rude seat; opposite to this seat was a grave, distinguished from the rest by a slight palisade. As the young Evelyn passed slowly by this spot, a glove on the long damp grass beside the yew-tree caught her eye. She took it up and sighed; it was her mother's. She sighed; for she thought of the soft melancholy on that mother's face which her caresses and her mirth could never wholly chase away. She wondered why that melancholy was so fixed a habit; for the young ever wonder why the experienced should be sad.

And now Evelyn had passed the churchyard, and was on the green turf before the minister's quaint, oldfashioned house.

The old man himself was at work in his garden; but he threw down his hoe as he saw Evelyn, and came cheerfully up to greet her.

It was easy to see how dear she was to him.

"So you are come for your daily lesson, my young pupil?"

"Yes; but Tasso can wait if the—"

"If the tutor wants to play truant; no, my child and, indeed, the lesson must be longer than usual to-day, for I fear I shall have to leave you to-morrow for some days."

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"Leave us! why? Leave Brook Green? impossible!"

"Not at all impossible; for we have now a new vicar, and I must turn courtier in my old age, and ask him to leave me with my flock. He is at Weymouth, and has written to me to visit him there. So, Miss Evelyn, I must give you a holyday task to learn while I am away."

Evelyn brushed the tears from her eyes—for, when the heart is full of affection, the eyes easily run over—and clung mournfully to the old man as she gave utterance to all her half-childish, half-womanly grief at the thought of parting so soon with him. And what, too, could her mother do without him; and why could he not write to the vicar instead of going to him?

The curate, who was childless and a bachelor, was not insensible to the fondness of his beautiful pupil, and perhaps he himself was a little more *distrait* than usual that morning, or else Evelyn was peculiarly inattentive; for certain it is that she reaped very little benefit from the lesson.

Yet he was an admirable teacher, that old man! Aware of Evelyn's quick, susceptible, and rather fanciful character of mind, he had sought less to curb than to refine and elevate her imagination. Himself of no ordinary abilities, which leisure had allowed him to cultivate, his piety was too large and cheerful to exclude literature, Heaven's best gift, from the pale of religion; and under his care Evelyn's mind had been duly stored with the treasures of modern genius, and her judgment strengthened by the criticisms of a graceful and generous taste.

In that sequestered hamlet the young heiress had been trained to adorn her future station; to appreciate the arts and elegances that distinguish (no matter what the rank) the refined from the low, better than if she had been brought up under the hundred-handed Briareus of fashionable education. Lady Vargrave, indeed, like most persons of modest pretensions and imperfect cultivation, was rather inclined to overrate the advantages to be derived from book-knowledge, and she was never better pleased than when she saw Evelyn opening the monthly parcel from London, and delightedly poring over volumes which Lady Vargrave innocently believed to be reservoirs of inexhaustible wisdom.

But this day Evelyn would not read, and the golden verses of Tasso lost their music to her ear. So the curate gave up the lecture, and placed a little programme of studies to be conned during his absence in her reluctant hand; and Sultan, who had been wistfully licking his paws for the last half hour, sprung up and caracoled once more into the garden; and the old priest and the young woman left the works of man for those of Nature.

"Do not fear: I will take such care of your garden while you are away," said Evelyn; "and you must write and let us know what day you are to come back."

"My dear Evelyn, you are born to spoil every one, from Sultan to Aubrey."

"And to be spoiled too, don't forget that," cried Evelyn, laughingly shaking back her ringlets. "And now, before you go, will you tell me, as you are so wise, what I can do to make—to make—my mother love me?"

Evelyn's voice faltered as she spoke the last words, and Aubrey looked surprised and moved.

"Your mother love you, my dear Evelyn! what do you mean? does she not love you?"

"Ah, not as I love her: she is kind and gentle, I know, for she is so to all; but she does not confide in me, she does not trust me; she has some sorrow at heart which I am never allowed to learn and sooth. Why does she avoid all mention of her early days? She never talks to me as if *she*, too, had once a mother! Why am I never to speak of her first marriage—of my father? Why does she look reproachfully at me, and shun me; yes, shun me for days together, if—if I attempt to draw her to the past? Is there a secret? If so, am I not old enough to know it?"

Evelyn spoke quickly and nervously, and with quivering lips. Aubrey took her hand, and pressing it, said, after a little pause,

"Evelyn, this is the first time you have ever thus spoken to me. Has anything chanced to arouse your—shall I call it curiosity, or shall I call it the mortified pride of affection?"

"And you, too, are harsh; you blame me! No, it is true that I have not thus spoken to you before; but I have long, long thought with grief that I was insufficient to my mother's happiness, I who love her so dearly; and now, since Mrs. Leslie has been here, I see her so often conversing with this comparative stranger so much more confidentially than with me; when I come in unexpectedly, they cease their conference as if I were not worthy to share it; and—and oh, if I could but make you understand that all I desire is that my mother should love me, and know me, and trust me."

"Evelyn," said the curate, coldly, "you love your mother, and justly; a kinder and gentler heart than hers does not beat in a human breast. Her first wish in life is for your happiness and welfare. You ask for confidence, but why not confide in her! why not believe her actuated by the best and the tenderest motives? why not leave it to her discretion to reveal to you any secret grief, if such there be, that preys upon her? why add to that grief by any selfish indulgence of over-susceptibility in yourself? My dear pupil, you are yet almost a child; and they who have sorrowed may well be reluctant to sadden with a melancholy confidence those to whom sorrow is yet unknown. This much, at least, I may tell you, for this much she does not seek to conceal, that Lady Vargrave was early inured to trials from which you, more happy, have been saved. She speaks not to you of her relations, for she has none left on earth. And after her marriage with your benefactor, Evelyn, perhaps it seemed to her a matter of principle to banish all vain regret, all remembrance, if possible, of an earlier tie."

"My poor, poor mother! Oh, yes, you are right; forgive me. She yet mourns, perhaps, my father, whom I never saw, whom I feel, as it were, tacitly forbid to name; you did not know him?"

"Him—whom?"

"My father, my mother's first husband."

"No."

"But I am sure I could not have loved him so well as my benefactor, my real and second father, who is now dead and gone. Oh, how well I remember *him*; how fondly!" Here Evelyn stopped and burst into tears.

"You do right to remember him thus; to love and revere his memory; a father indeed he was to you. But now, Evelyn, my own dear child, hear me. Respect the silent heart of your mother; let her not think that her misfortunes, whatever they may be, can cast a shadow over you—you, her last

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hope and blessing. Rather than seek to open the old wounds, suffer them to heal, as they must, beneath the influences of religion and time; and wait the hour when, without, perhaps, too keen a grief, your mother can go back with you into the past."

"I will, I will. Oh, how wicked, how ungracious I have been; it was but an excess of love, believe it, dear Mr. Aubrey, believe it."

"I do believe it, my poor Evelyn; and now I know that I may trust in you. Come, dry those bright eyes, or they will think I have been a hard taskmaster, and let us go to the cottage."

They walked slowly and silently across the humble garden into the churchyard, and there, by the old yew-tree, they saw Lady Vargrave. Evelyn, fearful that the traces of her tears were yet visible, drew back; and Aubrey, aware of what passed within her, said,

"Shall I join your mother, and tell her of my approaching departure? and perhaps, in the mean while, you will call at our poor pensioner's in the village; Dame Newman was so anxious to see you; we will join you there soon."

Evelyn smiled her thanks, and, kissing her hand to her mother with seeming gayety, turned back and passed through the glebe into the little village. Aubrey joined Lady Vargrave, and drew her arm in his.

Meanwhile Evelyn thoughtfully pursued her way. Her heart was full, and of self-reproach. Her mother had, then, known cause for sorrow, and perhaps her reserve was but occasioned by her reluctance to pain her child. Oh, how doubly anxious would Evelyn be hereafter to sooth, to comfort, to wean that dear mother from the past! Though in this girl's character there was something of the impetuosity and thoughtlessness of her years, it was noble as well as soft; and now the woman's trustfulness conquered all the woman's curiosity.

She entered the cottage of the old bedridden crone whom Aubrey had referred to. It was as a gleam of sunshine, that sweet comforting face; and here, seated by the old woman's side, with the Book of the Poor upon her lap, Evelyn was found by Lady Vargrave. It was curious to observe the different impressions upon the cottagers made by the mother and daughter. Both were beloved with almost equal enthusiasm, but with the first the poor felt more at home. They could talk to her more at ease; she understood them so much more quickly; they had no need to beat about the bush to tell the little peevish complaints that they were half ashamed to utter to Evelyn. What seemed so light to the young, cheerful beauty, the mother listened to with so grave and sweet a patience. When all went right, they rejoiced to see Evelyn; but in their little difficulties and sorrows, nobody was like "my good lady!"

So Dame Newman, the moment she saw the pale countenance and graceful shape of Lady Vargrave at the threshold, uttered an exclamation of delight. Now she could let out all that she did not like to trouble the young lady with; now she could complain of east winds, and rheumatiz, and the parish officers, and the bad tea they sold poor people at Mr. Hart's shop, and the ungrateful grandson who was so well to do, and who forgot he had a grandmother alive!

CHAPTER IV.

"Towards the end of the week we received a card from the town ladies."—*Vicar of Wakefield.*

The curate was gone and the lessons suspended; otherwise—as like each to each as sunshine or cloud permitted—day followed day in the calm retreat of Brook Green; when one morning, Mrs. Leslie, with a letter in her hand, sought Lady Vargrave, who was busied in tending the flowers of a small conservatory which she had added to the cottage, when, from various motives, and one in especial powerful and mysterious, she exchanged, for so sequestered a home, the luxurious villa bequeathed to her by her husband.

To flowers—those charming children of Nature, in which our age can take the same tranquil pleasure as our youth—Lady Vargrave devoted much of her monotonous and uncheckered time. She seemed to love them almost as living things, and her memory associated them with hours as bright and as fleeting as themselves.

"My dear friend," said Mrs. Leslie, "I have news for you. My daughter, Mrs. Merton, who has been in Cornwall on a visit to her husband's mother, writes me word that she will visit us on her road home to the Rectory in B——shire. She will not put you much out of your way," added Mrs. Leslie, smiling, "for Mr. Merton will not accompany her; she only brings her daughter Caroline, a lively, handsome, intelligent girl, who will be enchanted with Evelyn. All that you will regret is, that she comes to terminate my visit, and take me away with her. If you can forgive that offence, you will have nothing else to pardon."

Lady Vargrave replied with her usual simple kindness, but she was evidently nervous at the visit of a stranger (for she had never yet seen Mrs. Merton), and still more distressed at the thought of losing Mrs. Leslie a week or two sooner than had been anticipated. However, Mrs. Leslie hastened to reassure her. Mrs. Merton was so quiet and good-natured, the wife of a country clergyman with simple tastes; and, after all, Mrs. Leslie's visit might last as long, if Lady Vargrave would be contented to extend her hospitality to Mrs. Merton and Caroline.

When the visit was announced to Evelyn, her young heart was susceptible only of pleasure and curiosity. She had no friend of her own age; she was sure she should like the grandchild of her dear Mrs. Leslie.

Evelyn, who had learned betimes, from the affectionate solicitude of her nature, to relieve her mother of such few domestic cares as a home so quiet, with an establishment so regular, could afford, gayly busied herself in a thousand little preparations. She filled the room of the visiters with flowers (not dreaming that any one could fancy them unwholesome), and spread the tables with her own favourite books, and had the little cottage piano in her own dressing-room removed into Caroline's—Caroline must be fond of music: she had some doubts of transferring a cage with two canaries into Caroline's room also; but when she approached the cage with that intention, the birds chirped so merrily, and seemed so glad to see her, and so expectant of sugar, that her heart smote her for her meditated desertion and ingratitude. No, she could not give up the canaries; but the glass bowl with the gold-fish—oh, that would look so pretty on its stand just

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by the casement; and the fish—dull things!—would not miss her.

The morning, the noon, the probable hour of the important arrival came at last; and, after having three times within the last half hour visited the rooms, and settled, and unsettled, and settled again everything before arranged, Evelyn retired to her own room to consult her wardrobe, and Margaret, once her nurse, now her abigail. Alas! the wardrobe of the destined Lady Vargrave—the betrothed of a rising statesman, a new and now an ostentatious peer, the heiress of the wealthy Templeton—was one which many a tradesman's daughter would have disdained. Evelyn visited so little; the clergyman of the place, and two old maids who lived most respectably on a hundred and eighty pounds a year, in a cottage, with one maidservant, two cats, and a footboy, bounded the circle of her acquaintance. Her mother was so indifferent to dress; she herself had found so many other ways of spending money! but Evelyn was not now more philosophical than others of her age. She turned from muslin to muslin; from the coloured to the white, from the white to the coloured, with pretty anxiety and sorrowful suspense. At last she decided on the newest, and, when it was on, and the single rose set in the lustrous and beautiful hair, Carson herself could not have added a charm. Happy age! who wants the arts of the milliner at seventeen?

"And here, miss, here's the fine necklace Lord Vargrave brought down when my lord came last; it will look so grand!"

The emeralds glittered in their case; Evelyn looked at them irresolutely; then, *as* she looked, a shade came over her forehead, and she sighed and closed the lid.

"No, Margaret, I do not want it; take it away."

"Oh dear, miss! what would my lord say if he were down? and they are so beautiful! they will look so fine! Deary me, how they sparkle! but you will wear much finer when you are my lady."

"I hear mamma's bell; go, Margaret, she wants you."

Left alone, the young beauty sank down abstractedly, and, though the looking-glass was opposite, it did not arrest her eye; she forgot her wardrobe, her muslin dress, her fears, and her guests.

"Ah," she thought, "what a weight of dread I feel *here* when I think of Lord Vargrave and this fatal engagement; and every day I feel it more and more. To leave my dear, dear mother—the dear cottage—oh! I never can. I used to like him when I was a child; now I shudder at his name. Why is this? He is kind; he condescends to seek to please. It was the wish of my poor father, for father he really was to me; and yet, oh that he had left me poor and free!"

At this part of Evelyn's meditation the unusual sound of wheels was heard on the gravel; she started up, wiped the tears from her eyes, and hurried down to welcome the expected guests.

CHAPTER V.

"Tell me, Sophy, my dear, what do you think of our new visiters?"—*Vicar of Wakefield.*

Mrs. Merton and her daughter were already in the middle drawing-room, seated on either side of Mrs. Leslie. The former a woman of quiet and pleasing exterior; her face still handsome, and, if not intelligent, at least expressive of sober good-nature and habitual content. The latter a fine, dark-eyed girl, of decided countenance, and what is termed a showy style of beauty; tall, self-possessed, and dressed plainly indeed, but after the approved fashion. The rich bonnet of the large shape then worn; the Chantilly veil; the gay French *Cachemire;* the full sleeves, at that time the unnatural rage; the expensive, yet unassuming *robe de soie;* the perfect *chaussure;* the air of society; the easy manner; the tranquil but scrutinizing gaze, all startled, discomposed, and half-frightened Evelyn.

Miss Merton herself, if more at her ease, was equally surprised by the beauty and unconscious grace of the young fairy before her, and rose to greet her with a wellbred cordiality, which at once made a conquest of Evelyn's heart.

Mrs. Merton kissed her cheek, and smiled kindly on her, but said little. It was easy to see that she was a less conversible and more homely person than Caroline.

When Evelyn conducted them to their rooms, the mother and daughter detected at a glance the care that had provided for their comforts; and something eager and expectant in Evelyn's eyes taught the good-nature of the one and the good-breeding of the other to reward their young hostess by various exclamations of pleasure and satisfaction.

"Dear, how nice! What a pretty writing-desk!" said one. "And the pretty goldfish!" said the other. "And the piano, too, so well placed;" and Caroline's fair fingers ran rapidly over the keys. Evelyn retired, covered with smiles and blushes. And then Mrs. Merton permitted herself to say to the well-dressed abigail,

"Do take away those flowers; they make me quite faint."

"And how low the room is; so confined," said Caroline, when the lady's lady withdrew with the condemned flowers. "And I see no Psyche; however, the poor people have done their best."

"Sweet person, Lady Vargrave!" said Mrs. Merton; "so interesting! so beautiful, and how youthful in appearance!"

"No *tournure;* not much the manner of the world," said Caroline.

"No; but something better."

"Hem!" said Caroline. "The girl is very pretty, though too small."

"Such a smile; such eyes; she is irresistible! and what a fortune! she will be a charming friend for you, Caroline."

"Yes, she may be useful if she marry Lord Vargrave; or, indeed, if she make any brilliant match. What sort of a man is Lord Vargrave?"

"I never saw him; they say, most fascinating."

"Well, she is very happy," said Caroline, with a sigh.

CHAPTER VI.

"Two lovely damsels cheer my lonely walk."
LAMB'S *Album Verses.*

After dinner there was still light enough for the young people to stroll through the garden. Mrs. Merton, who was afraid of the damp, preferred staying within; and she was so quiet, and made

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herself so much at home, that Lady Vargrave, to use Mrs. Leslie's phrase, was not the least "put out" by her; besides, she talked of Evelyn, and that was a theme very dear to Lady Vargrave, who was both fond and proud of Evelyn.

"This is very pretty, indeed! the view of the sea quite lovely!" said Caroline. "You draw?"

"Yes, a little."

"From nature?"

"Oh, yes!"

"What, in Indian ink?"

"Yes, and water colours."

"Oh! why, who could have taught you in this little village; or, indeed, in this most primitive county?"

"We did not come to Brook Green till I was nearly fifteen. My dear mother, though very anxious to leave our villa at Fulham, would not do so on my account while masters could be of service to me; and as I knew she had set her heart on this place, I worked doubly hard."

"Then she knew this place before?"

"Yes; she had been here many years ago, and took the place after my poor father's death (I always call the late Lord Vargrave my father). She used to come here regularly once a year without me, and when she returned I ever thought her more melancholy than before."

"What makes the charm of the place to Lady Vargrave?" asked Caroline, with some interest.

"I don't know, unless it be its extreme quiet, or some early association."

"And who is your nearest neighbour?"

"Mr. Aubrey, the curate. It is so unlucky, he is gone from home for a short time. You can't think how kind and pleasant he is; the most amiable old man in the world; just such a man as Bernardin St. Pierre would have loved to describe."

"Agreeable, no doubt, but dull; good curates generally are."

"Dull! not the least; cheerful, even to playfulness, and full of information. He has been so good to me about books; indeed, I have learned a great deal from him."

"I dare say he is an admirable judge of sermons."

"But Mr. Aubrey is not severe," persisted Evelyn, earnestly; "he is very fond of Italian literature, for instance; we have read Dante together."

"Oh! pity he is old; I think you said he was old. Perhaps there is a son, the image of the sire?"

"Oh, no," said Evelyn, laughing innocently; "Mr. Aubrey never married."

"And where does the old gentleman live?"

"Come a little this way; there, you can just see the roof of his house, close by the church."

"I see; it is *tant soit peu triste* to have the church so near you."

"*Do* you think so? Ah! but you have not seen it; it is the prettiest church in the county; and the little burial-ground, so quiet, so shut in; I feel better every time I pass it. Some places breathe of religion."

"You are poetical, my dear little friend."

Evelyn, who *had* poetry in her nature—and, therefore, sometimes it broke out in her simple language—coloured, and felt half ashamed.

"It is a favourite walk with my mother," said she, apologetically; "she often spends hours there alone; and so, perhaps, I think it a prettier spot than others may. It does not seem to me to have anything of gloom in it; when I die I should like to be buried there."

Caroline laughed slightly. "That is a strange wish; but perhaps you have been crossed in love?"

"I! Oh, you are laughing at me!"

"You do not remember Mr. Cameron, your real father, I suppose?"

"No; I believe he died before I was born."

"Cameron is a Scotch name; to what tribe of Camerons do you belong?"

"I don't know," said Evelyn, rather embarrassed; "indeed, I know nothing of my father's or mother's family. It is very odd, but I don't think we have any relations. You know, when I am of age, that I am to take the name of Templeton."

"Ah! the name goes with the fortune; I understand. Dear Evelyn, how rich you will be! I do so wish I were rich."

"And I that I were poor," said Evelyn, with an altered tone and expression of countenance.

"Strange girl! what can you mean?"

Evelyn said nothing, and Caroline examined her curiously.

"These notions come from living so much out of the world, my dear Evelyn. How you must long to see more of life."

"I! not in the least. I should never like to leave this place; I could live and die here."

"You will think otherwise when you are Lady Vargrave. Why do you look so grave? Do you not love Lord Vargrave?"

"What a question!" said Evelyn, turning away her head and forcing a laugh.

"It is no matter whether you do or not; it is a brilliant position. He has rank, reputation, high office; all he wants is money, and that you will give him. Poor me! I have no prospect so bright. I have no fortune, and I fear my face will never buy a title, an opera-box, and a house in Grosvenor Square. I wish I were the future Lady Vargrave."

"I am sure I wish you were," said Evelyn, with great *naïveté*; "you would suit Lord Vargrave better than I should."

Caroline laughed.

"Why do you think so?"

"Oh, his way of thinking is like yours; he never says anything I can sympathize with."

"A pretty compliment to me! Depend upon it, my dear, you will sympathize with me when you have seen as much of the world. But Lord Vargrave, is he too old?"

"No, I don't think of his age; and, indeed, he looks younger than he is."

"Is he handsome?"

"He is what may be called handsome; you would think so."

"Well, if he come here, I will do my best to win him from you; so look to yourself."

"Oh, I should be so grateful; I should like him so much if he would fall in love with you!"

"I fear there is no chance of that."

"But how," said Evelyn, hesitatingly, after a pause, "how is it that you have seen so much more of the world than I have? I thought Mr. Merton lived a great deal in the country."

"Yes, but my uncle, Sir John Merton, is member for the county; my grandmother on my father's side—Lady Elizabeth, who has Tregony Castle, which we have just left, for her jointure-house—goes to town almost every season, and I have spent three seasons with her. She is a charming

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old woman, quite the *grande dame*. I am sorry to say she remains in Cornwall this year; she has not been very well; the physicians forbid late hours and London; but even in the country we are very gay. My uncle lives near us, and, though a widower, has his house full when down at Merton Park; and papa, too, is rich; very hospitable and popular, and will, I hope, be a bishop one of these days—not at all like a mere country parson; and so, somehow or other, I have learned to be ambitious; we are an ambitious family on papa's side. But, alas! I have not your cards to play. Young, beautiful, and an heiress! Ah, what prospects! You should make your mamma take you to town."

"To town! she would be wretched at the very idea. Oh, you don't know us."

"I can't help fancying, Miss Evelyn," said Caroline, archly, "that you are not so blind to Lord Vargrave's perfections, and so indifferent to London, only from the pretty innocent way of thinking that so prettily and innocently you express. I dare say, if the truth were known, there is some handsome young rector, besides the old curate, who plays the flute, and preaches sentimental sermons in white kid gloves."

Evelyn laughed merrily; so merrily that Caroline's suspicions vanished. They continued to walk and talk thus till the night came on, and then they went in; and Evelyn showed Caroline her drawings, which astonished that young lady, who was a good judge of accomplishments. Evelyn's performance on the piano astonished her yet more; but Caroline consoled herself on this point, for her voice was more powerful, and she sang French songs with much more spirit. Caroline showed talent in all she undertook; but Evelyn, despite her simplicity, had genius, though as yet scarcely developed; for she had quickness, emotion, susceptibility, imagination; and the difference between talent and genius lies rather in the heart than the head.

CHAPTER VII.

"Dost thou feel
The solemn whispering influence of the scene
Oppressing thy young heart, that thou dost draw
More closely to my side?"
Wood walk and Hymn, F. Hemans.

Caroline and Evelyn, as was natural, became great friends. They were not kindred to each other in disposition, but they were thrown together, and friendship was thus forced upon both. Unsuspecting and sanguine, it was natural to Evelyn to admire; and Caroline was, to her inexperience, a brilliant and imposing novelty. Sometimes Miss Merton's worldliness of thought shocked Evelyn; but then Caroline had a way with her, as if she was merely indulging an inclination towards irony; nor was she without a certain vein of sentiment that persons a little hackneyed in the world, and young ladies a little disappointed that they are not wives instead of maids, easily acquire. Trite as this vein of sentiment was, poor Evelyn thought it beautiful and most feeling. Then Caroline was clever, entertaining, cordial, with all that superficial superiority that a girl of twenty-three who knows London readily exercises over a country girl of seventeen. On the other hand, Caroline was kind and affectionate towards her. The clergyman's daughter felt that she could not be always superior even in fashion to the wealthy heiress.

One evening, as Mrs. Leslie and Mrs. Merton sat under the verandah of the cottage without their hostess, who had gone alone into the village, and the young ladies were confidentially conversing on the lawn, Mrs. Leslie said rather abruptly, "Is not Evelyn a delightful creature? How unconscious of her beauty; how simple, and yet so naturally gifted!"

"I have never seen one who interested me more," said Mrs. Merton, settling her *pelerine*; "she is extremely pretty."

"I am so anxious about her," resumed Mrs. Leslie, thoughtfully. "You know the wish of the late Lord Vargrave that she should marry his nephew, the present lord, when she reaches the age of eighteen. She only wants nine or ten months of that time; she has seen nothing of the world; she is not fit to decide for herself; and Lady Vargrave, the best of human creatures, is still herself almost too inexperienced in the world to be a guide for one so young, placed in such peculiar circumstances, and of prospects so brilliant. Lady Vargrave, at heart, is a child still, and will be so even when as old as I am."

"It is very true," said Mrs. Merton. "Don't you fear that the girls will catch cold? the dew is falling, and the grass must be wet."

"I have thought," continued Mrs. Leslie, without heeding the latter part of Mrs. Merton's reply, "that it would be a kind thing to invite Evelyn to stay with you a few months at the rectory. To be sure it is not like London, but you see a great deal of the world; the society at your house is well selected, and, at times, even brilliant; she will meet young people of her own age, and young people fashion and form each other."

"I was thinking myself that I should like to invite her," said Mrs. Merton; "I will consult Caroline."

"Caroline, I am sure, would be delighted; the difficulty lies rather in Evelyn herself."

"You surprise me! she must be moped to death here."

"But will she leave her mother?"

"Why, Caroline often leaves me," said Mrs. Merton.

Mrs. Leslie was silent, and Evelyn and her new friend now joined the mother and daughter.

"I have been trying to persuade Evelyn to pay us a little visit," said Caroline; "she could accompany us so nicely; and if she is still strange with us—dear grandmamma goes too—I am sure we can make her at home."

"How odd!" said Mrs. Merton; "we were just saying the same thing. My dear Miss Cameron, we should be so happy to have you."

"And I should be so happy to go if mamma would but go too."

As she spoke the moon, just risen, showed the form of Lady Vargrave slowly approaching the house. By the light, her features seemed more pale than usual; and her slight and delicate form, with its gliding motion and noiseless step, had in it something almost ethereal and unearthly.

Evelyn turned and saw her, and her heart smote her. Her mother, so wedded to the dear cottage; and had this gay stranger rendered that dear cottage less attractive; she who had said she could

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live and die in its humble precincts? Abruptly she left her new friend, hastened to her mother, and threw her arms fondly round her.

"You are pale, you have overfatigued yourself; where have you been? why did you not take me with you?"

Lady Vargrave pressed Evelyn's hand affectionately.

"You care for me too much," said she. "I am but a dull companion for you; I was so glad to see you happy with one better suited to your gay spirits. What can we do when she leaves us?"

"Ah, I want no companion but my own, own mother; and have I not Sultan too?" added Evelyn, smiling away the tear that had started to her eyes.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Friend after friend departs,
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end."
MONTGOMERY.

THAT night Mrs. Leslie sought Lady Vargrave in her own room. As she entered gently she observed that, late as the hour was, Lady Vargrave was stationed by the open window, and seemed intently gazing on the scene below. Mrs. Leslie reached her side unperceived. The moonlight was exceedingly bright; and just beyond the garden, from which it was separated but by a slight fence, lay the solitary churchyard of the hamlet, with the slender spire of the holy edifice rising high and tapering into the shining air. It was a calm and tranquillizing scene; and so intent was Lady Vargrave's abstracted gaze, that Mrs. Leslie was unwilling to disturb her revery.

At length Lady Vargrave turned; and there was that patient and pathetic resignation written in her countenance which belongs to those whom the world can deceive no more, and who have fixed their hearts in the life beyond.

Mrs. Leslie, whatever she thought or felt, said nothing, except in kindly remonstrance on the indiscretion of braving the night air. The window was closed; they sat down to confer.

Mrs. Leslie repeated the invitation given to Evelyn, and urged the advisability of accepting it. "It is cruel to separate you," she said; "I feel it acutely. Why not, then, come with Evelyn? You shake your head; why always avoid society? So young yet, you give yourself too much to the past!"

Lady Vargrave rose and walked to a cabinet at the end of the room; she unlocked it, and beckoned to Mrs. Leslie to approach. In a drawer lay carefully folded articles of female dress—rude, homely, ragged—the dress of a peasant girl.

"Do these remind you of your first charity to me!" she said, touchingly; "they tell me that I have nothing to do with the world in which you and yours, and Evelyn herself, should move."

"Too tender conscience! your errors were those of circumstance, of youth; how have they been redeemed! none even suspect them. Your past history is known but to the good old Aubrey and myself. No breath even of rumour tarnishes the name of Lady Vargrave."

"Mrs. Leslie," said Lady Vargrave, reclosing the cabinet, and again seating herself, "my world lies around me; I cannot leave it. If I were of use to Evelyn, then, indeed, I would sacrifice, brave all; but I only cloud her spirits; I have no advice to give her, no instruction to bestow. When she was a child I could watch over her; when she was sick I could nurse her; but now she requires an adviser, a guide; and I feel too sensibly that this task is beyond my powers. I a guide to youth and innocence—*I!* No, I have nothing to offer her, dear child! but my love and my prayers. Let your daughter take her, then; watch over her, guide, advise her. For me—unkind, ungrateful as it may seem—were she but happy, I could well bear to be alone!"

"But she—how will she, who loves you so, submit to this separation?"

"It will not be long, and," added Lady Vargrave, with a serious yet sweet smile, "she had better be prepared for that separation which must come at last. As year by year I outlive my last hope, that of once more beholding *him*, I feel that life becomes feebler and feebler, and I look more on that quiet churchyard as a home to which I am soon returning. At all events, Evelyn will be called upon to form new ties that must estrange her from me; let her wean herself from one so useless to her, to all the world, now, and by degrees."

"Speak not thus," said Mrs. Leslie, strongly affected; "you have many years of happiness yet in store for you; the more you recede from youth, the fairer life will become to you."

"God is good to me," said the lady, raising her meek eyes, "and I have already found it so; I am contented."

CHAPTER IX.

"The greater part of them seemed to be charmed with his presence."—MACKENZIE—*The Man of the World.*

IT was with the greatest difficulty that Evelyn could at last be persuaded to consent to the separation from her mother; she wept bitterly at the thought. But Lady Vargrave, though touched, was firm, and her firmness was of that soft, imploring character, which Evelyn never could resist. The visit was to last some months, it is true; but she would return to the cottage; she would escape, too—and this, perhaps, unconsciously reconciled her more than aught else—the periodical visit of Lord Vargrave. At the end of July, when the parliamentary session, at that unreformed era, usually expired, he always came to Brook Green for a month. His last visits had been most unwelcome to Evelyn, and this next visit she dreaded more than she had any of the former ones. It is strange, the repugnance with which she regarded the suit of her affianced! she whose heart was yet virgin; who had never seen any one who, in form, manner, and powers to please, could be compared to the gay Lord Vargrave. And yet a sense of honour, of what was due to her dead benefactor, her more than father, all combated that repugnance, and left her uncertain what course to pursue, uncalculating as to the future. In the happy elasticity of her spirits, and with a carelessness almost approaching to levity, which, to say truth, was natural to her, she did not often recall the solemn engagement that must soon be ratified or annulled; but when that

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thought did occur, it saddened her for hours, and left her listless and despondent.

The visit to Mrs. Merton was, then, finally arranged; the day of departure fixed; when one morning came the following letter from Lord Vargrave himself:

"*To the Lady Vargrave, &c., &c.*

"My dear Friend,

"I find that we have a week's holyday in our do-nothing Chamber, and the weather is so delightful that I long to share its enjoyment with those I love best. You will, therefore, see me almost as soon as you receive this; that is, I shall be with you at dinner on the same day. What can I say to Evelyn? Will you, dearest Lady Vargrave, make her accept all the homage which, when uttered by me, she seems half inclined to reject?

"In haste, most affectionately yours,

"Vargrave.

"*Hamilton Place, April* 30, 18—."

This letter was by no means welcome, either to Mrs. Leslie or to Evelyn. The former feared that Lord Vargrave would disapprove of a visit, the real objects of which could scarcely be owned to him. The latter was reminded of all she desired to forget. But Lady Vargrave herself rather rejoiced at the thought of Lumley's arrival. Hitherto, in the spirit of her passive and gentle character, she had taken the engagement between Evelyn and Lord Vargrave almost as a matter of course. The will and wish of her late husband operated most powerfully on her mind; and while Evelyn was yet in childhood, Lumley's visits had ever been acceptable, and the playful girl liked the gay, good-humoured lord, who brought her all sorts of presents, and appeared as fond of dogs as herself. But Evelyn's recent change of manner, her frequent fits of dejection and thought—once pointed out to Lady Vargrave by Mrs. Leslie—aroused all the affection and maternal anxiety of the former. She was resolved to watch, to examine, to scrutinize, not only Evelyn's reception of Vargrave, but, as far as she could, the manner and disposition of Vargrave himself. She felt how solemn a trust was the happiness of a whole life; and she had that romance of heart, learned from Nature, not in books, which made her believe that there could be no happiness in a marriage without love.

The whole family party were on the lawn, when, an hour earlier than he was expected, the travelling carriage of Lord Vargrave was whirled along the narrow sweep that conducted from the lodge to the house. Vargrave, as he saw the party, kissed his hand from the window; and, leaping from the carriage when it stopped at the porch, hastened to meet his hostess.

"My dear Lady Vargrave, I am so glad to see you. You are looking charmingly; and Evelyn! oh, there she is; the dear coquette, how lovely she is; how she has improved! But who" (sinking his voice), "who are those ladies?"

"Guests of ours: Mrs. Leslie, whom you have often heard us speak of, but never met."

"Yes; and the others?"

"Her daughter and grandchild."

"I shall be delighted to know them."

A more popular manner than Lord Vargrave's it is impossible to conceive. Frank and prepossessing, even when the poor and reckless Mr. Ferrers, without rank or reputation, his smile, the tone of his voice, his familiar courtesy, apparently so inartificial and approaching almost to a boyish bluntness of good-humour, were irresistible in the rising statesman and favoured courtier.

Mrs. Merton was enchanted with him; Caroline thought him, at the first glance, the most fascinating person she had ever seen; even Mrs. Leslie, more grave, cautious, and penetrating, was almost equally pleased with the first impression; and it was not till, in his occasional silence, his features settled into their natural expression, that she fancied she detected, in the quick suspicious eye and the close compression of the lips, the tokens of that wily, astute, and worldly character which, in proportion as he had risen in his career, even his own party reluctantly and mysteriously assigned to one of their most prominent leaders.

When Vargrave took Evelyn's hand, and raised it with meaning gallantry to his lips, the girl first blushed deeply, and then turned pale as death; nor did the colour thus chased away soon return to the transparent cheek. Not noticing signs which might bear a twofold interpretation, Lumley, who seemed in high spirits, rattled away on a thousand matters; praising the view, the weather, the journey; throwing out a joke here and a compliment there, and completing his conquest over Mrs. Merton and Caroline.

"You have left London in the very height of its gayety, Lord Vargrave," said Caroline, as they sat conversing after dinner.

"True, Miss Merton; but the country is in the height of its gayety too."

"Are you so fond of the country, then?"

"By fits and starts; my passion for it comes in with the early strawberries, and goes out with the hautboys; I lead so artificial a life; but, then, I hope it is a useful one. I want nothing but a home to make it a happy one."

"What is the latest news? dear London! I am so sorry—grandmamma, Lady Elizabeth, is not going there this year, so I am compelled to rusticate. Is Lady Jane D—— to be married at last?"

"Commend me to a young lady's idea of news; always marriage! Lady Jane D——! yes, she is to be married, as you say, *at last!* While she was a beauty, our cold sex were shy of her; but she has now faded into plainness, the proper colour for a wife."

"Complimentary!"

"Indeed it is; for you beautiful women we love too much for our own happiness—heighho!—and a prudent marriage means friendly indifference, not rapture and despair. But give me beauty and love: I never was prudent; it is not my weakness."

Though Caroline was his sole supporter of this dialogue, Lord Vargrave's eyes attempted to converse with Evelyn, who was unusually silent and abstracted. Suddenly Lord Vargrave seemed aware that he was scarcely general enough in his talk for his hearers. He addressed himself to Mrs. Leslie, and glided back, as it were, into a former generation. He spoke of persons gone and things forgotten; he made the subject interesting, even to the young, by a succession of various and sparkling anecdotes. No one could be more agreeable; even Evelyn now listened to him with pleasure, for to all women wit and intellect have their charm. But still there was a cold and sharp levity in the tone of the man of the world that prevented

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the charm from sinking below the surface. To Mrs. Leslie he seemed unconsciously to betray a laxity of principle; to Evelyn, a want of sentiment and heart. Lady Vargrave, who did not understand a character of this descripton, listened attentively, and said to herself, "Evelyn may admire, but I fear she cannot love him." Still, time passed quickly in Lumley's presence, and Caroline thought she had never spent so pleasant an evening.

When Lord Vargrave retired to his room, he threw himself in his chair, and yawned with exceeding fervour. His servant arranged his dressing-robe, and placed his portfolios and letter-boxes on the table.

"What o'clock is it?" said Lumley.

"Very early, my lord; only eleven."

"The devil! the country air is wonderfully exhausting. I am very sleepy; you may go."

"This little girl," said Lumley, stretching himself, "is preternaturally shy; I must neglect her no longer; yet it is surely all safe. She has grown monstrous pretty; yet the other girl is more amusing, more to my taste, and a much easier conquest, I fancy. Her great dark eyes seemed full of admiration for my lordship—sensible young woman!—she may be useful in piquing Evelyn."

CHAPTER X.

Julio. "Wilt thou have him?"
The Maid in the Mill.

Lord Vargrave heard the next morning, with secret distaste and displeasure, Evelyn's intended visit to the Mertons. He could scarcely make any open objection to it, but he did not refrain from many insinuations as to its impropriety.

"My dear friend," said he to Lady Vargrave, "it is scarcely right in you (pardon me for saying it) to commit Evelyn to the care of comparative strangers. Mrs. Leslie, indeed, you know; but Mrs. Merton, you allow, you have seen for the first time; a most respectable person, doubtless; but still, recollect how young Evelyn is; how rich; what a prize to any younger sons in the Merton family (if such there be). Miss Merton herself is a shrewd, worldly girl, and, if she were of our sex, would make a capital fortune-hunter. Don't think my fear is selfish; I do not speak for myself If I were Evelyn's brother, I should be yet more earnest in my remonstrance."

"But, Lord Vargrave, poor Evelyn is dull here; my spirits infect hers. She ought to mix more with those of her own age; to see more of the world before—before—"

"Before her marriage with me. Forgive me, but is not that my affair? If I am contented, nay, charmed with her innocence; if I prefer it to all the arts which society could teach her, surely you would be acquitted for leaving her in the beautiful simplicity that makes her chief fascination? She will see enough of the world as Lady Vargrave."

"But if she should resolve never to be Lady Vargrave—"

Lumley started, bit his lip, and frowned; Lady Vargrave had never before seen on his countenance the dark expression it now wore. He recollected and recovered himself as he observed her eye fixed upon him, and said, with a constrained smile,

"Can you anticipate an event so fatal to my happiness; so unforeseen, so opposed to all my poor uncle's wishes, as Evelyn's rejection of a suit pursued for years, and so solemnly sanctioned in her very childhood?"

"She must decide for herself," said Lady Vargrave. "Your uncle carefully distinguished between a wish and a command. Her heart is as yet untouched; if she can love you, may you deserve her affection."

"It shall be my study to do so. But why this departure from your roof, just when we ought to see most of each other? It cannot be that you would separate us?"

"I fear, Lord Vargrave, that if Evelyn were to remain here, she would decide against you. I fear, if you press her now, such now may be her premature decision. Perhaps this arises from too fond an attachment for her home; perhaps even a short absence from her home—from me—may more reconcile her to a permanent separation."

Vargrave could say no more, for here they were joined by Caroline and Mrs. Merton. But his manner was changed, nor could he recover the gayety of the previous night.

When, however, he found time for meditation, he contrived to reconcile himself to the intended visit. He felt that it was easy to secure the friendship of the whole of the Merton family, and that friendship might be more useful to him than the neutral part adopted by Lady Vargrave. He should, of course, be invited to the rectory; it was much nearer London than Lady Vargrave's cottage; he could more often escape from public cares to superintend his private interest. A country neighbourhood, particularly at that season of the year was not likely to abound in very dangerous rivals. Evelyn would, he saw, be surrounded by a *wordly* family, and he thought that an advantage; it might serve to dissipate Evelyn's romantic tendencies, and make her sensible of the pleasures of the London life, the official rank, the gay society that her union with him would offer as an equivalent for her fortune. In short, as was his wont, he strove to make the best of the new turn affairs had taken. Though guardian to Miss Cameron, and one of the trustees for the fortune she was to receive on attaining her majority, he had not the right to dictate as to her residence. The late lord's will had expressly and pointedly corroborated the natural and lawful authority of Lady Vargrave in all matters connected with Evelyn's education and home. It may be as well, in this place, to add, that to Vargrave and the co-trustee, Mr. Gustavus Douce, a banker of repute and eminence, the testator left large discretionary powers as to the investment of the fortune. He had stated it as his wish that from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty thousand pounds should be invested in the purchase of a landed estate; but he had left it to the discretion of the trustees to increase that sum, even to the amount of the whole capital, should an estate of adequate importance be in the market; while the selection of time and purchase was unreservedly confided to the trustees. Vargrave had hitherto objected to every purchase in the market; not that he was insensible to the importance and consideration of landed property, but because, till he himself became the legal receiver of the income, he thought it less trouble to suffer the money to lie in the funds than to be pestered with all the onerous details in

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the management of an estate that might never be his. He, however, with no less ardour than his deceased relative, looked forward to the time when the title of Vargrave should be based upon the venerable foundation of feudal manors and seignorial acres.

"Why did you not tell me Lord Vargrave was so charming?" said Caroline to Evelyn, as the two girls were sauntering, in familiar *tête-à-tête*, along the gardens. "You will be very happy with such a companion."

Evelyn made no answer for a few moments; and then, turning abruptly round to Caroline, and stopping short, she said, with a kind of tearful eagerness, "Dear Caroline, you are so wise, so kind too—advise me—tell me what is best. I am very unhappy."

Miss Merton was moved and surprised by Evelyn's earnestness.

"But what is it, my poor Evelyn?" said she; "why are you unhappy? you, whose fate seems to me so enviable."

"I cannot love Lord Vargrave; I recoil from the idea of marrying him. Ought I not fairly to tell him so? Ought I not to say that I cannot fulfil the wish that—oh, there's the thought which leaves me so irresolute!—his uncle bequeathed to me—me, who have no claim of relationship—the fortune that should have been Lord Vargrave's, in the belief that my hand would restore it to him. It is almost a fraud to refuse him. Am I not to be pitied?"

"But why can you not love Lord Vargrave? If past the *première jeunesse*, he is still handsome; he is more than handsome: he has the air of rank, an eye that fascinates, a smile that wins, the manners that please, the abilities that command, the world! Handsome, intellectual, admired, distinguished, what can woman desire more in her lover, her husband? Have you ever formed some fancy, some ideal of the one you could love; and how does Lord Vargrave fall short of the vision?"

"Have I ever formed an ideal? oh, yes!" said Evelyn, with a beautiful enthusiasm that lighted up her eyes, blushed in her cheek, and heaved her bosom beneath its robe; "something that in loving I could also revere; a mind that would elevate my own; a heart that could sympathize with my weakness, my follies, my romance, if you will; and in which I could treasure my whole soul."

"You paint a schoolmaster, not a lover!" said Caroline. "You do not care, then, whether this hero be handsome or young?"

"Oh, yes, he should be both," said Evelyn, innocently; "and yet," she added, after a pause, and with an infantine playfulness of manner and countenance, "I know you will laugh at me; but I think I could be in love with more than one at the same time!"

"A common case, but a rare confession!"

"Yes; for if I might ask for the youth and outward advantages that please the eye, I could also love with a yet deeper love that which would speak to my imagination! Intellect, Genius, Fame. Ah, these have an immortal youth and imperishable beauty of their own!"

"You are a very strange girl."

"But we are on a very strange subject. It is all an enigma!" said Evelyn, shaking her wise little head with a pretty gravity, half mock, half real. "Ah, if Lord Vargrave should love you, and you—oh, you *would* love him, and then I should be free and so happy!"

They were then on the lawn in sight of the cottage windows, and Lumley, lifting his eyes from the newspaper, which had just arrived and been seized with all a politician's avidity, saw them in the distance. He threw down the paper, mused a moment or two, then took up his hat and joined them; but, before he did so, he surveyed himself in the glass. "I think I look young enough still, thought he.

"Two cherries on one stalk," said Lumley, gayly; "by-the-by, it is not a complimentary simile What young lady would be like a cherry? such an uninteresting, common, charity-boy-sort-of-fruit; for my part, I always associate cherries with the image of a young gentleman in corduroys and a skeleton jacket, with one pocket full of marbles and the other full of worms for fishing, with three halfpence in the left paw, and two cherries on one stalk (Helena and Hermia) in the right."

"How droll you are!" said Caroline, laughing.

"Much obliged to you, and don't envy your discrimination; 'melancholy marks me for its own. You ladies—ah, yours is the life for gay spirits and light hearts; to us are left business and politics; law, physic, and murder, by way of professions; abuse, nicknamed fame; and the privilege of seeing how universal a thing—among the great and the wealthy—is that pleasant vice, beggary; which privilege is proudly entitled 'patronage and power.' Are we the things to be gay, 'droll,' as you say? Oh, no; all our spirits are forced, believe me. Miss Cameron, did you ever know that wretched species of hysterical affection called 'forced spirits?' Never, I am sure; your ingenuous smile, your laughing eyes, are the index to a happy and sanguine heart."

"And what of me?" asked Caroline, quickly, and with a slight blush.

"You, Miss Merton; ah, I have not yet read your character; a fair page, but an unknown letter. You, however, have seen the world, and know that we must occasionally wear a mask." Lord Vargrave sighed as he spoke, and relapsed into sudden silence; then, looking up, his eyes encountered Caroline's, which were fixed upon him; their gaze flattered him; Caroline turned away, and busied herself with a rosebush. Lumley gathered one of the flowers and presented it to her. Evelyn was a few steps in advance.

"There is no thorn in this rose," said he; "may the offering be an omen; you are now Evelyn's friend, oh, be mine; she is to be your guest. Do not scorn to plead for me."

"Can *you* want a pleader?" said Caroline, with a slight tremour in her voice.

"Charming Miss Merton, love is diffident and fearful; but it must now find a voice, to which may Evelyn benignly listen. What I leave unsaid, would that my new friend's eloquence could supply."

He bowed slightly and joined Evelyn. Caroline understood the hint, and returned alone and thoughtfully to the house.

"Miss Cameron—Evelyn—ah, still let me call you so, as in the happy and more familiar days of your childhood—I wish you could read my heart at this moment; you are about to leave your home; new scenes will surround, new faces smile on you; dare I hope that I may still be remembered?"

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He attempted to take her hand as he spoke; Evelyn withdrew it gently.

"Ah, my lord," said she, in a very low voice, "if remembrance were all that you asked of me—"

"It is all—favourable remembrance—remembrance of the love of the past—remembrance of the bond to come."

Evelyn shivered. "It is better to speak openly," said she; "let me throw myself on your generosity. I am not insensible to your brilliant qualities, to the honour of your attachment; but—but—as the time approaches in which you will call for my decision, let me now say that I cannot feel for you—those—those sentiments, without which you could not desire our union; without which it were but a wrong to both of us to form it. Nay, listen to me; I grieve bitterly at the tenour of your too generous uncle's will; can I not atone to you? Willingly would I sacrifice the fortune that, indeed, ought to be yours; accept it, and remain my friend."

"Cruel Evelyn! and can you suppose that it is your fortune I seek? It is yourself. Heaven is my witness that, had you no dowry but your hand and heart, it were treasure enough for me. You think you cannot love me. Evelyn, you do not yet know yourself. Alas! your retirement in this distant village; my own unceasing avocations, which chain me, like a slave, to the galley-oar of politics and power, have kept us separate. You do not know me. I am willing to hazard the experiment of that knowledge. To devote my life to you; to make you a partaker of my ambition, my career; to raise you to the highest eminence in the matronage of England; to transfer pride from myself to you; to love, and to honour, and to prize you; all this will be my boast, and all this will win love for me at last. Fear not, Evelyn, fear not for your happiness; with me you shall know no sorrow. Affection at home, splendour abroad, await you. I have passed the rough and arduous part of my career; sunshine lies on the summit to which I climb. No station in England is too high for me to hope for; prospects, how bright with you! how dark without you! Ah, Evelyn! be this hand mine, the heart shall follow!"

Vargrave's words were artful and eloquent; the *words* were calculated to win their way, but the manner, the tone of voice wanted earnestness and truth. This was his defect; this characterized all his attempts to seduce or to lead others, in public or private life. He had no heart, no deep passion in what he undertook. He could impress you with the conviction of his ability, and leave the conviction imperfect, because he could not convince you that he was sincere. That best gift of mental power, *earnestness*, was wanting to him; and Lord Vargrave's deficiency of heart was the true cause why he was not a great man. Still Evelyn was affected by his words; she suffered the hand he now once more took to remain passively in his, and said timidly,

"Why, with sentiments so generous and confiding, why do you love me who cannot return your affection worthily! No, Lord Vargrave; there are many who must see you with juster eyes than mine; many fairer, and even wealthier. Indeed, indeed, it cannot be. Do not be offended, but think that the fortune left to me was on one condition I cannot, ought not to fulfil. Failing that condition, in equity and honour it reverts to you."

"Talk not thus, I implore you, Evelyn; do not imagine me the worldly calculator that my enemies deem me. But, to remove at once from your mind the possibility of such a compromise between your honour and repugnance (repugnance! have I lived to say that word!) know that your fortune is not at your own disposal. Save the small forfeit that awaits your noncompliance with my uncle's dying prayer, the whole is settled peremptorily on yourself and your children; it is entailed; you cannot alienate it. Thus, then, your generosity can never be evinced but to him on whom you bestow your hand. Ah! let me recall that melancholy scene. Your benefactor on his deathbed; your mother kneeling by his side; your hand clasped in mine; and those lips, with their latest breath, uttering at once a blessing and a command!"

"Ah, cease, cease, my lord!" said Evelyn, sobbing.

"No; bid me not cease before you tell me you will be mine. Beloved Evelyn! I may hope; you will not resolve against me."

"No," said Evelyn, raising her eyes, and struggling for composure; "I feel too well what should be my duty; I will endeavour to perform it. Ask me no more now; I will struggle to answer you as you wish hereafter."

Lord Vargrave, resolved to push to the utmost the advantage he had gained, was about to reply, when he heard a step behind him; and, turning round, quickly and discomposed, beheld a venerable form approaching them. The occasion was lost; Evelyn also turned; and, seeing who was the intruder, sprang towards him almost with a cry of joy.

The new comer was a man who had passed his seventieth year; but his old age was green, his step light, and on his healthful and benignant countenance time had left but few furrows. He was clothed in black; and his locks, which were white as snow, escaped from the broad hat and almost touched his shoulders.

The old man smiled upon Evelyn, and kissed her forehead fondly. He then turned to Lord Vargrave, who, recovering his customary self-possession, advanced to meet him with extended hand.

"My dear Mr. Aubrey, this is a welcome surprise. I heard you were not at the vicarage, or I would have called on you."

"Your lordship honours me," replied the curate. "For the first time for thirty years I have been thus long absent from my cure; but I am now returned, I hope, to end my days among my flock."

"And what," asked Vargrave, "what, if the question be not presumptuous, occasioned your unwilling absence?"

"My lord," replied the old man, with a gentle smile, "a new vicar has been appointed. I went to him to proffer a humble prayer that I might remain among those whom I regarded as my children. I have buried one generation, I have married another, I have baptized a third."

"You should have had the vicarage itself; you should be better provided for, my dear Mr. Aubrey; I will speak to the lord-chancellor."

Five times before had Lord Vargrave uttered the same promise, and the curate smiled to hear the familiar words.

"The vicarage, my lord, is a family living, and is now vested in a young man, who requires wealth more than I do. He has been kind to me, and re-established me among my flock; I would not leave

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them for a bishopric. My child," continued the curate, addressing Evelyn with great affection, "you are surely unwell; you are paler than when I left you."

Evelyn clung fondly to his arm, and smiled—her old gay smile—as she replied to him. They took the way towards the house.

The curate remained with them for an hour. There was a mingled sweetness and dignity in his manner, which had in it something of the primitive character we poetically ascribe to the pastors of the church. Lady Vargrave seemed to vie with Evelyn which should love him the most. When he retired to his home, which was not many yards distant from the cottage, Evelyn, pleading a headache, sought her chamber, and Lumley, to sooth his mortification, turned to Caroline, who had seated herself by his side. Her conversation amused him, and her evident admiration flattered. While Lady Vargrave absented herself, in motherly anxiety, to attend on Evelyn; while Mrs. Leslie was occupied at her frame; and Mrs. Merton looked on, and talked indolently to the old lady of rheumatism and sermons, of children's complaints and servants' misdemeanors, the conversation between Lord Vargrave and Caroline, at first gay and animated, grew gradually more sentimental and subdued; their voices took a lower tone, and Caroline sometimes turned away her head and blushed.

CHAPTER XI.

"There stands the messenger of truth—there stands
The legate of the skies."

COWPER.

FROM that night Lumley found no other opportunity for private conversation with Evelyn; she evidently shunned to meet with him alone; she was ever with her mother, or Mrs. Leslie, or the good curate, who spent much of his time at the cottage, for the old man had neither wife nor children; he was alone at home; he had learned to make his home with the widow and her daughter. With them he was an object of the tenderest affection, of the deepest veneration. Their love delighted him, and he returned it with the fondness of a parent and the benevolence of a pastor. He was a rare character, that village priest! Born of humble parentage, he had early displayed abilities which attracted the notice of a wealthy proprietor, who was not displeased to affect the patron.

Young Aubrey was sent to school, and thence to college as a sizar; he obtained several prizes, and took a high degree. Aubrey was not without the ambition and the passions of youth; he went into the world, ardent, inexperienced, and without a guide. He drew back before errors grew into crimes, or folly became a habit. It was nature and affection that reclaimed and saved him from either alternative, fame or ruin. His widowed mother was suddenly stricken with disease. Blind and bedridden, her whole dependance was on her only son. This affliction called forth a new character in Edward Aubrey. This mother had stripped herself of so many comforts to provide for him; he devoted his youth to her in return! She was now old and imbecile. With the mingled selfishness and sentiment of age, she would not come to London; she would not move from the village where her husband lay buried, where her youth had been spent. In this village the able and ambitious young man buried his hopes and talents; by degrees, the quiet and tranquillity of the country life became dear to him. As steps in a ladder, so piety leads to piety, and religion grew to him a habit. He took orders and entered the church. A disappointment in love ensued; it left on his mind and heart a sober and resigned melancholy, which at length mellowed into content. His profession and its sweet duties became more and more dear to him; in the hopes of the next world he forgot the ambition of the present. He did not seek to shine—

"More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise."

His own birth made the poor his brothers, and their dispositions and wants familiar to him. His own early errors made him tolerant to the faults of others; few men are charitable who remember not that they have sinned. In our faults lie the germes of virtues. Thus gradually and serenely had worn away his life; obscure, but useful; calm, yet active; a man whom "the great prizes" of the church might have rendered an ambitious schemer; to whom a modest competence gave the true pastoral power to conquer the world within himself, and to sympathize with the wants of others. Yes, he was a rare character, that village priest! Would it have been better for Christianity or the state if they had made him a bishop? And yet, alas! so do we confound things spiritual with things temporal, that nine readers out of ten would be glad to find, at the end of these volumes, that the poor curate had been "properly rewarded for his deserts."

Do lawn sleeves, a powdered wig, and the title of "My Lord the Bishop" make more beautiful on the mountain-tops the feet of him who bringeth glad tidings?

CHAPTER XII.

"Tout notre raisonnement se réduit à céder au sentiment."—PASCAL.

LORD VARGRAVE, who had no desire to remain alone with the widow when the guests were gone, arranged his departure for the same day as that fixed for Mrs. Merton's; and as their road laid together for several miles, it was settled that they should all dine at ———, whence Lord Vargrave would proceed to London. Failing to procure a second chance-interview with Evelyn, and afraid formally to demand one, for he felt the insecurity of the ground he stood on, Lord Vargrave, irritated and somewhat mortified, sought, as was his habit, whatever amusement was in his reach. In the conversation of Caroline Merton—shrewd, worldly, and ambitious—he found the sort of plaything that he desired. They were thrown much together; but to Vargrave, at least, there appeared no danger in the intercourse; and perhaps his chief object was to pique Evelyn, as well as to gratify his own spleen.

It was the evening before Evelyn's departure; the little party had been for the last hour dispersed; Mrs. Merton was in her own room, making to herself gratuitous and unnecessary occupation in seeing her woman *pack up*. It was just the kind of task that delighted her. To sit in a large chair, and see somebody else at work—to say,

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languidly, "Don't crumple that scarf, Jane; and where shall we put Miss Caroline's blue bonnet?" —gave her a very comfortable notion of her own importance and habits of business, a sort of title to be the superintendent of a family and the wife of a rector. Caroline had disappeared, so had Lord Vargrave; but the first was supposed to be with Evelyn, the second employed in writing letters; at least it was so when they had been last observed. Mrs. Leslie was alone in the drawing-room, and absorbed in anxious and benevolent thoughts on the critical situation of her young favourite, about to enter an age and a world the perils of which Mrs. Leslie had not forgotten.

It was at this time that Evelyn, forgetful of Lord Vargrave and his suite—of every one, of everything but the grief of the approaching departure—found herself alone in a little arbour that had been built upon the cliff to command a view of the sea below. That day she had been restless, perturbed; she had visited every spot consecrated by youthful recollections; she had clung with fond regret to every place in which she had held sweet converse with her mother. Of a disposition singularly warm and affectionate, she had often, in her secret heart, pined for a more yearning and enthusiastic love than it seemed in the subdued nature of Lady Vargrave to bestow. In the affection of the latter, gentle and never fluctuating as it was, there seemed to her a something wanting which she could not define. She had watched that beloved face all the morning. She had hoped to see the tender eyes fixed upon her, and hear the meek voice exclaim, "I cannot part with my child!" All the gay pictures which the lighthearted Caroline drew of the scenes she was to enter had vanished away, now that the hour approached when her mother was to be left alone. Why was she to go? it seemed to her an unnecessary cruelty.

As she thus sat she did not observe that Mr. Aubrey, who had seen her at a distance, was now bending his way to her; and not till he had entered the arbour and taken her hand did she waken from those reveries in which Youth, the Dreamer and the Desirer, so morbidly indulges.

"Tears, my child!" said the curate. "Nay, be not ashamed of them; they become you in this hour. How we shall miss you! and you, too, will not forget us!"

"Forget you! Ah, no, indeed. But why should I leave you? Why will you not speak to my mother; implore her to let me remain? We were so happy till these strangers came. We did not think there was any other world; *here* there is world enough for me!"

"My poor Evelyn," said Mr. Aubrey, gently, "I have spoken to your mother and to Mrs. Leslie; they have confided to me all the reasons for your departure, and I cannot but subscribe to their justice. You do not want many months of the age when you will be called upon to decide whether Lord Vargrave shall be your husband. Your mother shrinks from the responsibility of influencing your decision; and here, my child, inexperienced, and having seen so little of others, how can you know your own heart?"

"But oh, Mr. Aubrey," said Evelyn, with an earnestness that overcame embarrassment, "have I a choice left to me? Can I be ungrateful, disobedient to him who was a father to me? Ought I not to sacrifice my own happiness? and how willingly would I do so if my mother would smile on me approvingly!"

"My child," said the curate, gravely, "an old man is a bad judge of the affairs of youth; yet, in this matter, I think your duty plain. Do not resolutely set yourself against Lord Vargrave's claim; do not persuade yourself that you must be unhappy in a union with him. Compose your mind; think seriously upon the choice before you; refuse all decision at the present moment; wait until the appointed time arrives, or, at least, more nearly approaches. Meanwhile, I understand that Lord Vargrave is to be a frequent visiter at Mrs. Merton's; there you will see him with others; his character will show itself; study his principles, his disposition; examine whether he is one whom you can esteem and render happy; there may be a love without enthusiasm, and yet sufficient for domestic felicity and for the employment of the affections. You will insensibly, too, learn from others parts of his character which he does not exhibit to us. If the result of time and examination be that you can cheerfully obey the late lord's dying wish, unquestionably it will be the happier decision. If not, if you still shrink from vows at which your heart now rebels, as unquestionably you may, with an acquitted conscience, become free. The best of us are imperfect judges of the happiness of others. In the woe or weal of a whole life we must decide for ourselves. Your benefactor could not mean you to be wretched; and if he now, with eyes purified from all worldly mists, look down upon you, his spirit will approve your choice. For when we leave the world, all worldly ambition dies with us. What now to the immortal soul can be the title and the rank which on earth, with the desires of earth, your benefactor hoped to secure to his adopted child? This is my advice. Look on the bright side of things, and wait calmly for the hour when Lord Vargrave can demand your decision."

The words of the priest, which well defined her duty, inexpressibly soothed and comforted Evelyn; and the advice upon other and higher matters, which the good man pressed upon a mind so softened at that hour to receive religious impressions, was received with gratitude and respect. Subsequently their conversation fell upon Lady Vargrave; a theme dear to both of them. The old man was greatly touched by the poor girl's unselfish anxiety for her mother's comfort; by her fears that she might be missed, in those little attentions which filial love alone can render; he was almost yet more touched when, with a less disinterested feeling, Evelyn added mournfully,

"Yet why, after all, should I fancy she will so miss me? Ah, though I will not *dare* complain of it, I feel still that she does not love me as I love her."

"Evelyn," said the curate, with mild reproach, "have I not said that your mother has known sorrow? and, though sorrow does not annihilate affection, it subdues its expression and moderates its outward signs."

Evelyn sighed and said no more.

As the good old man and his young friend returned to the cottage, Lord Vargrave and Caroline approached them, emerging from an opposite part of the grounds. The former hastened to Evelyn with his usual gayety and frank address; and there was so much charm in the manner of a man whom

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apparently the world and its cares had never rendered artificial or reserved, that the curate himself was impressed by it. He thought that Evelyn might be happy with one amiable enough for a companion and wise enough for a guide. But, old as he was, he had loved, and he knew that there are instincts in the heart which defy all our calculations.

While Lumley was conversing, the little gate that made the communication between the gardens and the neighbouring churchyard, through which was the nearest access to the village, creaked on its hinges, and the quiet and solitary figure of Lady Vargrave threw its shadow over the grass.

CHAPTER XIII.

"And I can listen to thee yet,
Can lie upon the plain,
And listen till I do beget
That golden time again."
WORDSWORTH.

IT was past midnight; hostess and guests had retired to repose, when Lady Vargrave's door opened gently. The lady herself was kneeling at the foot of her bed; the moonlight came through the half-drawn curtains of the casement; and by its ray her pale, calm features looked paler and yet more hushed.

Evelyn, for she was the intruder, paused at the threshold till her mother rose from her devotions, and then she threw herself on Lady Vargrave's breast, sobbing as if her heart would break; hers were the wild, generous, irresistible emotions of youth. Lady Vargrave, perhaps, had known them once; at least, she could sympathize with them now.

She strained her child to her bosom; she stroked back her hair, and kissed her fondly, and spoke to her soothingly.

"Mother," sobbed Evelyn, "I could not sleep, I could not rest. Bless me again; kiss me again; tell me that you love me; you cannot love me as I do you, but tell me that I am dear to you; tell me you will regret me, but not too much; tell me—" here Evelyn paused and could say no more.

"My best, my kindest Evelyn," said Lady Vargrave, "there is nothing on earth I love like you. Do not fancy I am ungrateful."

"Why do you say ungrateful? your own child, your only child!" and Evelyn covered her mother's face and hands with passionate tears and kisses.

At that moment, certain it is that Lady Vargrave's heart reproached her with not having, indeed, loved this sweet girl as she deserved. True, no mother was more mild, more attentive, more fostering, more anxious for a daughter's welfare; but Evelyn was right! the gushing fondness, the mysterious entering into every subtile thought and feeling, which should have characterized the love of such a mother to such a child, had been, to outward appearance, wanting. Even in this present parting there had been a prudence, an exercise of reasoning, that savoured more of duty than love. Lady Vargrave felt all this with remorse; she gave way to emotions new to her, at least to exhibit; she wept with Evelyn, and returned her caresses with almost equal favour. Perhaps, too, she thought at that moment of what love that warm nature was susceptible; and she trembled for her future fate. It was as a full reconciliation—that mournful hour—between feelings on either side, which something mysterious seemed to have checked before: and that last night the mother and the child did not separate; the same couch contained them; and, when worn out with some emotions which she could not reveal, Lady Vargrave fell into the sleep of exhaustion, Evelyn's arm was round her, and Evelyn's eyes watched her with pious and anxious love as the gray morning dawned.

She left her mother still sleeping when the sun rose, and went silently down into the dear room below, and again busied herself in a thousand little provident cares, which she wondered she had forgotten before. Lady Vargrave's habits were so dependant on Evelyn in all the small household matters which are so necessary to comfort, yet so wearisome to those who have contracted the morbid custom of revery and thought.

The carriages were at the door before the party had assembled at the melancholy breakfast-table. Lord Vargrave was the last to appear.

"I have been like all cowards," said he, seating himself; "anxious to defer an evil as long as possible; a bad policy, for it increases the worst of all pains, that of suspense."

Mrs. Merton had undertaken the duties that appertain to the "hissing urn." "You prefer coffee, Lord Vargrave? Caroline, my dear—"

Caroline passed the cup to Lord Vargrave, who looked at her hand as he took it; there was a ring on one of those slender fingers never observed there before. Their eyes met, and Caroline coloured. Lord Vargrave turned to Evelyn, who, pale as death, but tearless and speechless, sat beside her mother; he attempted in vain to draw her into conversation. Evelyn, who desired to restrain her feelings, would not trust herself to speak.

Mrs. Merton, ever undisturbed and placid, continued to talk on; to offer congratulations on the weather; it was such a lovely day, and they should be off so early; it would be so well arranged; they should be in such good time to dine at ——, and then go three stages after dinner; the moon would be up—

"But," said Lord Vargrave, "as I am to go with you as far as ——, where our roads separate, I hope I am not condemned to go alone, with my red box, two old newspapers, and the blue devils. Have pity on me."

"Perhaps you will take grandmamma, then?" whispered Caroline, archly.

Lumley shrugged his shoulders, and replied in the same tone, "Yes, provided you keep to the proverb—'*Les extrêmes se touchent*,' and the lovely grandchild accompany the venerable grandmamma."

"What would Evelyn say?" retorted Caroline.

Lumley sighed and made no answer.

Mrs. Merton, who had hung fire while her daughter was carrying on this "aside," now put in—

"Suppose I and Caroline take your britska, and you go in our old coach with Evelyn and Mrs. Leslie."

Lumley looked delightedly at the speaker, and then glanced at Evelyn; but Mrs. Leslie said very gravely, "No, *we* shall feel too much in leaving this dear place to be gay companions for Lord Vargrave. We shall all meet at dinner; or," she added, after a pause, "if this be uncourteous to Lord Vargrave, suppose Evelyn and myself take his carriage, and he accompanies you."

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"Agreed," said Mrs. Merton, quietly; "and now I will just go and see about the strawberry plants and slips; it was so kind in you, dear Lady Vargrave, to think of them."

An hour had elapsed, and Evelyn was gone! She had left her maiden home; she had wept her last farewell on her mother's bosom; the sound of the carriage-wheels had died away; but still Lady Vargrave lingered on the threshold; still she gazed on the spot where the last glimpse of Evelyn had been caught. A sense of dreariness and solitude passed into her soul: the very sunlight—the spring, the songs of the birds—made loneliness more desolate.

Mechanically, at last, she moved away, and with slow steps and downcast eyes passed through the favourite walk that led into the quiet burial-ground. The gate closed upon her; and now the lawn, the gardens, the haunts of Evelyn were solitary as the desert itself; but the daisy opened to the sun, and the bee murmured along the blossoms not the less blithely for the absence of all human life. In the bosom of Nature there beats no heart for man.

BOOK THE SECOND

"————ἔτος ἦλθε, περιπλομένων ἐνιαυτῶν
Τῷ οἱ ἐπεκλώσαντο θεοὶ, οἰκόνδε νέεσθαι
Εἰς Ἰθάκην, οὐδ' ἔνθα πεφυγμένος ἦεν ἀέθλων."
HOM. *Od.*, lib. i., l. xvi.

"The hour arrived—years having roll'd away—
When his return the gods no more delay.
Lo! Ithaca the Fates award; and there
New trials meet the wanderer."

CHAPTER I.

"There is continual spring and harvest here,
Continual, both meeting at one time;
For both the boughs do laughing blossoms bear,
And with fresh colours deck the wanton prime,
And eke at once the heavy trees they climb,
Which seem to labour under their fruits' load."
The Garden of Adonis, SPENSER.

"Vis boni
In ipsâ inesset formâ."
TERENT.

BEAUTY, thou art twice blessed! thou blessest the gazer and the possessor; often at once the effect and the cause of goodness! A sweet disposition, a lovely soul, an affectionate nature, will speak in the eyes, the lips, the brow, and become the cause of beauty. On the other hand, they who have a gift that commands love, a key that opens all hearts, are ordinarily inclined to look with happy eyes upon the world; to be cheerful and serene; to hope and to confide. There is more wisdom than the vulgar dream of in our admiration of a fair face.

Evelyn Cameron was beautiful: a beauty that came from the heart and went to the heart; a beauty, the very spirit of which was love! Love smiled on her dimpled lips; it reposed on her open brow; it played in the profuse and careless ringlets of darkest yet sunniest auburn that a breeze could lift from her delicate and virgin cheek. Love, in all its tenderness, murmured in her low melodious voice; in all its kindnesses, its unsuspecting truth, love coloured every thought; in all its symmetry and glorious womanhood, love swelled the swan-like neck and moulded the rounded limb.

She was just the kind of person that takes the judgment by storm; whether gay or grave, there was so charming and irresistible a grace about her. She seemed born not only to captivate the giddy, but to turn the heads of the sage. Roxalana was nothing to her. How, in the obscure hamlet of Brook Green, she had learned all the arts of pleasing, it is impossible to say. In her arch smile, the pretty toss of her head, the half shyness, half freedom of her winning ways, it was as if Nature had made her to delight one heart and torment all others.

Without being learned, the mind of Evelyn was cultivated and well informed. Her heart, perhaps, helped to instruct her understanding; for by a kind of intuition she could appreciate all that was beautiful and elevated. Her unvitiated and guileless taste had a logic of its own; no schoolman had ever a quicker penetration into truth; no critic ever more readily detected the meretricious and the false. The book that Evelyn could admire was sure to be stamped with the impress of the noble, the lovely, or the true!

But Evelyn had faults, the faults of her age; or, rather, she had tendencies that might conduce to error. She was of so generous a nature that the very thought of sacrificing herself for another had a charm. She ever acted from impulse; impulses pure and good, but often rash and imprudent. She was yielding to weakness; persuaded into anything; so sensitive that even a cold look from one moderately liked cut her to the heart; and by the sympathy that accompanies sensitiveness, no pain was so great as that of giving pain to another. Hence it was that Vargrave might form reasonable hopes of his ultimate success. It was a dangerous constitution for happiness! How many chances must combine to preserve to the midday of characters like this the sunshine of their dawn! The butterfly, that seems the child of the summer and the flowers, what wind will not chill its mirth, what touch will not brush away its hues!

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CHAPTER II.

"These, on a general survey, are the modes
Of pulpit oratory, which agree
With no unletter'd audience."

POLWHELE.

MRS. LESLIE had returned from her visit to the rectory to her own home, and Evelyn had now been some weeks at Mrs. Merton's. As was natural, she had grown in some measure reconciled and resigned to her change of abode. In fact, no sooner did she pass Mrs. Merton's threshold, than, for the first time, she was made aware of her consequence in life.

The Rev. Mr. Merton was a man of the nicest perception in all things appertaining to worldly consideration: the second son of a very wealthy baronet (who was the first commoner of his county), and of the daughter of a rich and highly-descended peer, Mr. Merton had been brought near enough to rank and power to appreciate all their advantages. In early life he had been something of a "tuft hunter;" but as his understanding was good, and his passions not very strong, he had soon perceived that that vessel of clay, a young man with a moderate fortune, cannot long sail down the same stream with the metal vessels of rich earls and extravagant dandies. Besides, he was destined for the church, because there was one of the finest livings in England in the family. He therefore took orders at six-and-twenty, married Mrs. Leslie's daughter, who had thirty thousand pounds, and settled at the rectory of Merton, within a mile of the family seat. He became a very respectable and extremely popular man. He was singularly hospitable, and built a new wing—containing a large dining-room and six capital bedrooms—to the rectory, which had now much more the appearance of a country villa than a country parsonage. His brother, succeeding to the estates, and residing chiefly in the neighbourhood, became, like his father before him, member for the county, and was one of the country gentlemen most looked up to in the House of Commons. A sensible and frequent, though uncommonly prosy speaker, singularly independent (for he had a clear fourteen thousand pounds a year, and did not desire office), and valuing himself on not being a party man, so that his vote on critical questions was often a matter of great doubt, and, therefore, of great importance, Sir John Merton gave considerable importance to the Reverend Charles Merton. The latter kept up all the more select of his old London acquaintances; and few country houses at certain seasons of the year were filled more aristocratically than the pleasant rectory house. Mr. Merton, indeed, contrived to make the hall a reservoir for the parsonage, and periodically draughted off the *élite* of the visiters at the former to spend a few days at the latter. This was the more easily done, as his brother was a widower, and his conversation was all of one sort—the state of the nation, and the agricultural interest. Mr. Merton was the best friends possible with his brother; looked after the property in the absence of Sir John; kept up the family interest; was an excellent electioneerer; a good speaker, at a pinch; an able magistrate; a man, in short, most useful in the county; a tory, "as became his cloth;" so, at least, he said, with a pleasant smile, but not a bigoted one; and chiefly anxious to be well with all men. On the whole, he was more popular than his brother, and almost as much looked up to, perhaps, because he was much less ostentatious. He had very good taste, had the Reverend Charles Merton! his table plentiful, but plain; his manners affable to the low, though agreeably sycophantic to the high; and there was nothing about him that ever wounded self-love. To add to the attractions of his house, his wife—simple and good-tempered—could talk with anybody; take off the bores, and leave people to be comfortable in their own way; while he had a large family of fine children of all ages, that had long given easy and constant excuse, under the name of "little children's parties," for getting up an impromptu dance or a gipsy dinner; enlivening the neighbourhood, in short. Caroline was the eldest; then came a son, attached to a foreign ministry, and another, who, though only nineteen, was a private secretary to one of our Indian satraps. The acquaintance of these young gentlemen, thus engaged, it was therefore Evelyn's misfortune to lose the advantage of cultivating; a loss which both Mr. and Mrs. Merton assured her was very much to be regretted. But to make up to her for such a privation, there were two lovely little girls, one ten and the other seven years old, who fell in love with Evelyn at first sight. Caroline was one of the beauties of the county; clever and conversible; "drew young men," and set the fashion to young ladies, especially when she returned from spending the season with Lady Elizabeth.

It was a delightful family!

In person, Mr. Merton was of the middle height fair, and inclined to stoutness, with small features, beautiful teeth, and great suavity of address. Mindful still of the time when he had been "about town," he was very particular in his dress; his black coat, neatly relieved in the evening by a white under-waistcoat, and a shirtfront admirably plaited, with plain studs of dark enamel; his well-cut trousers and elaborately-polished shoes (he was good-humouredly vain of his feet and hands) won for him the common praise of the dandies (who occasionally honoured him with a visit to shoot his game and flirt with his daughter), "that old Merton was a most gentleman-like fellow; so damned neat for a parson!"

Such mentally, morally, and physically was the Reverend Charles Merton, rector of Merton, brother to Sir John, and possessor of an income that, what with his rich living, his wife's fortune, and his own, which was not inconsiderable, amounted to between four and five thousand pounds a year; which income, managed with judgment as well as liberality, could not fail to secure to him all the good things of this world, the respect of his friends among the rest. Caroline was right when she told Evelyn that her papa was very different from a mere country parson.

Now this gentleman could not fail to see all the claims that Evelyn might fairly advance upon the esteem, nay, the veneration, of himself and family; a young beauty, with a fortune of about a quarter of a million, was a phenomenon that might fairly be called celestial. Her pretensions were enhanced by her engagement to Lord Vargrave; an engagement that might be broken; so that, as he interpreted it, the *worst* that could happen to the young lady was to marry an able and rising minister of state; a peer of the realm; but she was perfectly free to marry a still greater man if she could find him; and who knows but what perhaps the *attaché*, if he could get leave of absence? Mr. Merton was too sensible to pursue that thought farther for the present.

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The good man was greatly shocked at the too familiar manner in which Mrs. Merton spoke to this highfated heiress; at Evelyn's travelling so far without her own maid; at her very primitive wardrobe; poor, ill-used child! Mr. Merton was a connoisseur in ladies' dress. It was quite painful to see that the unfortunate girl had been so neglected. Lady Vargrave must be a very strange person. He inquired compassionately whether she was allowed any pocket-money; and finding, to his relief, that in that respect Miss Cameron was munificently supplied, he suggested that a proper abigail should be immediately engaged; that proper orders to Madame *Devy* should be immediately transmitted to London, with one of Evelyn's dresses as a pattern for nothing but length and breadth. He almost stamped with vexation when he heard that Evelyn had been placed in one of the neat little rooms generally appropriated to young lady visiters.

"She is quite contented, my dear Mr. Merton, she is so simple; she has not been brought up in the style you think for."

"Mrs. Merton," said the rector, with great solemnity, "Miss Cameron may know no better now; but what will she think of us hereafter! It is my maxim to recollect what people will be, and show them that respect which may leave pleasing impressions when they have it in their power to show us civility in return."

With many apologies, which quite overwhelmed poor Evelyn, she was transferred from the little chamber, with its French bed and bamboo-coloured washhandstand, to an apartment with a buhl wardrobe and a four-post bed with green silk curtains, usually appropriated to the regular Christmas visitant, the Dowager Countess of Chipperton; a pretty morning-room communicated with the sleeping apartment, and thence a private staircase conducted into the gardens. The whole family were duly impressed and reimpressed with her importance. No queen could be more made of. Evelyn mistook it all for pure kindness, and returned the hospitality with an affection that extended to the whole family, but particularly to the two little girls and a beautiful black spaniel. Her dresses came down from London; her abigail arrived; the buhl wardrobe was duly filled; and Evelyn at last learned that it is a fine thing to be rich. An account of all these proceedings was forwarded to Lady Vargrave in a long and most complacent letter by the rector himself. The answer was short, but it contented the excellent clergyman, for it approved of all he had done, and begged that Miss Cameron might have everything that seemed proper to her station.

By the same post came two letters to Evelyn herself; one from Lady Vargrave, one from the curate. They transported her from the fine room and the buhl wardrobe to the cottage and the lawn; and the fine abigail, when she came to dress her young lady's hair, found her weeping.

It was a matter of great regret to the rector that it was that time of year when—precisely because the country is most beautiful—every one worth knowing is in town. Still, however, some stray guests found their way to the rectory for a day or two, and still there were some aristocrat old families in the neighbourhood who never went up to London; so that two days in the week the rector's wine flowed, the whist-tables were set out, and the piano called into requisition.

Evelyn—the object of universal attention and admiration—was put at her ease by her station itself; for good manners come like an instinct to those on whom the world smiles. Insensibly she acquired self-possession and the smoothness of society; and if her childlike playfulness broke out from all conventional restraint, it only made more charming and brilliant the great heiress, whose delicate and fairy cast of beauty so well became her graceful *abandon* of manner, and who looked so unequivocally ladylike to the eyes that rested on Madame Devy's blondes and satins.

Caroline was not so gay as she had been at the cottage. Something seemed to weigh upon her spirits; she was often moody and thoughtful. She was the only one in the family not good tempered; and her peevish replies to her parents, when no visiter imposed a check on the family circle, inconceivably pained Evelyn, and greatly contrasted the flow of spirits which distinguished her when she found somebody worth listening to. Still Evelyn—who, where she once liked, found it difficult to withdraw regard—sought to overlook Caroline's blemishes, and to persuade herself of a thousand good qualities below the surface; and her generous nature found constant opportunity of venting itself in costly gifts, selected from the London parcels with which the officious Mr. Merton relieved the monotony of the rectory. These gifts Caroline could not refuse without paining her young friend. She took them reluctantly, for, to do her justice, Caroline, though ambitious, was not mean.

Thus time passed in the rectory, in gay variety and constant entertainment; and all things combined to spoil the heiress, if, indeed, goodness ever is spoiled by kindness and prosperity. Is it to the frost or to the sunshine that the flower opens its petals, or the fruit ripens from the blossom!

CHAPTER III.

"Ros. How sweet these solitary places are—
* * * * * *
Ped. What strange music
Was that we heard afar off?
Curio. We've told you what he is—what time we've sought him—
His nature and his name."
The Pilgrim.—Beaumont *and* Fletcher.

One day, as the ladies were seated in Mrs. Merton's morning-room, Evelyn, who had been stationed by the window hearing the little Cecilia go through the French verbs, and had just finished that agreeable task, exclaimed,

"Oh, do tell me to whom that old house belongs—with the picturesque gable-end and Gothic turrets—there, just peeping through the trees; I have always forgotten to ask you."

"Oh, my dear Miss Cameron," said Mrs. Merton, "that is Burleigh; have you not been there! How stupid in Caroline not to show it to you! It is one of the lions of the place. It belongs to a man you have often heard of—Mr. Maltravers."

"Indeed!" cried Evelyn; and she gazed with new interest on the gray melancholy pile, as the sunshine brought it into strong contrast with the dark pines around it. "And Mr. Maltravers himself—"

"Is still abroad, I believe; though I did hear

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the other day, that he was shortly expected at Burleigh. It is a curious old place, though much neglected. I believe, indeed, it has not been furnished since the time of Charles the First. (Cissy, my love, don't stoop so.) Very gloomy, in my opinion; and not any fine room in the house except the library, which was once a chapel. However, people come miles to see it."

"Will you go there to-day?" said Caroline, languidly; "it is a very pleasant walk through the glebeland and the wood; not above half a mile by the footpath."

"I should like it so much."

"Yes," said Mrs. Merton, "and you had better go before he comes back; he is so strange. He does not allow it to be seen when he is down. But, indeed, he has only been once at the old place since he was of age. (Sophy, you will tear Miss Cameron's scarf to pieces; do be quiet, child.) That was before he was a great man; he was then very odd; saw no society; only dined once with us, though Mr. Merton paid him every attention. They show the room in which he wrote his books."

"I remember him very well, though I was then but a child," said Caroline; "a handsome, thoughtful face."

"Did you think so, my dear? fine eyes and teeth, certainly, and a commanding figure, but nothing more."

"Well," said Caroline, "if you like to go, Evelyn, I am at your service."

"And I—Evy, dear—I may go," said Cecilia, clinging to Evelyn.

"And me too," lisped Sophia, the youngest hope; "there's such a pretty peacock."

"Oh, yes; they may go, Mrs. Merton, we'll take such care of them."

"Very well, my dear; Miss Cameron quite spoils you."

Evelyn tripped away to put on her bonnet, and the children ran after her, clapping their hands; they could not bear to lose sight of her for a moment.

"Caroline," said Mrs. Merton, affectionately, "are you not well? you have seemed pale lately, and not in your usual spirits."

"Oh, yes, I'm well enough," answered Caroline, rather peevishly; "but this place is so dull now; very provoking that Lady Elizabeth does not go to London this year."

"My dear, it will be gayer, I hope, in July, when the races at Knaresdean begin; and Lord Vargrave has promised to come."

"Has Lord Vargrave written to you lately?"

"No, my dear."

"Very odd."

"Does Evelyn ever talk of him?"

"Not much," said Caroline, rising and leaving the room.

It was a most cheerful, exhilarating day; the close of sweet May; the hedges were white with blossoms, a light breeze rustled the young leaves; the butterflies had ventured forth, and the children chased them over the grass, as Evelyn and Caroline (who walked much too slow for her companion—Evelyn longed to run) followed them soberly towards Burleigh.

They passed the glebefields, and a little bridge, thrown over a brawling rivulet, conducted them into a wood.

"This stream," said Caroline, "forms the boundary between my uncle's estates and those of Mr. Maltravers. It must be very unpleasant to so proud a man as Mr. Maltravers is said to be to have the land of another proprietor so near his house. He could hear my uncle's gun from his very drawing-room. However, Sir John takes care not to molest him. On the other side, the Burleigh estates extend for some miles; indeed, Mr. Maltravers is the next great proprietor to my uncle in this part of the county. Very strange that he does not marry! There, now you can see the house."

The mansion lay somewhat low, with hanging woods in the rear; and the oldfashioned fishponds gleaming in the sunshine, and overshadowed by gigantic trees, increased the venerable stillness of its aspect. Ivy and innumerable creepers covered one side of the house, and long weeds cumbered the deserted road.

"It is sadly neglected," said Caroline, "and was so even in the last owner's life. Mr. Maltravers inherits the place from his mother's uncle. We may as well enter the house by the private way. The front entrance is kept locked up."

Winding by a path that conducted into a flower-garden, divided from a park by a ha-ha, over which a plank, and a small gate rusting off its hinges, were placed, Caroline led the way towards the building. At this point of view it presented a large bay-window, that, by a flight of four steps, led into the garden. On one side rose a square, narrow turret, surmounted by a gilded dome and quaint weathercock, below the architrave of which was a sundial set in the stonework; and another dial stood in the garden, with the common and beautiful motto—

"*Non numero horas, nisi serenas!*"

On the other side of the bay-window a huge buttress cast its mass of shadow. There was something in the appearance of the whole place that invited to contemplation and repose; something almost monastic. The gayety of the teeming springtime could not divest the spot of a certain sadness, not displeasing, however, whether to the young, to whom there is a luxury in the vague sentiment of melancholy, or to those who, having known real griefs, seek for an anodyne in meditation and memory. The low lead-coloured door, set deep in the turret, was locked, and the bell beside it broken. Caroline turned impatiently away. "We must go round to the other side," said she, "and try to make the deaf old man hear us."

"Oh, Carry!" cried Cecilia, "the great window is open;" and she ran up the steps.

"That is lucky," said Caroline; and the rest followed Cecilia.

Evelyn now stood within the library of which Mrs. Merton had spoken. It was a large room, about fifty feet in length, and proportionably wide; somewhat dark, for the light came only from the one large window through which they entered; and, though the window rose to the cornice of the ceiling, and took up one side of the apartment, the daylight was subdued by the heaviness of the stonework in which the narrow panes were set, and by the glass stained with armorial bearings in the upper part of the casement. The bookcases, too, were of the dark oak which so much absorbs the light, and the gilding, formerly meant to relieve them, was discoloured by time.

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The room was almost disproportionably lofty; the ceiling, elaborately coved and richly carved with grotesque masks, preserved the Gothic character of the age in which it had been devoted to a religious purpose. Two fireplaces, with high chimney-pieces of oak, in which were inserted two portraits, broke the symmetry of the tall bookcases. In one of these fireplaces were half-burned logs; and a huge armchair, with a small reading-desk beside it, seemed to bespeak the recent occupation of the room. On the fourth side, opposite the window, the wall was covered with faded tapestry, representing the meeting of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba; the arras was nailed over doors on either hand; the chinks between the door and the wall serving, in one instance, to cut off in the middle his wise majesty, who was making a low bow; while in the other it took the ground from under the wanton queen just as she was descending from her chariot.

Near the window stood a grand piano, the only modern article in the room, save one of the portraits presently to be described. On all this Evelyn gazed silently and devoutly; she had naturally that reverence for genius which is common to the enthusiastic and young; and there is, even to the dullest, a certain interest in the homes of those who have implanted within us a new thought. But here there was, she imagined, a rare and singular harmony between the place and the mental characteristics of the owner. She fancied she now better understood the shadowy and metaphysical repose of thought that had distinguished the earlier writings of Maltravers; the writings composed or planned in this still retreat.

But what particularly caught her attention was one of the two portraits that adorned the mantelpieces. The farther one was attired in the rich and fanciful armour of the time of Elizabeth; the head bare, the helmet on a table, on which the hand rested. It was a handsome and striking countenance; and an inscription announced it to be a Digby, an ancestor of Maltravers, who had fallen by the side of Sidney in the field of Zutphen.

But the other was a beautiful girl of about eighteen, in the now almost antiquated dress of forty years ago. The features were delicate, but the colours somewhat faded, and there was something mournful in the expression. A silk curtain drawn on one side seemed to denote how carefully it was prized by the possessor.

Evelyn turned for explanation to her cicerone.

"This is the second time I have seen that picture," said Caroline; "for it is only by great entreaty, and as a mysterious favour, that the old housekeeper draws aside the veil. Some touch of sentiment in Maltravers makes him regard it as sacred. It is the picture of his mother before she married; she died in giving him birth."

Evelyn sighed; how well she understood the sentiment that seemed to Caroline so eccentric! The countenance fascinated her; the eye seemed to follow her as she turned.

"As a proper pendant to this picture," said Caroline, "he ought to have dismissed the effigy of yon warlike gentleman, and replaced it by one of poor Lady Florence Lascelles, for whose loss he is said to have left his country; but perhaps it was the loss of her fortune."

"How can you say so? fy!" cried Evelyn, with a burst of generous indignation.

"Ah, my dear, you heiresses have a fellow-feeling with each other! Nevertheless, clever men are less sentimental than we deem them—heighho; this quiet room gives me the spleen, I fancy."

"Dearest Evy," whispered Cecilia, "I think you have a look of that pretty picture, only you are much prettier. Do take off your bonnet; your hair falls down just like hers."

Evelyn shook her head gravely; but the spoiled child hastily untied the ribands and snatched away the hat, and Evelyn's sunny ringlets fell down in beautiful disorder. There was no resemblance between Evelyn and the portrait, except in the colour of the hair, and the careless fashion it now by chance assumed. Yet Evelyn was pleased to think that a likeness did exist, though Caroline declared it was a most unflattering compliment.

"I don't wonder," said the latter, changing the theme, "I don't wonder Mr. Maltravers lives so little in this 'Castle Dull;' yet it might be much improved; French windows and plateglass, for instance; and if those lumbering bookshelves and horrid old chimney-pieces were removed, and the ceiling painted white and gold, like that in my uncle's saloon, and a rich, lively paper, instead of the tapestry, it would really make a very fine ballroom."

"Let us have a dance here now," cried Cecilia. "Come, stand up, Sophy;" and the children began to practise a waltz step, tumbling over each other, and laughing in full glee.

"Hush, hush!" said Evelyn, softly. She had never before checked the children's mirth, and she could not tell why she did so now.

"I suppose the old butler has been entertaining the bailiff here," said Caroline, pointing to the remains of the fire.

"And is this the room he chiefly inhabited? the room that you say they show as his?"

"No; that tapestry door to the right leads into a little study, where he wrote." So saying, Caroline tried to open the door, but it was locked from within. She then opened the other door, which showed a long wainscoted passage, hung with rusty pikes and a few breastplates of the time of the Parliamentary Wars. "This leads to the main body of the house," said Caroline, "from which the room we are now in and the little study are completely detached, having, as you know, been the chapel in popish times. I have heard that Sir Kenelm Digby, an ancestral connexion of the present owner, first converted them into their present use; and, in return, built the village church on the other side of the park."

Sir Kenelm Digby, the old cavalier-philosopher! a new name of interest to consecrate the place! Evelyn could have lingered all day in the room; and, perhaps, as an excuse for a longer sojourn, hastened to the piano; it was open; she ran her fairy fingers over the keys, and the sound from the untuned and neglected instrument thrilled wild and spiritlike through the melancholy chamber.

"Oh! do sing us something, Evy," cried Cecilia, running up to, and drawing a chair to the instrument.

"Do, Evelyn," said Caroline, languidly; "it will serve to bring one of the servants to us and save us a journey to the offices."

It was just what Evelyn wished. Some verses, which her mother especially loved—verses written by Maltravers upon returning, after absence, to his own home—had rushed into her mind as she had touched the keys. They were appropriate to the place, and had been beautifully set to music. So

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the children hushed themselves, and nestled at her feet; and after a little prelude, keeping the accompaniment under, that the spoiled instrument might not mar the sweet words and sweeter voice, she began the song.

Meanwhile, in the adjoining room—the little study which Caroline had spoken of—sat the owner of the house! he had returned suddenly and unexpectedly the previous night. The old steward was in attendance at the moment, full of apologies, congratulations, and gossip; and Maltravers, grown a stern and haughty man, was already impatiently turning away, when he heard the sudden sound of the children's laughter and loud voices in the room beyond. Maltravers frowned.

"What impertinence is this?" said he, in a tone that, though very calm, made the steward quake in his shoes.

"I don't know, really, your honour; there be so may grand folk's come to see the house in the fine weather, that—"

"And you permit your master's house to be a raree-show—you do well, sir."

"If your honour were more among us, there might be more discipline like," said the steward, stoutly; "but no one in my time has cared so little for the old place as those it belongs to."

"Fewer words with me, sir," said Maltravers, haughtily; "and now go and inform those people that I am returned, and wish for no guests but those I invite myself."

"Sir!"

"Do you not hear me? Say that, if it so please them, these old ruins are my property, and are not to be jobbed out to the insolence of public curiosity. Go, sir."

"But—I beg pardon, your honour—if they be great folks?"

"Great folks—great! Ay, there it is. Why, if they be great folks, they have great houses of their own, Mr. Justis."

The steward stared. "Perhaps, your honour," he put in, deprecatingly, "they be Mr. Merton's family: they come very often when the London gentlemen are with them."

"Merton: oh, the cringing parson. Harkye! one word more with me, sir, and you leave my service to-morrow."

Mr. Justis lifted his eyes and hands to heaven; but there was something in his master's voice and look which checked reply, and he turned slowly to the door, when a voice of such heavenly sweetness was heard without that it arrested his own step, and made the stern Maltravers start in his seat. He held up his hand to the steward to delay his errand, and listened, charmed and spellbound. His own words came on his ear; words long unfamiliar to him, and at first but imperfectly remembered; words connected with the early and virgin years of poetry and aspiration; words that were as the ghosts of thoughts now far too gentle for his altered soul. He bowed down his head, and the dark shade left his brow.

The song ceased. Maltravers moved with a sigh, and his eyes rested on the form of the steward with his hand on the door.

"Shall I give your honour's message?" said Mr. Justis, gravely.

"No: take care for the future: leave me now."

Mr. Justis made one leg, and then, well pleased, took to both.

"Well," thought he, as he departed, "how foreign parts do spoil a gentleman! So mild as he was once! I must botch up the accounts, I see; the squire has grown sharp."

As Evelyn concluded her song, she—whose charm in singing was that she sang from the heart—was so touched by the melancholy music of the air and words, that her voice faltered, and the last line died inaudibly on her lips.

The children sprang up and kissed her.

"Oh," cried Cecilia, "there is the beautiful peacock!" And there, indeed, on the steps without, perhaps attracted by the music, stood the picturesque bird. The children ran out to greet their old favourite, who was extremely tame, and presently Cecilia returned.

"Oh, Carry! do see what beautiful horses are coming up the park!"

Caroline—who was a good rider, and fond of horses, and whose curiosity was always aroused by things connected with show and station—suffered the little girl to draw her into the garden. Two grooms, each mounted on a horse of the pure Arabian breed, and each leading another, swathed and bandaged, were riding slowly up the road; and Caroline was so attracted by the novel appearance of the animals in a place so deserted, that she followed the children towards them, to learn who could possibly be their enviable owner. Evelyn, forgotten for the moment, remained alone. She was pleased at being so, and once more turned to the picture which had so attracted her before. The mild eyes fixed on her, with an expression that recalled to her mind her own mother.

"And," thought she, as she gazed, "this fair creature did not live to know the fame of her son, to rejoice in his success, or to sooth his grief. And he, that son, a disappointed and solitary exile in distant lands, while strangers stand within his deserted hall!"

The images she had conjured up moved and absorbed her, and she continued to stand before the picture, gazing upward with moistened eyes. It was a beautiful vision as she thus stood, with her delicate bloom, her luxuriant hair (for the hat was not yet replaced), her elastic form, so full of youth, and health, and hope; the living form beside the faded canvass of the dead; once youthful, tender, lovely as herself! Evelyn turned away with a sigh; the sigh was re-echoed yet more deeply. She started: the door that led to the study was opened, and in the aperture was the figure of a man in the prime of life. His hair, still luxuriant as in his earliest youth, though darkened by the suns of the East, curled over a forehead of majestic expanse. The high and proud features, that well became a stature above the ordinary standard; the pale but bronzed complexion; the large eyes of deepest blue, shaded by dark brows and lashes; and, more than all, that expression at once of passion and repose which characterizes the old Italian portraits, and seems to denote the inscrutable power that experience imparts to intellect, constituted an *ensemble* which, if not faultlessly handsome, was eminently striking, and adapted at once to interest and to command. It was a face, once seen, never to be forgotten; it was a face that had long, half unconsciously, haunted Evelyn's young dreams; it was a face she had seen before, though, then younger, and milder, and fairer, it wore a different aspect.

Evelyn stood rooted to the spot, feeling herself

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blush to her very temples; an enchanting picture of bashful confusion and innocent alarm.

"Do not let me regret my return," said the stranger, approaching, after a short pause, and with much gentleness in his voice and smile, "and think that the owner is doomed to scare away the fair spirits that haunted the spot in his absence."

"The owner!" repeated Evelyn, almost inaudibly, and in increased embarrassment; "are you then the—the—"

"Yes," courteously interrupted the stranger, seeing her confusion; "my name is Maltravers; and I am to blame for not having informed you of my sudden return, or for now trespassing on your presence. But you see my excuse," and he pointed to the instrument. "You have the magic that draws even the serpent from his hole. But you are not alone!"

"Oh no; no, indeed! Miss Merton is with me. I know not where she is gone. I will seek her."

"Miss Merton: you are not, then, one of that family?"

"No, only a guest. I will find her; she must apologize for us. We were not aware that you were here; indeed we were not."

"That is a cruel excuse," said Maltravers, smiling at her eagerness; and the smile and the look reminded her yet more forcibly of the time when he had carried her in his arms, and soothed her suffering, and praised her courage, and pressed the kiss almost of a lover on her hand. At that thought she blushed yet more deeply, and yet more eagerly turned to escape.

Maltravers did not seek to detain her, but silently followed her steps. She had scarcely gained the window before little Cecilia scampered in crying,

"Only think! Mr. Maltravers has come back, and brought such beautiful horses!"

Cecilia stopped abruptly as she caught sight of the stranger, and the next moment Caroline herself appeared. Her wordly experience and quick sense saw immediately what had chanced; and she hastened to apologize to Maltravers, and congratulate him on his return, with an ease that astonished poor Evelyn, and by no means seemed appreciated by Maltravers himself. He replied with brief and haughty courtesy.

"My father," continued Caroline, "will be so glad to hear you are come back. He will hasten to pay you his respects, and apologize for his truants. But I have not formally introduced you to my fellow-offender. My dear, let me present to you one whom Fame has already made known to you; Mr. Maltravers, Miss Cameron, daughter-in-law," she added, in a lower voice, "to the late Lord Vargrave."

At the first part of this introduction Maltravers frowned; at the last he forgot all displeasure.

"Is it possible? I *thought* I had seen you before, but in a dream. Ah! then we are not quite strangers!"

Evelyn's eye met his, and though she coloured and strove to look grave, a half smile brought out the dimples that played round her arch lips.

"But you do not remember me?" added Maltravers.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Evelyn, with a sudden impulse, and then checked herself.

Caroline came to her friend's relief.

"What is this? you surprise me; where did you ever see Mr. Maltravers before?"

"I can answer that question, Miss Merton. When Miss Cameron was but a child, as high as my little friend here, an accident on the road procured me her acquaintance; and the sweetness and fortitude she then displayed left an impression on me not worn out till this day. And thus we meet again," added Maltravers, in a muttered voice, as to himself. "How strange a thing life is!"

"Well," said Miss Merton, "we must intrude on you no more; you have so much to do. I am so sorry Sir John is not down to welcome you; but I hope we shall be good neighbours. *Au revoir!*"

And, fancying herself most charming, Caroline bowed, smiled, and walked off with her train. Maltravers paused irresolute. If Evelyn had looked back he would have accompanied them home; but Evelyn did not look back, and he stayed.

Miss Merton rallied her young friend unmercifully as they walked homeward, and as she extracted a very brief and imperfect history of the adventure that had formed the first acquaintance, and of the interview by which it had been renewed. But Evelyn did not heed her; and the moment they arrived at the rectory she hastened to shut herself in her room, and write the account of her adventure to her mother. How often, in her girlish reveries, had she thought of that incident, that stranger! And now, by such a chance, and after so many years, to meet the unknown by his own hearth! and that unknown to be Maltravers! It was as if a dream had come true. While she was yet musing, and the letter not yet begun, she heard the sound of joybells in the distance; at once she divined the cause: it was the welcome of the wanderer to his solitary home!

CHAPTER IV.

"Mais en connaissant votre condition naturelle, usez des moyens qui lui sont propres, et ne pretendez pas régner par une autre voie que par celle qui vous fait roi."—PASCAL.

In the heart as in the ocean, the great tides ebb and flow. The waves which had once urged on the spirit of Ernest Maltravers to the rocks and shoals of active life had long since receded back upon the calm depths, and left the strand bare. With a melancholy, disappointed, and disgustful mind, he had left the land of his birth; and new scenes, strange and wild, had risen before his wandering gaze. Wearied with civilization, and sated with many of the triumphs for which civilized men drudge and toil, and disquiet themselves in vain, he had plunged among hordes scarce redeemed from primeval barbarism. The adventures through which he had passed, and in which life itself could only be preserved by wary vigilance and ready energies, had forced him, for a while, from the indulgence of morbid contemplations. His heart, indeed, had been left inactive; but his intellect and his physical powers had been kept in hourly exercise. He returned to the world of his equals with a mind laden with the treasures of a various and vast experience, and with much of the same gloomy moral as that which, on emerging from the catacombs, assured the restless speculations of Rasselas of the vanity of human life and the folly of mortal aspirations.

Ernest Maltravers, never a faultless or completed

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character, falling short in practice of his own capacities, moral and intellectual, from his very desire to overpass the limits of the great and good, was seemingly as far as heretofore from the grand secret of life. It was not so in reality; his mind had acquired what before it wanted, *hardness*; and we are nearer to true virtue and true happiness when we demand too little from men than when we exact too much.

Nevertheless, partly from the strange life that had thrown him among men whom safety itself made it necessary to command despotically, partly from the habit of power and disdain of the world, his nature was incrusted with a stern imperiousness of manner often approaching to the harsh and morose, though beneath it lurked generosity and benevolence.

Many of his younger feelings, more amiable and complex, had settled into one predominant quality, which more or less had always characterized him—pride! Self-esteem made inactive, and ambition made discontented, usually engender haughtiness. In Maltravers this quality, which, properly controlled and duly softened, is the essence and life of honour, was carried to a vice. He was perfectly conscious of its excess, but he cherished it as a virtue. Pride had served to console him in sorrow, and, therefore, it was a friend; it had supported him when disgusted with fraud or in resistance to violence; and, therefore, it was a champion and a fortress. It was a pride of a peculiar sort; it attached itself to no one point in especial; not to talent, knowledge, mental gifts, still less to the vulgar commonplaces of birth and fortune; it rather resulted from a supreme and wholesale contempt of all other men and all their objects; of ambition, of glory, of the hard business of life. His favourite virtue was fortitude; it was on this that he now mainly valued himself. He was proud of his struggles against others, prouder still of conquests over his own passions. He looked upon FATE as the arch enemy against whose attacks we should ever prepare. He fancied that against fate he had thoroughly schooled himself. In the arrogance of his heart, he said, "I can defy the future." He believed in the boast of the vain old sage, "I am a world to myself!" In the wild career through which his later manhood had passed, it is true that he had not carried his philosophy into a rejection of the ordinary world. The shock occasioned by the death of Florence yielded gradually to time and change, and he had passed from the deserts of Africa and the East to the brilliant cities of Europe. But neither his heart nor his reason had ever been enslaved by his passions. He had never again known the softness of affection. Had he done so, the ice had been thawed, and the fountain had flowed again into the great deeps. He had returned to England, he scarce knew wherefore or with what intent; certainly not with any idea of entering again upon the occupations of active life; it was, perhaps, only the weariness of foreign scenes and unfamiliar tongues, and the vague, unsettled desire of change, that brought him back to the fatherland. But he did not allow so unphilosophical a cause to himself; and, what was strange, he would not allow one much more amiable, and which was, perhaps, the truer cause, the increasing age and infirmities of his old guardian Cleveland, who prayed him affectionately to return. Maltravers did not like to believe that his heart was still so kind. Singular form of pride! No, he rather sought to persuade himself that he intended to sell Burleigh, to arrange his affairs finally, and then leave for ever his native land. To prove to himself that this was the case, he had intended at Dover to hurry at once to Burleigh, and merely write to Cleveland that he was returned to England. But his heart would not suffer him to enjoy this cruel luxury of self-mortification, and his horses' heads were turned to Richmond when within a stage of London. He had spent two days with the good old man, and those two days had so warmed and softened his feelings, that he was quite appalled at his own dereliction from fixed principles. However, he went before Cleveland had time to discover that he was changed, and the old man had promised to visit him shortly.

This, then, was the state of Ernest Maltravers at the age of thirty-six; an age in which frame and mind are in their fullest perfection; an age in which men begin most keenly to feel that they are citizens. With all his energies braced and strengthened; with his mind stored with profusest gifts; in the vigour of a constitution to which a hardy life had imparted a second and fresher youth; so trained by stern experience as to redeem, with an easy effort, all the deficiencies and faults which had once resulted from too sensitive an imagination and too high a standard for human actions; formed to render to his race the most brilliant and durable service, and to secure to himself the happiness that results from sobered fancy, an upright heart, and an approving conscience; here was Ernest Maltravers, backed, too, by the appliances and gifts of birth and fortune, perversely shutting up genius, life, and soul in their own thorny leaves; soured by looking only on the dark side of nature, as once he had been blinded by looking only on the bright; and refusing to serve the fools and rascals that were formed from the same clay and gifted by the same God. Morbid and morose philosophy, begotten by a proud spirit on a lonely heart!

CHAPTER V.

"Let such among us as are willing to be children again, if it be only for an hour, resign ourselves to the sweet enchantment that steals upon the spirit when it indulges in the memory of early and innocent enjoyment."—D. L. RICHARDSON.*

AT dinner, Caroline's lively recital of their adventures was received with much interest, not only by the Merton family, but by some of the neighbouring gentry who shared the rector's hospitality. The sudden return of any proprietor to his old hereditary seat after a prolonged absence makes some sensation in a provincial neighbourhood. In this case, where the proprietor was still young, unmarried, celebrated, and handsome, the sensation was, of course, proportionably increased. Caroline and Evelyn were beset by questions, to which the former alone gave any distinct reply. Caroline's account was, on the whole, gracious and favourable, and seemed complimentary to all but Evelyn, who thought that Caroline was a very indifferent portrait painter.

It seldom happens that a man is a prophet in his own neighbourhood; but Maltravers had been so little in the county, and in his former visit his life had

* From a collection of elegant and pleasing Essays, published at Calcutta.

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been so secluded, that he was regarded as a stranger. He had neither outshone the establishment nor interfered with the sporting of his fellow-squires; and, on the whole, they made just allowance for his habits of distant reserve. Time, and his retirement from the busy scene long enough to cause him to be missed, not long enough for new favourites to supply his place, had greatly served to mellow and consolidate his reputation, and his county was proud to claim him. Thus (though Maltravers would not have believed it had an angel told him) he was not spoken ill of behind his back; a thousand little anecdotes of his personal habits, of his generosity, independence of spirit, and eccentricity, were told. Evelyn listened in rapt delight to all; she had never passed so pleasant an evening; and she smiled almost gratefully on the rector, who was a man that always followed the stream, when he said with benign affability, "We must really show our distinguished neighbour every attention; we must be indulgent to his little oddities; his politics are not mine, to be sure; but a man who has a stake in the country has a right to his own opinion; that was always my maxim; thank Heaven, I am a very moderate man; we must draw him among us; it will be our own fault, I am sure, if he is not quite domesticated at the rectory."

"With such attraction, yes," said the thin curate, timidly bowing to the ladies.

"It would be a nice match for Miss Caroline," whispered an old lady; Caroline overheard and pouted her pretty lip.

The whist-tables were now set out, the music begun, and Maltravers was left in peace.

The next day Mr. Merton rode his pony over to Burleigh. Maltravers was not at home. He left his card, and a note of friendly respect, begging Mr. Maltravers to waive ceremony, and dine with them the next day. Somewhat to the surprise of the rector, he found that the active spirit of Maltravers was already at work. The long-deserted grounds were filled with labourers; the carpenters were busy at the fences; the house looked alive and stirring; the grooms were exercising the horses in the park; all betokened the return of the absentee. This seemed to denote that Maltravers had come to reside; and the rector thought of Caroline, and was pleased at the notion.

The next day was Cecilia's birthday, and birthdays were kept at Merton rectory; the neighbouring children were invited. They were to dine on the lawn in a large marquee, and to dance in the evening. The hothouses yielded their early strawberries, and the cows, decorated with blue ribands, were to give syllabubs. The polite Caroline was not greatly fascinated by pleasure of this kind: she graciously appeared at dinner, kissed the prettiest of the children, helped them to soup, and then, having done her duty, retired to her room to write letters. The children were not sorry, for they were a little afraid of the grand Caroline; and they laughed much more loudly and made much more noise when she was gone, and the cakes and strawberries appeared.

Evelyn was in her element; she had, as a child, mixed so little with children; she had so often yearned for playmates; she was still so childlike; besides, she was so fond of Cecilia; she had looked forward with innocent delight to the day; and, a week before, had taken the carriage to the neighbouring town, to return with a carefully-concealed basket of toys, dolls, sashes, and picture-books. But, somehow or other, she did not feel so childlike as usual that morning; her heart was away from the pleasure before her, and her smile was at first languid. But in children's mirth there is something so contagious to those who love children; and now, as the party scattered themselves on the grass, and Evelyn opened the basket, and bade them, with much gravity, keep quiet and be good children, she was the happiest of the whole group. But she knew how to give pleasure; and the basket was presented to Cecilia, that the little queen of the day might enjoy the luxury of being generous; and, to prevent jealousy, the notable expedient of a lottery was suggested

"Then Evy shall be Fortune," cried Cecilia; "nobody will be sorry to get anything from Evy; and, if any one is discontented, Evy shan't kiss her."

Mrs. Merton, whose motherly heart was completely won by Evelyn's kindness to the children, forgot all her husband's lectures, and willingly ticketed the prizes, and wrote the numbers of the lots on slips of paper carefully folded. A large old Indian jar was dragged from the drawing-room and constituted the fated urn; the tickets were deposited therein, and Cecilia was tying the handkerchief round Evelyn's eyes, while Fortune struggled archly not to be as blind as she ought to be; and the children, seated in a circle, were in full expectation, when—there was a sudden pause—the laughter stopped; so did Cissy's little hands. What could it be? Evelyn slipped the bandage, and her eyes rested on Maltravers!

"Well, really, my dear Miss Cameron," said the rector who was by the side of the intruder, and who, indeed, had just brought him to the spot, "I don't know what these little folks will do to you next."

"I ought rather to be their victim," said Maltravers, good-humouredly; "the fairies always punish us grown-up mortals for trespassing on their revels."

While he spoke his eyes—those eyes the most eloquent in the world—dwelt on Evelyn—as, to cover her blushes, she took Cecilia in her arms, and appeared to attend to nothing else—with a look of such admiration and delight as a mortal might well be supposed to cast on some beautiful fairy.

Sophy, a very bold child, ran up to him. "How do, sir?" she lisped, putting up her face to be kissed; "how's the pretty peacock?"

This opportune audacity served at once to renew the charm that had been broken, to unite the stranger with the children. Here was acquaintance claimed and allowed in an instant. The next moment Maltravers was one of the circle; on the turf with the rest; as gay, and almost as noisy; that hard, proud man, so disdainful of the trifles of the world!

"But the gentleman must have a prize too," said Sophy, proud of her tall new friend; "what's your other name? why do you have such a long, hard name?"

"Call me Ernest," said Maltravers.

"Why don't we begin?" cried the children.

"Evy, come, be a good child, miss," said Sophy, as Evelyn, vexed and ashamed, and half ready to cry, resisted the bandage.

Mr. Merton interposed his authority; but the children clamoured, and Evelyn hastily yielded. It was fortune's duty to draw the tickets from the urn, and give them to each claimant whose name was

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called; when it came to the turn of Maltravers, the bandage did not conceal the blush and smile of the enchanting goddess, and the hand of the aspirant thrilled as it touched hers.

The children burst into screams of laughter when Cecilia gravely awarded to Maltravers the worst prize in the lot—a blue riband—which Sophy, however, greedily insisted on having; but Maltravers would not yield it.

Maltravers remained all day at the rectory, and shared in the ball; yes, he danced with Evelyn—he—Maltravers—who had never been known to dance since he was twenty-two! The ice was fairly broken; Maltravers was at home with the Mertons. And when he took his solitary walk to his solitary house—over the little bridge, and through the shadowy wood, astonished, perhaps, with himself—every one of the guests, from the oldest to the youngest, pronounced him delightful. Caroline, perhaps, might have been piqued some months ago that he did not dance with *her*; but now, her heart, such as it was, felt preoccupied.

CHAPTER VI.

"L'esprit de l'homme est plus pénétrant que conséquent, et embrasse plus qu'il ne peut lier."—VAUVENARGUES.

AND now Maltravers was constantly with the Merton family; there was no need of excuse for familiarity on his part. Mr. Merton, charmed to find his advances not rejected, thrust intimacy upon him.

One day they spent the afternoon at Burleigh, and Evelyn and Caroline finished their survey of the house; tapestry and armour, pictures, and all. This led to a visit to the Arabian horses. Caroline observed that she was very fond of riding, and went into ecstasies with one of the animals: the one, of course, with the longest tail. The next day the horse was in the stables at the rectory, and a gallant epistle apologized for the costly gift.

Mr. Merton demurred, but Caroline always had her own way; and so the horse remained (no doubt in much amazement and disdain) with the parson's pony and the brown carriage horses. The gift naturally conduced to parties on horseback; it was cruel entirely to separate the Arab from his friends; and how was Evelyn to be left behind? Evelyn, who had never yet ridden anything more spirited than an old pony? A beautiful little horse belonging to an elderly lady, now growing too stout to ride, was to be sold hard by. Maltravers discovered the treasure, and apprized Mr. Merton of it; he was too delicate to affect liberality to the rich heiress. The horse was bought; nothing could go quieter; Evelyn was not at all afraid. They made two or three little excursions. Sometimes only Mr. Merton and Maltravers accompanied the young ladies, sometimes the party was more numerous. Maltravers appeared to pay equal attention to Caroline and her friend; still, Evelyn's inexperience in equestrian matters was an excuse for his being ever by her side. They had a thousand opportunities to converse, and Evelyn now felt more at home with him; her gentle gayety, her fanciful yet chastened intellect, found a voice. Maltravers was not slow to discover that beneath her simplicity there lurked sense, judgment, and imagination. Insensibly his own conversation took a higher flight. With the freedom which his mature years and reputation gave him, he mingled eloquent instruction with lighter and more trifling subjects; he directed her earnest and docile mind not only to new fields of written knowledge, but to many of the secrets of Nature, subtile or sublime. He had a wide range of scientific as well as literary lore; the stars, the flowers, the phenomena of the physical world, afforded themes on which he descanted with the fervent love of a poet and the easy knowledge of a sage.

Mr. Merton, observing that little or nothing of sentiment mingled with their familiar intercourse, felt perfectly at ease; and knowing that Maltravers had been intimate with Lumley, he naturally concluded that he was aware of the engagement between Evelyn and his friend. Meanwhile Maltravers appeared unconscious that such a being as Lord Vargrave existed.

It is not to be wondered at, that the daily presence, the delicate flattery of attention from a man like Maltravers, should strongly impress the imagination, if not the heart, of a susceptible girl. Already prepossessed in his favour, and wholly unaccustomed to a society which combined so many attractions, Evelyn regarded him with unspeakable veneration; to the darker shades in his character she was blind; to her, indeed, they did not appear. True, that once or twice in mixed society his disdainful and imperious temper broke hastily and harshly forth. To folly, to pretension, to presumption, he showed but slight forbearance. The impatient smile, the biting sarcasm, the cold repulse, that might gall, yet could scarce be openly resented, betrayed that he was one who affected to free himself from the polished restraints of social intercourse. He had once been too scrupulous in not wounding vanity; he was now too indifferent to do it. But if sometimes this unamiable trait of character, as displayed to others, chilled or startled Evelyn, the contrast of his manner towards herself was a flattery too delicious not to efface all other recollections. To her ear his voice always softened its tone; to her capacity his mind ever bent as by sympathy, not condescension; to her, the young, the timid, the half-informed, to her alone he did not disdain to exhibit all the stores of his knowledge, all the best and brightest colours of his mind. She modestly wondered at so strange a preference. Perhaps a sudden and blunt compliment that Maltravers once addressed to her may explain it; one day, when she had conversed more freely and more fully than usual, he broke in upon her with this abrupt exclamation—

"Miss Cameron, you must have associated from your childhood with beautiful minds. I see already that from the world, vile as it is, you have nothing of contagion to fear. I have heard you talk on the most various matters, on many of which your knowledge is imperfect; but you have never uttered one mean idea or one false sentiment. Truth seems intuitive to you."

It was, indeed, this singular purity of heart that made to the world-wearied man the chief charm in Evelyn Cameron. From this purity came, as from the heart of a poet, a thousand new and heaven-taught thoughts, which had in them a wisdom of their own; thoughts that often brought the stern listener back to youth, and reconciled him with life. The wise Maltravers learned more from Evelyn than Evelyn did from Maltravers.

There was, however, another trait, deeper than that of temper, in Maltravers, and which was, unlike

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the latter, more manifest to her than to others; his contempt for all the things her young and fresh enthusiasm had been taught to prize; the fame that endeared and hallowed him to her eyes; the excitement of ambition and its rewards. He spoke with such bitter disdain of great names and great deeds: "Children of a larger growth they were," said he, one day, in answer to her defence of the luminaries of their kind; "allured by bawbles as poor as the rattle and the doll's house, how many have been made great, as the word is, by their vices! Paltry craft won command to Themistocles. To escape his duns, the profligate Cæsar heads an army, and achieves his laurels. Brutus, the aristocrat, stabs his patron, that patricians might again trample on plebeians, and that posterity might talk of *him*. The love of posthumous fame, what is it but as puerile a passion for notoriety as that which made a Frenchman I once knew lay out two thousand pounds in sugarplums! To be talked of, how poor a desire! Does it matter whether it be by the gossips of this age or the next? Some men are urged on to fame by poverty; that is an excuse for their trouble; but there is no more nobleness in the motive than in that which makes yon poor ploughman sweat in the eye of Phœbus. In fact, the larger part of eminent men, instead of being inspired by any lofty or beneficent desire to benefit their species or enrich the human mind, have acted or composed without any definite object beyond the satisfying a restless appetite for excitement, or indulging the dreams of a selfish glory. And, when nobler aspirations have fired them, it has too often been but to wild fanaticism and sanguinary crime. What dupes of glory ever were animated by a deeper faith, a higher ambition, than the frantic followers of Mohammed? Taught to believe that it was virtue to ravage the earth, and that they sprang from the battle-field into Paradise. Religion and liberty, love of country, what splendid motives to action! Lo, the results, when the motives are keen, the action once commenced! Behold the Inquisition, the Days of Terror, the Council of Ten, and the Dungeons of Venice!"

Evelyn was scarcely fit to wrestle with these melancholy fallacies; but her instinct of truth suggested an answer.

"What would society be if all men thought as you do, and acted up to the theory? No literature, no art, no glory, no patriotism, no virtue, no civilization! You analyze men's motives; how can you be sure you judge rightly? Look to the results; our benefit, our enlightenment! If the results be great, ambition is a virtue, no matter what motive awakened it. Is it not so?"

Evelyn spoke blushingly and timidly. Maltravers, despite his own tenets, was delighted with her reply.

"You reason well," said he, with a smile. "But how are we sure that the results are such as you depict them? Civilization, enlightenment, they are vague terms, hollow sounds. Never fear that the world will reason as I do. Action will never be stagnant while there are such things as gold and power. The vessel will move on; let the galley-slaves have it to themselves. What I have seen of life convinces me that progress is not always improvement. Civilization has evils unknown to the savage state, and *vice versâ*. Men in all states seem to have much the same proportion of happiness. We judge others with eyes accustomed to dwell on our own circumstances. I have seen the slave, whom we commiserate, enjoy his holyday with a rapture unknown to the grave freeman. I have seen that slave made free, and enriched by the benevolence of his master, and he has been gay no more. The masses of men in all countries are much the same. If there are greater comforts in the hardy North, Providence bestows a fertile earth and a glorious heaven, and a mind susceptible to enjoyment as flowers to light, on the voluptuous indulgence of the Italian, or the contented apathy of the Hindoo. In the mighty organization of good and evil, what can we vain individuals effect? They who labour most, how doubtful is their reputation! who shall say whether Voltaire or Napoleon, Cromwell or Cæsar, Walpole or Pitt, has done most good or most evil? It is a question casuists may dispute on. Some of us think that poets have been the delight and the lights of men. Another school of philosophy have treated them as the corruptors of the species; panders to the false glory of war, to the effeminacies of taste, to the pampering of passions above the reason. Nay, even those who have effected inventions that change the face of the earth—the printing-press, gunpowder, the steam engine; men hailed as benefactors by the unthinking herd or the would-be sages, have introduced ills unknown before, adulterating and often counterbalancing the good. Each new improvement in machinery deprives hundreds of food. Civilization is the eternal sacrifice of one generation to the next. An awful sense of the impotence of human agencies has crushed down the sublime aspirations for mankind that I once indulged. For myself, I float on the great waters without pilot or rudder, and trust passively to the winds, that are the breath of God."

This conversation left a deep impression upon Evelyn; it inspired her with a new interest in one in whom so many noble qualities lay dulled and torpid by the indulgence of a self-sophistry which, girl as she was, she felt wholly unworthy of his powers. And it was this error in Maltravers that, levelling his superiority, brought him nearer to her heart. Ah! if she could restore him to his race! it was a dangerous desire, but it intoxicated and absorbed her.

Oh! how sweetly were those fair evenings spent, the evenings of happy June! And then, as Maltravers suffered the children to tease him into talk about the wonders he had seen in the regions far away, how did the soft and social hues of his character unfold themselves! There is in all real genius so much latent playfulness of nature, it almost seems as if genius never could grow old. The inscription that youth writes upon the tablets of an imaginative mind are, indeed, never wholly obliterated; they are as an invisible writing, which gradually becomes clear in the light and warmth. Bring genius familiarly with the young, and it is as young as they are. Evelyn did not yet, therefore, observe the disparity of *years* between herself and Maltravers. But the disparity of knowledge and power served for the present to interdict to her that sweet feeling of equality in commune, without which love is rarely a very intense affection in women. It is not so with men. But, by degrees, she grew more and more familiar with her stern friend, and in that familiarity there was perilous fascination to Maltravers. She could laugh him, at any moment, out of his most moody reveries; contradict, with

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a pretty wilfulness, his most favourite dogmas; nay, even scold him, with bewitching gravity, if he was not always at the command of her wishes or caprice. At this time it seemed certain that Maltravers would fall in love with Evelyn, but it rested on more doubtful probabilities whether Evelyn would fall in love with him.

CHAPTER VII.

"Contrahe vela
Et te litteribus cymba propinqua vehat."
SENECA.

"HAS not Miss Cameron a beautiful countenance?" said Mr. Merton to Maltravers, as Evelyn, unconscious of the compliment, sat at a little distance, bending down her eyes to Sophy, who was weaving daisy-chains on a stool at her knee, and whom she was telling not to talk loud, for Merton had been giving Maltravers some useful information respecting the management of his estate; and Evelyn was already interested in all that could interest her friend. She had one excellent thing in woman, had Evelyn Cameron; despite her sunny cheerfulness of temper, she was *quiet!* and she had insensibly acquired, under the roof of her musing and silent mother, the habit of never disturbing others. What a blessed secret is that in the intercourse of domestic life!

"Has not Miss Cameron a beautiful countenance?"

Maltravers started at the question; it was a literal translation of his own thought at that moment; he checked the enthusiasm that rose to his lip, and calmly ré-echoed the word—

"Beautiful, indeed!"

"And so sweet-tempered and unaffected; she has been admirably brought up. I believe Lady Vargrave is a most exemplary woman. Miss Cameron will, indeed, be a treasure to her betrothed husband. He is to be envied."

"Her betrothed husband!" said Maltravers, turning very pale.

"Yes; Lord Vargrave. Did you not know that she was engaged to him from her childhood? It was the wish, nay, command of the late lord, who bequeathed her his vast fortune, if not on that condition, at least on that understanding. Did you never hear of this before?"

While Mr. Merton spoke a sudden recollection returned to Maltravers. He *had* heard Lumley himself refer to the engagement, but it had been in the sick chamber of Florence; little heeded at the time, and swept from his mind by a thousand after thoughts and scenes. Mr. Merton continued,

"We expect Lord Vargrave down soon. He is an ardent lover, I conclude; but public life chains him so much to London. He made an admirable speech in the lords last night; at least our party appear to think so. They are to be married when Miss Cameron attains the age of eighteen."

Accustomed to endurance and skilled in the proud art of concealing emotion, Maltravers betrayed to the eye of Mr. Merton no symptom of surprise or dismay at this intelligence. If the rector had conceived any previous suspicion that Maltravers was touched beyond mere admiration for beauty, the suspicion would have vanished as he heard his guest coldly reply,

"I trust Lord Vargrave may deserve his happiness. But to return to Mr. Justis; you corroborate my own opinion of that smooth-spoken gentleman."

The conversation flowed back to business. At last Maltravers rose to depart.

"Will you not dine with us to day?" said the hospitable rector.

"Many thanks—no; I have much business to attend to at home for some days to come."

"Kiss Sophy, Mr. Ernest; Sophy very good girl to-day. Let the pretty butterfly go because Evy said it was cruel to put it in a card-box; kiss Sophy."

Maltravers took the child (whose heart he had completely won) in his arms, and kissed her tenderly; then advancing to Evelyn, he held out his hand, while his eyes were fixed upon her with an expression of deep and mournful interest which she could not understand.

"God bless you, Miss Cameron!" he said, and his lip quivered.

Days passed, and they saw no more of Maltravers. He excused himself on pretence, now of business, now of other engagements, from all the invitations of the rector. Mr. Merton unsuspectingly accepted the excuse, for he knew that Maltravers was necessarily much occupied.

His arrival had now spread throughout the country, and such of his equals as were still in B—shire hastened to offer congratulations and press hospitality. Perhaps it was the desire to make his excuses to Merton valid that prompted the master of Burleigh to yield to the other invitations that crowded on him. But this was not all; Maltravers acquired, in the neighbourhood, the reputation of a man of business. Mr. Justis was abruptly dismissed; with the help of the bailiff, Maltravers became his own steward. His parting address to this personage was characteristic of the mingled harshness and justice of Maltravers.

"Sir," said he as they closed their accounts, "I discharge you because you are a rascal—there can be no dispute about that; you have plundered your owner, yet you have ground his tenants, and neglected the poor. My villages are filled with paupers; my rentroll is reduced a fourth; and yet, while some of my tenants appear to pay nominal rents (why, you best know), others are screwed up higher than any man's in the county. You are a rogue, Mr. Justis; your own account-books show it; and if I send them to a lawyer, you would have to refund a sum that I could apply very advantageously to the rectification of your blunders."

"I hope, sir," said the steward, conscience-stricken and appalled, "I hope you will not ruin me; indeed, indeed, if I was called upon to refund, I should go to jail."

"Make yourself easy, sir. It is just that I should suffer as well as you. My neglect of my own duties tempted you to roguery. You were honest under the vigilant eye of Mr. Cleveland. Retire with your gains; if you are quite hardened, no punishment can touch you; if you are not, it is punishment enough to stand there gray-haired, with one foot in the grave, and hear yourself called a rogue, and know that you cannot defend yourself; go!"

Maltravers next occupied himself in all the affairs that a mismanaged estate brought upon him. He got rid of some tenants; he made fair reductions to others; he called labour into requisition by a variety of improvements; he paid minute attention

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to the poor, not in the weakness of careless and indiscriminate charity, by which popularity is so cheaply purchased and independence so easily degraded. No, his main care was to stimulate industry and raise hope. The ambition and emulation that he so vainly denied in himself he found his most useful levers in the humble labourers whose characters he had studied, whose condition he sought to make themselves desire to elevate. Unconsciously his whole practice began to refute his theories. The abuses of the old poor-laws were rife in his neighbourhood; his quick penetration, and perhaps his imperious habits of decision, suggested to him many of the best provisions of the law now called into operation; but he was too wise to be the Philosopher Square of a system. He did not attempt too much; and he recognised one principle, which, as yet, the administration of the new poor-laws have not sufficiently discovered. One main object of the new code was, by curbing public charity, to exercise the activity of individual benevolence.* If the proprietor or the clergyman finds under his own eye isolated instances of severity, oppression, or hardship in a general and salutary law, instead of railing against the law, he ought to attend to the individual instances; and private benevolence ought to keep the balance of the scales even, and be the makeweight wherever there is a just deficiency of national charity.* It was this which, in the modified and discreet regulations that he thought to establish on his estates, Maltravers especially and pointedly attended to. Age, infirmity, temporary distress, unmerited destitution, found him a steady, watchful, indefatigable friend. In these labours, commenced with extraordinary promptitude, and the energy of a single purpose and stern mind, Maltravers was necessarily brought into contact with the neighbouring magistrates and gentry. He was combating evils and advancing objects in which were interested; and his vigorous sense and his past parliamentary reputation, joined with the respect which in provinces always attaches to ancient birth, won unexpected and general favour to his views. At the rectory they heard of him constantly, not only through occasional visiters, but through Mr. Merton, who was ever thrown in his way; but he continued to keep himself aloof from the house. Every one (Mr. Merton excepted) missed him; even Caroline, whose able, though worldly mind could appreciate his conversation; the children mourned for their playmate, who was so much more affable than their stiff neckclothed brothers had ever been; and Evelyn was at least more serious and thoughtful than she had ever been before; and the talk of others seemed to her wearisome, trite, and dull.

Was Maltravers happy in his new pursuits? His state of mind, at that time, it is not easy to read. His masculine spirit and haughty temper were wrestling hard against a feeling that had been fast ripening into passion; but at night, in his solitary and cheerless home, a vision too exquisite to indulge would force itself upon him, till he started from the revery, and said to his rebellious heart, "A few more years, and thou wilt be still. What in this brief life is a pang more or less? Better to have nothing to care for, so wilt thou defraud Fate, thy deceitful foe! Be contented that thou art alone!"

Fortunate was it, then, for Maltravers, that he was in his native land! not in climes where excitement is in the pursuit of pleasure, rather than in the exercise of duties! In the hardy air of the liberal England, he was already, though unknown to himself, bracing and ennobling his dispositions and desires. It is the boast of this island, that the slave whose foot touches the soil is free. The boast may be enlarged. Where so much is left to the people; where the life of civilization, not locked up in the tyranny of central despotism, spreads—vivifying, restless, ardent—through every vein of the healthful body, the most distant province, the obscurest village, has claims on our exertions, our duties, and forces us into energy and citizenship. The spirit of liberty, that strikes the chain from the slave, binds the freeman to his brother. This is the religion of freedom: and hence it is that the stormy struggles of free states have been blessed with results of virtue, of wisdom, and of genius by Him who bade us love one another; not only that love in itself is excellent, but that from love, which in its widest sense is but the spiritual term for liberty, whatever is worthiest of our solemn nature has its birth.

* The object of parochial reform is not that of economy alone; not merely to reduce poor-rates. The rate-payer ought to remember, that the more he wrests from the gripe of the sturdy mendicant, the more he ought to bestow on undeserved distress. Without the mitigations of private virtue, every law that benevolists could make would be harsh.

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BOOK THE THIRD.

"Τραχέα λειαίνει, παύει κόρον."
Ex. SOLON. *Eleg.*

"Harsh things he mitigates, and pride subdues."

CHAPTER I.

"You still are what you were, sir!"
Volpone, or the Fox.

* * * * *

'With most quick agility could turn
And return; make knots and undo them;
Give forked counsel."
Ibid.

BEFORE a large table covered with parliamentary papers sat Lumley, Lord Vargrave. His complexion, though still healthy, had faded from the freshness of hue that distinguished him in youth. His features, always sharp, had grown yet more angular; his brow seemed to project more broodingly over his eyes, which, though of undiminished brightness, were sunk deep in their sockets, and had lost much of their quick restlessness. The character of his mind had begun to stamp itself on the physiognomy, especially on the mouth when in repose; it was a face striking for acute intelligence, for concentrated energy; but there was a something written in it which said "BEWARE!" It would have inspired any one who had mixed much among men with a vague suspicion and distrust.

Lumley had been always careful, though plain in dress; but there was now a more evident attention bestowed on his person than he had ever manifested in youth, while there was something of the Roman's celebrated foppery in the skill with which his hair was arranged on his high forehead, as either to conceal or relieve a partial baldness at the temples. Perhaps, too, from the possession of high station, or the habit of living only among the great, there was a certain dignity insensibly diffused over his whole person that was not noticeable in his earlier years, when a certain *ton de garnison* was blended with his ease of manner; yet, even now, dignity was not his prevalent characteristic; and in ordinary occasions or mixed society, he still found a familiar frankness a more useful species of simulation. At the time we now treat of Lord Vargrave was leaning his cheek on one hand, while the other rested idly on the papers methodically arranged before him. He appeared to have suspended his labours, and to be occupied in thought. It was, in truth, a critical period in the career of Lord Vargrave.

From the date of his accession to the peerage, the rise of Lumley Ferrers had been less rapid and progressive than he himself could have foreseen. At first, all was sunshine before him: he had contrived to make himself useful to his party; he had also made himself personally popular. To the ease and cordiality of his happy address, he added the seemingly careless candour so often mistaken for honesty; while, as there was nothing showy or brilliant in his abilities or oratory; nothing that aspired far above the pretensions of others, and aroused envy by mortifying self-love, he created but little jealousy even among the rivals over whom he obtained precedence. For some time, therefore, he went smoothly on, continuing to rise in the estimation of his party, and commanding a certain respect from the neutral public by acknowledged and eminent talents in the details of business; for his quickness of penetration and a logical habit of mind enabled him to grapple with and generalize the minutiæ of official labour or of legislative enactments with a masterly success. But as the road became clearer to his steps, his ambition became more evident and daring. Naturally dictatorial and presumptuous, his early suppleness to superiors was now exchanged for a self-willed pertinacity, which often displeased the more haughty leaders of his party, and often wounded the more vain. His pretensions were scanned with eyes more jealous and less tolerant than at first. Proud aristocrats began to recollect that a mushroom peerage was supported but by a scanty fortune; the men of more dazzling genius began to sneer at the redtape minister as a mere official manager of details; he lost much of the personal popularity that had been one secret of his power. But what principally injured him in the eyes of his party and the public were certain ambiguous and obscure circumstances connected with a short period when himself and his associates were thrown out of office. At this time it was noticeable that the journals of the government that succeeded were peculiarly polite to Lord Vargrave, while they covered all his coadjutors with obloquy; and it was more than suspected that secret negotiations between himself and the new ministry were going on, when suddenly the latter broke up, and Lord Vargrave's proper party were reinstated. The vague suspicions that attached to Vargrave were somewhat strengthened in the opinion of the public by the fact that he was at first left out of the restored administration; and when, subsequently, after a speech which showed that he could be mischievous if not propitiated, he was readmitted, it was precisely to the same office he had held before; an office which did not admit him into the cabinet. Lumley, burning with resentment, longed to decline the offer; but, alas! he was poor, and, what was worse, in debt; "his poverty, but not his will, consented." He was reinstated; but though prodigiously improved as a debater, he felt that he had not advanced as a public man. His ambition inflamed by his discontent, he had, since his return to office, strained every nerve to strengthen his position. He met the sarcasms on his poverty by greatly increasing his expenditure, and by advertising everywhere his engagement to an heiress whose fortune, great as it was, he easily contrived to magnify. As his old house in Great George-street—well fitted for the bustling commoner—was no longer suited to the official and fashionable peer, he had, on his accession to the title, exchanged that respectable residence for a large mansion in Hamilton Place, and

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his sober dinners were succeeded by splendid banquets. Naturally, he had no taste for such things; his mind was too nervous and his temper too hard to take pleasure in luxury or ostentation. But, now as ever, he *acted upon a system*. Living in a country governed by the mightiest and wealthiest aristocracy in the world, which, from the first class almost to the lowest, ostentation pervades—the very backbone and marrow of society—he felt that to fall far short of his rivals in display was to give them an advantage which he could not compensate, either by the power of his connexions or the surpassing loftiness of his character and genius. Playing for a great game, and with his eyes open to all the consequences, he cared not for involving his private fortunes in a lottery in which a great prize might be drawn. To do Vargrave justice, money with him had never been an object, but a means; he was grasping, but not avaricious. If men much richer than Lord Vargrave find state distinctions very expensive and often ruinous, it is not to be supposed that his salary, joined to so moderate a private fortune, could support the style in which he lived. His income was already deeply mortgaged, and debt accumulated upon debt. Nor had this man, so eminent for the management of public business, any of that talent which springs from *justice*, and makes its possessor a skilful manager of his own affairs. Perpetually absorbed in intrigues and schemes, he was too much engaged in cheating others on a large scale to have time to prevent being himself cheated on a small one. He never looked into bills till he was compelled to pay them; and he never calculated the amount of an expense that seemed the least necessary to his purposes. But still Lord Vargrave relied upon his marriage with the wealthy Evelyn to relieve him from all his embarrassments; and if a doubt of the realization of that vision ever occurred to him, still public life had splendid prizes. Nay, should he fail with Miss Cameron, he even thought that, by good management, he might ultimately make it worth while to his colleagues to purchase his absence with the gorgeous bribe of the governor-generalship of India.

As oratory is an art in which practice and the dignity of station produce marvellous improvement, so Lumley had of late made effects in the House of Lords of which he had once been judged incapable. It is true that no practice and no station can give men qualities in which they are wholly deficient; but these advantages can bring out in the best light all the qualities they *do* possess. The glow of a generous imagination, the grasp of a profound statesmanship, the enthusiasm of a noble nature—these—no practice could educe from the eloquence of Lumley, Lord Vargrave, for he had them not; but bold wit, fluent and vigorous sentences, effective arrangement of parliamentary logic, readiness of retort, plausibility of manner, aided by a delivery peculiar for self-possession and ease, a clear and ringing voice (to the only fault of which, shrillness without passion, the ear of the audience had grown accustomed), and a countenance impressive from its courageous intelligence; all these had raised the promising speaker into the matured excellence of a nervous and formidable debater. But precisely as he rose in the display of his talents, did he awaken envies and enmities hitherto dormant. And it must be added, that, with all his craft and coldness, Lord Vargrave was often a very dangerous and mischievous speaker for the interests of his party. His colleagues had often cause to tremble when he rose; nay, even when the cheers of his own faction shook the old tapestried walls. A man who has no sympathy with the public must commit many and fatal indiscretions when the public, as well as his audience, is to be his judge. Lord Vargrave's utter incapacity to comprehend political morality; his contempt for all the objects of social benevolence, frequently led him into the avowal of doctrines that, if they did not startle the men of the world whom he addressed (smoothed away, as such doctrines were, by speciousness of manner and delivery), created deep disgust in those, even of his own politics, who read their naked exposition in the daily papers. Never did Lord Vargrave utter one of those generous sentiments which, no matter whether propounded by radical or tory, sink deep into the heart of the people, and do lasting service to the cause they adorn. But no man defended an abuse, however glaring, with a more vigorous championship, or hurled defiance upon a popular demand with a more courageous scorn. In some times, when the anti-popular principle is strong, such a leader may be useful; but at the moment of which we treat he was a most equivocal auxiliary. A considerable proportion of the ministers, headed by the premier himself, a man of wise views and unimpeachable honour, had learned to view Lord Vargrave with dislike and distrust; they might have sought to get rid of him; but he was not one whom slight mortifications could induce to retire of his own accord; nor was the sarcastic and bold debater a person whose resentment and opposition could be despised. Lord Vargrave, moreover, had secured a party of his own; a party more formidable than himself. He went largely into society; he was the special favourite of the female diplomats, whose voices at that time were powerful suffrages; and with whom, by a thousand links of gallantry and intrigue, the agreeable and courteous minister formed a close alliance. All that saloons could do for him was done. Added to this, he was personally liked by his royal master, and the court gave him their golden opinions, while the poorer, the corrupter, and the more bigoted portion of the ministry regarded him with avowed admiration.

In the House of Commons, too, and in the Bureaucracy, he had no inconsiderable strength; for Lumley never contracted the habits of personal abruptness and discourtesy common to men in power who wish to keep applicants aloof. He was bland and conciliating to all men of all ranks; his intellect and self-complacency raised him far above the petty jealousies that great men feel for rising men. Did any tryo earn the smallest distinction in Parliament, no man sought his acquaintance so eagerly as Lord Vargrave; no man complimented, encouraged, "brought on," the new aspirants of his party with so hearty a good-will.

Such a minister could not fail of having devoted followers among the able, the ambitious, and the vain. It must also be confessed that Lord Vargrave neglected no baser and less justifiable means to cement his power, by placing it on the sure rock of self-interest. No jobbing was too gross for him. He was shamefully corrupt in the disposition of his patronage; and no rebuffs, no taunts from his official brethren, could restrain him from urging the

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claims of any of his creatures upon the public purse. His followers regarded this charitable selfishness as the stanchness and zeal of friendship; and the ambition of hundreds was wound up in the ambition of the unprincipled minister.

But besides the notoriety of his public corruption, Lord Vargrave was secretly suspected by some of personal dishonesty; suspected of selling his state information to stock-jobbers; of having pecuniary interests in some of the claims he urged with so obstinate a pertinacity. And though there was not the smallest evidence of such utter abandonment of honour; though it was probably but a calumnious whisper, yet the mere suspicion of such practices served to sharpen the aversion of his enemies and justify the disgust of his rivals.

In this position now stood Lord Vargrave; supported by interested, but able and powerful partisans; hated in the country, feared by some of those with whom he served, despised by others, looked up to by the rest. It was a situation that less daunted than delighted him; for it seemed to render necessary and excuse that spirit of scheming, and manœuvre, and intrigue which was food itself to his crafty and plotting temper. Like an ancient Greek, his spirit loved intrigue for intrigue's sake. Had it led to no end, it would still have been sweet to him as a means. He loved to surround himself with the most complicated webs and meshes; to sit in the centre of a million plots. He cared not how rash and wild some of them were. He relied on his own ingenuity, promptitude, and habitual good fortune to make every spring he handled conducive to the purpose of the machine—SELF.

His last visit to Lady Vargrave and his conversation with Evelyn had left on his mind much dissatisfaction and fear. In the earlier years of his intercourse with Evelyn, his good-humour, gallantry, and presents had not failed to attach the child to the agreeable and liberal visiter she had been taught to regard as a relation. It was only as she grew up to womanhood, and learned to comprehend the nature of the tie between them, that she shrunk from his familiarity; and then only had he learned to doubt of the fulfilment of his uncle's wish. The last visit had increased this doubt to a painful apprehension; he saw that he was not loved; he saw that it required great address and the absence of happier rivals to secure to him the hand of Evelyn, and he cursed the duties and the schemes which necessarily kept him from her side. He had thought of persuading Lady Vargrave to let her come to London, where he could be ever at hand; and, as the season was now set in, his representations on this head would appear sensible and just. But then, again, this was to incur greater dangers than those he would avoid. London! a beauty and an heiress, in her first debût in London! What formidable admirers would flock around her! Vargrave shuddered to think of the gay, handsome, well-dressed, seductive young *élégans*, who might seem, to a girl of seventeen, suiters far more fascinating than the middle-aged politician. This was perilous; nor was this all; Lord Vargrave knew that in London—gaudy, babbling, and remorseless London—all that he could most wish to conceal from the young lady would be dragged to day. He had been the lover, not of one, but of a dozen women, for whom he did not care three straws; but whose favour had served to strengthen him in society, or whose influence made up for his own want of hereditary political connexions. The manner in which he contrived to shake off these various Ariadnes, whenever it was advisable, was not the least striking proof of his diplomatic abilities. He never left them enemies. According to his own solution of the mystery, he took care never to play the gallant with dulcineas under a certain age; "middle-aged women," he was wont to say, "are very little different from middle-aged men; they see things sensibly, and take things coolly." Now Evelyn could not be three weeks, perhaps three days in London, without learning of one or the other of these liasons. What an excuse, if she sought one, to break with him! Altogether, Lord Vargrave was sorely perplexed, but not despondent. Evelyn's fortune was more than ever necessary to him, and Evelyn he was resolved to obtain, since to that fortune she was an indispensable appendage.

CHAPTER II.

"You shall be Horace, and Tibullus I."
POPE.

LORD VARGRAVE was disturbed from his revery by the entrance of the Earl of Saxingham.

"You are welcome!" said Lumley, "welcome! the very man I wish to see."

Lord Saxingham, who was scarcely altered since we met with him in the last series of this work, except that he had grown somewhat paler and thinner, and that his hair had changed from iron-gray to snow-white, threw himself in the armchair beside Lumley, and replied,

"Vargrave, it is really unpleasant, our finding ourselves always thus controlled by our own partisans. I do not understand this newfangled policy; this squaring of measures to please the opposition, and throw sops to that many-headed monster called Public Opinion. I am sure it will end most mischievously."

"I am satisfied of it," returned Lord Vargrave. "All vigour and union seem to have left us; and if they carry the * * * * question against us, I know not what is to be done."

"For my part, I shall resign," said Lord Saxingham, doggedly; "it is the only alternative left to men of honour."

"You are wrong; I know another alternative."

"What is that?"

"Make a cabinet of our own. Look ye, my dear lord, you have been ill used; your high character, your long experience, are treated with contempt. It is an affront to you, the situation you hold. You privy seal! you ought to be premier, ay, and, if you are ruled by me, premier you shall be yet."

Lord Saxingham coloured and breathed hard.

"You have often hinted at this before, Lumley, but you are so partial, so friendly."

"Not at all. You saw the leading article in the —— to-day? that will be followed up by two evening papers within five hours from this time. We have strength with the press, with the commons, with the court; only let us hold fast together. This * * * * question, by which they hope to get rid of us, shall destroy them. You shall be prime-minister before the year is over; by Heaven, you shall! and then, I suppose, *I* too may be admitted to the cabinet!"

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"But how—how, Lumley? You are too rash, too daring."

"It has not been my fault hitherto; but boldness be caution in our circumstances. If they throw us out now, I see the inevitable march of events; we shall be out for years, perhaps for life. The cabinet will recede more and more from our principles, our party. Now is the time for a determined stand; now can we make or mar ourselves. I will not resign; the king is with us; our strength shall be known. These haughty imbeciles shall fall in the trap they have dug for us."

Lumley spoke warmly, and with the confidence of a mind firmly assured of success. Lord Saxingham was moved; bright visions flashed across him; the premiership, a dukedom. Yet he was old and childless, and his honours would die with the last Lord of Saxingham!

"See," continued Lumley, "I have calculated our resources as accurately as an electioneering agent would cast up the list of voters. In the press I have secured —— and ——; and in the commons we have the subtle ——, and the vigour of ——, and the popular name of ——, and all the boroughs of ——; in the cabinet we have ——, and at court you know our strength. Let us choose our moment; a sudden *coup;* an interview with the king; a statement of our conscientious scruples to this atrocious measure. I know the vain, stiff mind of the premier; *he* will lose his temper; he will tender his resignation; to his astonishment, it will be accepted. You will be sent for; we will dissolve parliament; we will strain every nerve in the elections; we shall succeed, I know we shall. But be silent in the mean while; be cautious; let not a word escape you; let them think us beaten; lull suspicion asleep; let us lament our weakness, and hint, only hint at our resignation, but with assurances of continued support. I know how to blind them if you leave it to me."

The weak mind of the old earl was as a puppet in the hands of his bold kinsman. He feared one moment, hoped another; now his ambition was flattered, now his sense of honour was alarmed. There was something in Lumley's intrigue to oust the government with which he served that had an appearance of cunning and baseness, of which Lord Saxingham, whose personal character was high, by no means approved. But Vargrave talked him over with consummate address; and when they parted, the earl carried his head two inches higher; he was preparing himself for his rise in life.

"That is well, that is well!" said Lumley, rubbing his hands when he was left alone; "the old driveller will be my *locum tenens* till years and renown enable me to become his successor. Meanwhile, I shall be really what he will be in name."

Here Lord Vargrave's well-fed servant, now advanced to the dignity of own gentleman and house-steward, entered the room with a letter; it had a portentous look; it was wafered; the paper was blue, the hand clerklike; it had no envelope; it bore its infernal origin on the face of it; IT WAS A DUN'S!

Lumley opened the epistle with an impatient pshaw! The man, a silversmith (Lumley's plate was much admired!), had applied for years in vain; the amount was large; an execution was threatened; an execution! it is a trifle to a rich man; but to one suspected of being poor; one straining at that very moment at so high an object; one to whom public opinion was so neccessary; one who knew that nothing but his title, and scarcely that, saved him from the reputation of an adventurer. He must again have recourse to the money-lenders; his small estate was long since too deeply mortgaged to afford new security. Usury, usury again! he knew its price, and he sighed, but what was to be done?

"It is but for a few months, a few months, and Evelyn must be mine. Saxingham has already lent me what he can; but he is embarrassed. This d—d office, what a tax it is! and the rascals say we are too well paid! I, too, who could live happy in a garret if this purseproud England would but allow one to exist within one's income. My fellow-trustee, the banker, my uncle's old correspondent—ah, well thought of! He knows the conditions of the will; he knows that, at the worst, I must have thirty thousand pounds if I live a few months longer. I will go to him."

CHAPTER III.

"Animum nunc hoc celerem, nunc dividit illuc.
VIRGIL.

THE late Mr. Templeton had been a banker in a provincial town, that was the centre of great commercial and agricultural activity and enterprise. He had made the bulk of his fortune in the happy days of paper currency and war. Besides his country bank, he had a considerable share of a metropolitan one of some eminence. At the time of his marriage with the present Lady Vargrave, he retired altogether from business, and never returned to the place in which his wealth had been amassed. He had still kept up a familiar acquaintance with the principal and senior partner of the metropolitan bank I have referred to, for he was a man who always liked to talk about money matters with those who understood them. This gentleman, Mr. Gustavus Douce, had been named, with Lumley, joint-trustee to Evelyn's fortune. They had full powers to invest it in whatever stock seemed most safe or advantageous. The trustees appeared well chosen; as one, being destined to share the fortune, would have the deepest interest in its security; and the other, from his habits and profession, would be a most excellent adviser.

Of Mr. Douce Lord Vargrave had seen but little; they were not thrown together. But Lord Vargrave, who thought every rich man might, some time or other, become a desirable acquaintance, regularly asked him once every year to dinner; and twice in return he had dined with Mr. Douce, in one of the most splendid villas, and off some of the most splendid plate it had ever been his fortune to behold and to envy; so that the little favour he was about to ask was but a slight return for Lord Vargrave's condescension.

He found the banker in his private sanctum—his carriage at the door—for it was just four o'clock, an hour in which Mr. Douce regularly departed to Caserta, as his aforesaid villa was somewhat affectedly styled.

Mr. Douce was a small man, a nervous man; he did not seem quite master of his own limbs; when he bowed, he seemed to be making you a present of his legs; when he sat down, he twitched first on one side, then on the other; thrust his hands in his pockets, then took them out, and looked at

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them, as if in astonishment; then seized upon a pen, by which they were luckily provided with incessant occupation. Meanwhile, there was what might fairly be called a constant play of countenance; first he smiled, then looked grave; now raised his eyebrows till they rose like rainbows to the horizon of his pale, straw-coloured hair; and next darted them down like an avalanche over the twinkling, restless, fluttering, little blue eyes, which then became almost invisible. Mr. Douce had, in fact, all the appearance of a painfully-shy man, which was the more strange as he had the reputation of enterprise, and even audacity, in the business of his profession, and was fond of the society of the great.

"I have called on you, my dear sir," said Lord Vargrave, after the preliminary salutations, "to ask a little favour, which, if the least inconvenient, have no hesitation in refusing; you know how I am situated with regard to my ward, Miss Cameron. In a few months I hope she will be Lady Vargrave."

Mr. Douce showed three small teeth, which were all that in the front of his mouth fate had left him; and then, as if alarmed at the indelicacy of a smile upon such a subject, pushed back his chair, and twitched up his blotting-paper-coloured trousers.

"Yes, in a few months I hope she will be Lady Vargrave; and you know then, Mr. Douce, that I shall be in no want of money."

"I hope—that is to say, I am sure—that—I trust that will never be the ca ca-case with your lordship," put in Mr. Douce, with timid hesitation. Mr. Douce, in addition to his other good qualities, stammered much in the delivery of his sentences.

"You are very kind, but it is the case just at present; I have great need of a few thousand pounds upon my personal security. My estate is already a little mortgaged, and I don't wish to encumber it more; besides, the loan would be merely temporary; you know that if, at the age of eighteen, Miss Cameron refuse me (a supposition out of the question, but in business we must calculate on improbabilities), I claim the forfeit she incurs—thirty thousand pounds—you remember."

"Oh, yes—that is—upon my word—I—I don't exactly—but—your lord—l-l-l-lord-lordship knows best—I have been so—so busy—I forget the exact—hem—hem!"

"If you just turn to the will you will see it is as I say. Now, could you conveniently place a few thousands to my account, just for a short time? but I see you don't like it. Never mind, I can get it elsewhere; only, as you were my poor uncle's friend—"

"Your lord-l-l-l-lordship is quite mistaken," said Mr. Douce, with trembling agitation; "upon my word; yes, a few thou-thou-thousands—to be sure—to be sure. Your lordship's banker is—is—"

"Drummond; disagreeable people; by no means obliging. I shall certainly change to your house when my accounts are better worth keeping."

"You do me great—great honour; I will just—step—step—step out for a moment—and—and speak to Mr. Dobs; not but what you may depend on—Excuse me! Morning Chron-chron-chronicle, my lord?"

Mr. Douce rose, as if by galvanism, and ran out of the room, spinning round as he ran, to declare, again and again, that he would not be gone a moment.

"Good little fellow that; very like an electrified frog!" murmured Vargrave, as he took up the Morning Chronicle so especially pointed out to his notice; and turning to the leading article, read a very eloquent attack on himself. Lumley was thick-skinned on such matters; he liked to be attacked; it showed that he was up in the world.

Presently Mr. Douce returned. To Lord Vargrave's amazement and delight, he was informed that ten thousand pounds would be immediately lodged with Messrs. Drummond. His bill of promise to pay in three months—five per cent. interest—was quite sufficient; three months was a short date; but the bill could be renewed on the same terms, from quarter to quarter, till convenient to his lordship to pay. "Would Lord Vargrave do him the honour to dine with him at Caserta next Monday?"

Lord Vargrave tried to affect apathy at his sudden accession of ready money; but, really, it almost turned his head; he griped both Mr. Douce's thin, little, shivering hands, and was speechless with gratitude and ecstacy. The sum, which doubled the utmost he had expected, would relieve him from all his immediate embarrassments. When he recovered his voice, he thanked his dear Mr. Douce with a warmth that seemed to make the little man shrink into a nutshell; and assured him that he would dine with him every Monday in the year—if he was asked! He then longed to depart; but he thought justly, that to go as soon as he had got what he wanted would look selfish; accordingly, he reseated himself, and so did Mr. Douce, and the conversation turned upon politics and news; but Mr. Douce, who seemed to regard all things with a commercial eye, contrived, Vargrave hardly knew how, to veer round from the change in the French ministry to the state of the English money-market.

"It really is, indeed, my lord—I say it, I am sure, with concern, a very bad ti-ti-ti-ti-time for men in business—indeed, for all men—such poor interest in the English fu-fun-funds—and yet speculations are so unsound. I recommended my friend Sir Giles Grimsby to—to invest some money in the American consols; a most rare res-res-responsresponsibility, I may say, for me; I am cautious in—in recommending; but Sir Giles was an old friend—con-con-connexion, I may say; but, most providentially, all turned out—that is, fell out—as I was sure it would—thirty per cent.—and the value of the sh-sh-sh-shares doubled But such things are very rare—quite Godsends, I may say!"

"Well, Mr. Douce, whenever I have money to lay out I must come and consult you."

"I shall be most happy at all times to—to advise your lordship; but it is not a thing I'm very fond of; there's Miss Cameron's fortune quite l-l-locked up—three per cents. and Exchequer bills; why it might have been a mil-mil-million by this time, if the good old gentleman—I beg pardon—old—old nobleman, my poor dear friend, had been now alive!"

"Indeed!" said Lumley, greedily, and pricking up his ears; "he was a good manager, my uncle!"

"None better, none better. I may say a genius for busi—hem—hem. Miss Cameron a young woman of bus-bus-business, my lord?"

"Not much of that, I fear; a million, did you say?"

"At least!—indeed, at least—money so scarce—speculation so sure in America—great people

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the Americans—rising people—gi-gi-giants—giants!"

"I am wasting your whole morning; too bad in me," said Vargrave, as the clock struck five; "the lords meet this evening—important business—once more a thousand thanks to you—good-day."

"A very good-day to you, my lord; don't mention it; glad at any time to ser-ser-serve you," said Mr Douce, fidgeting, curveting, and prancing round Lord Vargrave, as the latter walked through the outer office to the carriage.

"Not a step more; you will catch cold. Good-by—on Monday, then, seven o'clock. The House of Lords."

And Lumley threw himself back in his carriage in high spirits.

CHAPTER IV.

"Oublié de Tullie, et bravé du Senat."
VOLTAIRE—*Brutus*, Act. II., sc. 1.

In the lords that evening the discussion was animated and prolonged; it was the last party debate of the session. The astute opposition did not neglect to bring prominently, though incidentally, forward the question on which it was whispered that there existed some growing difference in the cabinet. Lord Vargrave rose late; his temper was excited by the good fortune of his day's negotiation: he felt himself of more importance than usual, as a needy man is apt to do when he has got a large sum at his banker's; moreover, he was exasperated by some personal allusions to himself which had been delivered by a dignified old lord, who dated his family from the ark, and was as rich as Crœsus. Accordingly, Vargrave spoke with more than his usual vigour. His first sentences were welcomed with loud cheers; he warmed; he grew vehement; he uttered the most positive and unalterable sentiments upon the question alluded to; he greatly transgressed the discretion which the heads of his party were desirous to maintain; instead of conciliating without compromising, he irritated, galled, *and* compromised. The angry cheers of the opposite party were loudly re-echoed by the cheers of the more hotheaded on his own side. The premier and some of his colleagues observed, however, a moody silence. The premier once took a note, and then reseated himself, and drew his hat more closely over his brows. It was an ominous sign for Lumley; but he was looking the opposition in the face, and did not observe it. He sat down in triumph; he had made a most effective and a most mischievous speech; a combination extremely common. The leader of the opposition replied to him with bitter calmness; and when, citing some of his sharp sentences, he turned to the premier, and asked, "Are these opinions those also of the noble lord? I call for a reply; I have a right to demand a reply," Lumley was startled to hear the tone in which his chief uttered the comprehensive and significant "*Hear, hear!*"

At midnight the premier wound up the debate. His speech was short, and characterized by moderation. He came to the question put to him; the house was hushed; you might have heard a pin drop; the commoners behind the throne pressed forward with anxiety and eagerness on their countenances.

"I am called upon," said the minister, "to declare if those sentiments uttered by my noble friend are mine also, as the chief adviser of the crown. My lords, in the heat of debate, every word is not to be so scrupulously weighed and so rigidly interpreted." (Hear, hear, ironically from the opposition, approvingly from the treasury benches.) "My noble friend will doubtless be anxious to explain what he intended to say. I hope, nay, I doubt not, that his explanation will be satisfactory to the noble lord, to the house, and to the country. But, since I am called upon for a distinct reply to a distinct interrogatory, I will say at once, that if those sentiments be rightly interpreted by the noble lord who spoke last, those sentiments are not mine, and will never animate the conduct of any cabinet of which I am a member." (Long-continued cheering from the opposition.) "At the same time, I am convinced that my noble friend's meaning has not been rightly construed; and, till I hear from himself to the contrary, I will venture to state what I think he designed to convey to your lordships." Here the premier, with a tact that nobody could be duped by, but every one could admire, stripped Lord Vargrave's unlucky sentences of every syllable that could give offence to any one, and left the pointed epigrams and vehement denunciations a most harmless arrangement of commonplace.

The house was much excited; there was a call for Lord Vargrave, and Lord Vargrave promptly rose. It was one of those dilemmas out of which Lumley was just the man to extricate himself with address. There was so much manly frankness in his manner, there was so much crafty subtlety in his mind! He complained with proud and honest bitterness of the construction that had been forced upon his words. "If," he added (and no man knew better the rhetorical effect of the *tu quoque* form of argument), "if every sentence uttered by the noble lord in his zeal for liberty had, in days now gone by, been construed with equal rigour or perverted with equal ingenuity, that noble lord had long since been prosecuted as an incendiary, perhaps executed as a traitor!" Vehement cheers from the ministerial benches, cries of "Order!" from the opposition. A military lord rose to order, and appealed to the woolsack.

Lumley sat down, as if chafed at the interruption; he had produced the effect he had desired; he had changed the public question at issue into a private quarrel; a new excitement was created; dust was thrown in the eyes of the house. Several speakers rose to accommodate matters; and, after half an hour of public time had been properly wasted, the noble lord on one side and the noble lord on the other duly explained; paid each other the highest possible compliments, and Lumley was left to conclude his vindication, which now seemed a comparatively flat matter after the late explosion. He completed his task so as to satisfy, apparently, all parties, for all parties were now tired of the thing, and wanted to go to bed. But the next morning there were whispers about the town; articles in the different papers, evidently by authority; rejoicings among the opposition; and a general feeling that, though the government might keep together that session, its dissensions would break out before the next meeting of Parliament.

As Lumley was wrapping himself in his cloak after the stormy debate, the Marquis of Raby—a peer of large possessions, and one who entirely

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agreed with Lumley's views—came up to him, and proposed that they should go home together in Lord Raby's carriage. Vargrave willingly consented, and dismissed his own servants.

"You did that admirably! my dear Vargrave," said Lord Raby, when they were seated in the carriage; "I quite coincide in all your sentiments; I declare my blood boiled when I heard —— (the premier) appear half inclined to throw you over. Your hit upon * * * * was firstrate; he will not get over it for a month; and you extricated yourself well."

"I am glad you approve my conduct; it comforts me," said Vargrave, feelingly; "at the same time, I see all the consequences; but I can brave all for the sake of character and conscience."

"I feel just as you do!" replied Lord Raby, with some warmth; "and if I thought that —— meant to yield this question, I should certainly oppose his administration."

Vargrave shook his head and held his tongue, which gave Lord Raby a high idea of his discretion.

After a few more observations on political matters, Lord Raby invited Lumley to pay him a visit at his country seat.

"I am going to Knaresdean next Monday; you know we have races in the park, and, really, they are sometimes good sport; at all events, it is a very pretty sight. There will be nothing in the lords now; the recess is just at hand; and, if you can spare the time, Lady Raby and myself will be delighted to see you."

"You may be sure, my dear lord, I cannot refuse your invitation; indeed, I intended to visit your county next week; you know, perhaps, a Mr. Merton?"

"Charles Merton? to be sure; most respectable man; capital fellow; the best parson in the county; no cant, but thoroughly orthodox; he certainly keeps in his brother, who, though a very active member, is what I call a waverer on certain questions. Have you known Merton long?"

"I dont know him at all as yet; my acquaintance is with his wife and daughter, a very fine girl, by-the-by. My ward, Miss Cameron, is staying with them."

"Miss Cameron! Cameron—ah! I understand; I think I have heard that—but gossip does not always tell the truth!"

Lumley smiled significantly, and the carriage now stopped at his door.

"Perhaps you will take a seat in our carriage on Monday?" said Lord Raby.

"Monday? unhappily, I am engaged; but on Tuesday your lordship may expect me."

"Very well; the races begin on Wednesday; we shall have a full house; good-night!"

CHAPTER V.

"Homunculi quanti sunt cùm recogito."
PLAUTUS.

It is obvious that, for many reasons, we must be brief upon the political intrigue in which the scheming spirit of Lord Vargrave was employed. It would, indeed, be scarcely possible to preserve the necessary medium between too plain a revelation and too complex a disguise. It suffices, therefore, very shortly to repeat what the reader has already gathered from what has gone before; namely, that the question at issue was one which has happened often enough in all governments; one on which the cabinet was divided, and in which the weaker party was endeavouring to outtrick the stronger.

The malecontents, foreseeing that sooner or later the head of the gathering must break, were again divided among themselves, whether to resign, or to stay in, and strive to force a resignation on their dissentient colleagues. The richer and the more honest were for the former course; the poorer and the more dependant for the latter. We have seen that the latter policy was that espoused and recommended by Vargrave (who, though not in the cabinet, always contrived somehow or other to worm out its secrets); at the same time he by no means rejected the other string to his bow. If it were possible so to arrange and to strengthen his faction, that, by the *coup d'état* of a sudden resignation in a formidable body, the whole government might be broken up, and a new one formed from among the resignees, it would obviously be the best plan. But, then, Lord Vargrave was doubtful of his own strength, and fearful to play into the hands of his colleagues, who might be able to stand even better without himself and his allies, and, by conciliating the opposition, take a step onward in political movement which might leave Vargrave placeless and powerless for years to come.

He repented his own rashness in the recent debate, which was, indeed, a premature boldness that had sprung out of momentary excitement; for the craftiest orator must be indiscreet sometimes. He spent the next few days in alternately seeking to explain away to one party, and to sound, unite, and consolidate the other. His attempts in the one quarter were received by the premier with the cold politeness of an offended but careful statesman, who believed just as much as he chose, and preferred taking his own opportunity for a breach with a subordinate, to risking any imprudence by the gratification of resentment. In the last quarter, the penetrating adventurer saw that his ground was more insecure than he had anticipated. He perceived, in dismay and secret rage, that many of those most loud in his favour while he was with the government, would desert him the soonest if thrown out. Liked as a subordinate minister, he was viewed with very different eyes the moment it was a question whether, instead of cheering his sentiments, men should trust themselves to his guidance. Some did not wish to displease the government; others did not seek to weaken, but to correct them. One of his stanchest allies in the commons was a canditate for a peerage; another suddenly remembered that he was second cousin to the premier; some laughed at the idea of a puppet premier in Lord Saxingham; others insinuated to Vargrave that he himself was not precisely of that standing in the country which would command respect to a new party, of which, if not the head, he would be the mouthpiece; for themselves, they knew, admired, and trusted him; but those d—d country gentlemen and the dull public!

Alarmed, wearied, and disgusted, the schemer saw himself reduced to submission, for the present at least; and more than ever, he felt the necessity of Evelyn's fortune to fall back upon if the chance of the cards should rob him of his salary. He was glad to escape for a breathing while from the vexa-

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tions and harassments that beset him, and looked forward with the eager interest of a sanguine and elastic mind—always escaping from one scheme to another—to his excursion into B——shire.

At the villa of Mr. Douce Lord Vargrave met a young nobleman who had just succeeded to a property not only large and unencumbered, but of a nature to give him importance in the eyes of politicians. Situated in a very small county, the estates of Lord Doltimore secured to his nomination at least one of the representatives, while a little village at the back of his pleasure-grounds constituted a borough, and returned two members to parliament. Lord Doltimore, just returned from the Continent, had not even taken his seat in the lords; and though his family connexions, such as they were—and they were not very high, and by no means in the fashion—were ministerial, his own opinions were as yet unrevealed.

To this young nobleman Lord Vargrave was singularly attentive; he was well formed to attract men younger than himself, and he eminently succeeded in his designs upon Lord Doltimore's affection.

His lordship was a small, pale man, with a very limited share of understanding; supercilious in manner, elaborate in dress, not ill-natured *au fond*, and with much of the English gentlemen in his disposition; that is, he was honourable in his ideas and actions whenever his natural dulness and neglected education enabled him clearly to perceive (through the mist of prejudices, the delusions of others, and the false lights of the dissipated society in which he had lived) what was right and what wrong. But his leading characteristics were vanity and conceit. He had lived much with younger sons, cleverer than himself, who borrowed his money, sold him their horses, and won from him at cards. In return, they gave him all that species of flattery which young men *can* give with so hearty an appearance of cordial admiration. "You certainly have the best horses in Paris. You are really a devilish good fellow, Doltimore. Oh, do you know, Doltimore, what little *Désiré* says of you? You have certainly turned the girl's head."

This sort of adulation from one sex was not corrected by any great acerbity from the other. Lord Doltimore at the age of twenty-two was a very good *parti*; and, whatever his other deficiencies, had sense enough to perceive that he received much greater attention—whether from opera-dancers in search of a friend, or virtuous young ladies in search of a husband—than any of the companions, good-looking though many of them were, with whom he had habitually lived.

"You will not long remain in town now the season is over?" said Vargrave, as, after dinner, he found himself, by the departure of the ladies, next to Lord Doltimore.

"No, indeed; even in the season I don't much like London. Paris has rather spoiled me for any other place."

"Paris is certainly very charming; the *laisser aller* of French life has a fascination that our formal ostentation wants. Nevertheless, to a man like you, London must have many attractions."

"Why, I have many good friends here; but still, after Ascot, it rather bores me."

"Have you any horses on the turf?"

"Not yet; but Legard (you know Legard, perhaps; a very good fellow) is anxious that I should try my luck, I was very fortunate in the races at Paris; you know we have established racing there. The French take to it quite naturally."

"Ah, indeed! it is so long since I have been in Paris; most exciting amusement! *à propos* of races, I am going down to Lord Raby's to-morrow; I think I saw in one of the morning papers that you had very largely backed a horse entered at Knaresdean."

"Yes, Thunderer; I think of buying Thunderer. Legard—*Colonel* Legard (he was a captain in the Guards, but he sold out) is a good judge, and recommends the purchase. How very odd that you too should be going to Knaresdean."

"Odd, indeed, but most lucky! we can go together if you are not better engaged."

Lord Doltimore coloured and hesitated. On the one hand, he was a little afraid of being alone with so clever a man; on the other hand, it was an honour; it was something for him to talk of to Legard. Nevertheless, the shyness got the better of the vanity; he excused himself; he feared he was engaged to take down Legard.

Lumley smiled and changed the conversation; and so agreeable did he make himself, that, when the party broke up, and Lumley had just shaken hands with his host, Doltimore came to him, and said, in a little confusion,

"I think I can get off Legard—if—if you—"

"That's delightful. What time shall we start? need not get down much before dinner; one o'clock?"

"Oh, yes! not too long before dinner; one o'clock will be a little too early."

"Two then. Where are you staying?"

"At Fenton's."

"I will call for you; good-night! I long to see Thunderer!"

CHAPTER VI.

"La santé de l'âme n'est pas plus assurée que celle du corps; et quoique l'on paraisse éloigné des passions, on n'est pas moins en danger de s'y laisser emporter, que de tomber malade quand on se porte bien."—La Rochefoucald.

In spite of the efforts of Maltravers to shun all occasions of meeting Evelyn, they were necessarily sometimes thrown together, in the round of provincial hospitalities; and certainly, if either Mr. Merton or Caroline (the shrewder observer of the two) had ever formed any suspicion that Evelyn had effected a conquest of Maltravers, his manner at such times effectually removed it.

Maltravers was a man to feel deeply, but no longer a boy to yield to every tempting impulse. I have said that FORTITUDE was his favourite virtue; but fortitude is the virtue of great and rare occasions; there was another, equally hard-favoured and unshowy, which he took as the staple of active and every-day duties, and that virtue was JUSTICE. Now, in earlier life, he had been enamoured of the conventional Florimel that we call HONOUR, a shifting and shadowy phantom, that is but the reflex of the opinion of the time and clime. But justice has in it something permanent and solid; and out of justice arises the real, not the false honour.

"Honour!" said Maltravers; "honour is to justice as the flower to the plant; its efflorescence, its bloom, its consummation! But honour that does

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not spring from justice is but a piece of painted rag, an artificial rose, which the men-milliners of society would palm upon us as more natural than true."

This principle of justice Maltravers sought to carry out in all things, not, perhaps, with constant success; for what practice can always imbody theory? but still, at least, his endeavour at success was constant. This perhaps it was which had ever kept him from the excesses to which exuberant and liberal natures are prone; from the extravagances of pseudo-genius.

"No man," for instance, he was wont to say, "can be embarrassed in his own circumstances, and not cause embarrassment to others. Without economy, who can be just? And what are charity, generosity, but the poetry and the beauty of justice?"

No man ever asked Maltravers twice for a just debt, and no man ever once asked him to fulfil a promise. You felt that, come what would, you might rely upon his word. To him might have been applied the witty eulogium passed by Johnson upon a certain nobleman: "If he had promised you an acorn, and the acorn-season failed in England, he would have sent to Norway for one!"

It was not, therefore, the mere Norman and chivalrous spirit of honour, which he had worshipped in youth as a part of the beautiful and becoming, but which in youth had yielded to temptation, as a *sentiment* ever must yield to a passion; but it was the more hard, stubborn, and reflective *principle*, which was the later growth of deeper and nobler wisdom, that regulated the conduct of Maltravers in this crisis of his life. Certain it is that he had never loved as he loved Evelyn, and yet that he never yielded so little to the passion.

"If engaged to another," thought he, "that engagement is not for a third person to attempt to dissolve. I am the last to form a right judgment of the strength or weakness of the bonds which unite her to Vargrave; for my emotions would prejudice me despite myself. I may fancy that her betrothed is not worthy of her, but that is for her to decide. While the bond lasts, who can be justified in tempting her to break it?"

Agreeably to these notions, which the world may, perhaps, consider overstrained, whenever Maltravers met Evelyn he intrenched himself in a rigid and almost a chilling formality. How difficult was this with one so simple and ingenuous! Poor Evelyn! she thought she had offended him; she longed to ask him her offence; perhaps, in her desire to rouse his genius into exertion, she had touched some secret sore, some latent wound of the memory? She recalled all their conversations again and again. Ah! why could they not be renewed? Upon her fancy and her thoughts Maltravers had made an impression not to be obliterated. She wrote more frequently than ever to Lady Vargrave, and the name of Maltravers was found in every page of her correspondence.

One evening, at the house of a neighbour, Miss Cameron (with the Mertons) entered the room almost in the same instant as Maltravers. The party was small, and so few had yet arrived that it was impossible for Maltravers, without marked rudeness, to avoid his friends from the rectory; and Mrs. Merton, placing herself next to Evelyn, graciously motioned to Maltravers to occupy the third vacant seat on the sofa, of which she filled the centre.

"We grudge all your improvements, Mr. Maltravers, since they cost us your society. But we know that our dull circle must seem tame to one who has seen so much. However, we expect to offer you an inducement soon in Lord Vargrave. What a lively, agreeable person he is!"

Maltravers raised his eyes to Evelyn, calmly and penetratingly, at the latter part of this speech. He observed that she turned pale, and sighed involuntarily.

"He had great spirits when I knew him," said he; "and he had then less cause to make him happy."

Mrs. Merton smiled, and turned rather pointedly towards Evelyn.

Maltravers continued: "I never met the late lord. He had none of the vivacity of his nephew, I believe."

"I have heard that he was very severe," said Mrs. Merton, lifting her glass towards a party that had just entered.

"Severe!" exclaimed Evelyn. "Ah, if you could have known him! the kindest, the most indulgent; no one ever loved me as he did." She paused, for she felt her lip quiver.

"I beg your pardon, my dear," said Mrs. Merton, coolly. Mrs. Merton had no idea of the pain inflicted by *treading upon a feeling*. Maltravers was touched, and Mrs. Merton went on. "No wonder he was kind to you, Evelyn; a brute would be that; but he was generally considered a stern man."

"I never saw a stern look, I never heard a harsh word; nay, I do not remember that he ever even used the word 'command,'" said Evelyn, almost angrily.

Mrs. Merton was about to reply, when, suddenly, seeing a lady whose little girl had been ill of the measels, her motherly thoughts flowed into a new channel, and she fluttered away in that sympathy which unites all the heads of a growing family. Evelyn and Maltravers were left alone.

"You do not remember your father, I believe?" said Maltravers.

"No father but Lord Vargrave; while he lived, I never knew the loss of one."

"Does your mother resemble you?"

"Ah, I wish I could think so; it is the sweetest countenance!"

"Have you no picture of her?"

"None; she would never consent to sit."

"Your father was a Cameron; I have known some of that name."

"No relations of ours; my mother says we have none living."

"And have we no chance of seeing Lady Vargrave in B——shire?"

"She never leaves home; but I hope to return soon to Brook Green."

Maltravers sighed, and the conversation took a new turn.

"I have to thank you for the books you so kindly sent; I ought to have returned them ere this," said Evelyn.

"I have no use for them. Poetry has lost its charm for me, especially that species of poetry which unites with the method and symmetry something of the coldness of art. How did you like Alfieri?"

"His language is a kind of Spartan French," answered Evelyn, in one of those happy expressions

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which every now and then showed the quickness of her natural talent.

"Yes," said Maltravers, smiling; "the criticism is acute. Poor Alfieri! in his wild life and his stormy passions, he threw out all the redundance of his genius; and his poetry is but the representative of his thoughts, not his emotions. Happier the man of genius who lives upon his reason, and wastes feelings only on his verse!"

"You do not think that we *waste* feeling upon human beings?" said Evelyn, with a pretty laugh.

"Ask me that question when you have reached my years, and can look upon fields on which you have lavished your warmest hopes, your noblest aspirations, your tenderest affections, and see the soil all profitless and barren. 'Set not your heart on the things of earth,' saith the preacher."

Evelyn was affected by the tone, the words, and the melancholy countenance of the speaker.

"You, of all men, ought not to think thus," said she, with a sweet eagerness; "you, who have done so much to awaken and to soften the heart in others; you who—" she stopped short, and added, more gravely, "Ah, Mr. Maltravers, I cannot reason with you, but I can hope you will refute your own philosophy."

"Were your wish fulfilled," answered Maltravers, almost with sternness, and with an expression of great pain in his compressed lips, "I should have to thank you for much misery." He rose abruptly and turned away.

"How have I offended him?" thought Evelyn, sorrowfully; "I never speak but to wound him; what *have* I done?"

She could have wished, in her simple kindness, to follow him and make peace; but he was now in a coterie of strangers; and shortly afterward he left the room, and she did not see him again for weeks.

CHAPTER VII.

"Nihil est aliud magnum quam multa minuta."
VET. AUCT.

An anxious event disturbed the smooth current of cheerful life at Merton rectory. One morning when Evelyn came down, she missed little Sophy, who had contrived to establish for herself the undisputed privilege of a stool beside Miss Cameron at breakfast. Mrs. Merton appeared with a graver face than usual. Sophy was unwell, was feverish; the scarlet fever had been in the neighbourhood. Mrs. Merton was very uneasy.

"It is the more unlucky, Caroline," added the mother, turning to Miss Merton, "because to-morrow, you know, we were to have spent a few days at Knaresdean to see the races. If poor Sophy does not get better, I fear you and Miss Cameron must go without me. I can send to Mrs. Hare to be your chaperon; she would be delighted."

"Poor Sophy!" said Caroline; "I am very sorry to hear she is unwell; but I think Taylor would take great care of her; you surely need not stay unless she is much worse."

Mrs. Merton, who, tame as she seemed, was a fond and attentive mother, shook her head and said nothing; but Sophy was much worse before noon. The doctor was sent for, and pronounced it to be the scarlet fever.

It was now necessary to guard against the infection. Caroline had had the complaint, and she willingly shared in her mother's watch of love for two or three hours. Mrs. Merton gave up the party. Mrs. Hare (the wife of a rich squire in the neighbourhood) was written to, and that lady willingly agreed to take charge of Caroline and her friend.

Sophy had been left asleep. When Mrs Merton returned to her bed, she found Evelyn quietly stationed there. This alarmed her, for Evelyn had never had the scarlet fever, and had been forbidden the sickroom. But poor little Sophy had waked and querulously asked for her dear Evy; and Evy, who had been hovering round the room, heard the inquiry from the garrulous nurse, and come in she would; and the child gazed at her so beseechingly when Mrs. Merton entered, and said so piteously, "Don't take Evy away," that Evelyn stoutly declared she was not the least afraid of infection, and stay she must. Nay, her share in the nursing would be the more necessary, since Caroline was to go to Knaresdean the next day.

"But you go too, my dear Miss Cameron."

"Indeed I could not; I don't care for races; I never wished to go; I would much sooner have stayed; and I am sure Sophy won't get well without me; will you, dear?"

"Oh, yes, yes; if I'm to keep you from the nice races, I should be worse if I thought that."

"But I don't like the nice races, Sophy, as your sister Carry does; she must go; they can't do without her; but nobody knows me, so I shall not be missed."

"I can't hear of such a thing," said Mrs. Merton, with tears in her eyes; and Evelyn said no more then; but the next morning Sophy was still worse, and the mother was too anxious and too sad to think more of ceremony and politeness; so Evelyn stayed.

A momentary pang shot across Evelyn's breast when all was settled; but she suppressed the sigh which accompanied the thought that she had lost the only opportunity she might have for weeks of seeing Maltravers; to that chance she had indeed looked forward with interest and timid pleasure; the chance was lost, but why should it vex her? what was he to her?

Caroline's heart smote her as she came into the room in her lilach bonnet and new dress; and little Sophy, turning on her eyes which, though languid, still expressed a child's pleasure at the sight of finery, exclaimed, "How nice and pretty you look, Carry! do take Evy with you; Evy looks pretty too!"

Caroline kissed the child in silence, and paused irresolute; glanced at her dress, then at Evelyn, who smiled on her without a thought of envy; and she had half a mind to stay too, when her mother entered with a letter from Lord Vargrave. It was short: he should be at the Knaresdean races; hoped to meet them there and accompany them home. This information redecided Caroline, while it rewarded Evelyn. In a few minutes more Mrs. Hare arrived; and Caroline, glad to escape, perhaps, her own compunction, hurried into the carriage with a hasty "God bless you all! don't fret; I'm sure she will be well to-morrow; and mind, Evelyn, you don't catch the fever!"

Mr. Merton looked grave and sighed as he handed her into the carriage; but, when seated there,

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she turned round and kissed her hand at him, she looked so handsome and distinguished, that a sentiment of paternal pride smoothed down his vexation at her want of feeling. He himself gave up the visit; but a little time after, when Sophy fell into a tranquil sleep, he thought he might venture to canter across the county to the racegrounds, and return to dinner.

Days, nay, a whole week passed; the races were over, but Caroline had not returned. Meanwhile Sophy's fever left her; she could leave her bed, her room; she could come down stairs again, and the family was happy. It is astonishing how the least ailment in those little things stops the wheel of domestic life! Evelyn, fortunately, had not caught the fever; she was pale, and somewhat reduced by fatigue and confinement; but she was amply repaid by the mother's swimming look of quiet gratitude, the father's pressure of the hand, Sophy's recovery, and her own good heart. They had heard twice from Caroline, putting off her return: Lady Raby was so kind, she could not get away till the party broke up; she was so glad to hear such an account of Sophy.

Lord Vargrave had not yet arrived at the rectory to stay; but he had twice ridden over, and remained there some hours. He exerted himself to the utmost to please Evelyn; and she—who, deceived by his manners, and influenced by the recollections of long and familiar acquaintance, was blinded to his real character—reproached herself more bitterly than ever for her repugnance to his suit and her ungrateful hesitation to obey the wishes of her stepfather.

To the Mertons Lumley spake with good-natured praise of Caroline; she was so much admired; she was the beauty at Knaresdean. A certain young friend of his, Lord Doltimore, was evidently smitten. The parents thought much over the ideas conjured up by that last sentence.

One morning the garrulous Mrs. Hare, the gossip of the neighbourhood, called at the rectory; she had returned two days before from Knaresdean; and she, too, had her tale to tell of Caroline's conquests.

"I assure you, my dear Mrs. Merton, if we had not all known that his heart was preoccupied, we should have thought that Lord Vargrave was her warmest admirer. Most charming man, Lord Vargrave! but as for Lord Doltimore, it was quite a flirtation. Excuse *me*; no scandal, you know—ha, ha! a fine young man, but stiff and reserved; not the fascination of Lord Vargrave."

"Does Lord Raby return to town, or is he now at Knaresdean for the autumn?"

"He goes on Friday, I believe; very few of the guests are left now. Lady A., and Lord B., and Lord Vargrave and your daughter, and Mr. Legard, and Lord Doltimore, and Mrs. and Misses Cipher; all the rest went the same day I did."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Merton, in some surprise.

"Ah, I read your thoughts; you wonder that Miss Caroline has not come back; is not that it? But perhaps Lord Doltimore—ha, ha! no scandal now—do excuse *me*!"

"Was Mr. Maltravers at Knaresdean?" asked Mrs. Merton, anxious to change the subject, and unprepared with any other question. Evelyn was cutting out a paper horse for Sophy, who, all her high spirits flown, was lying on the sofa, and wistfully following her airy fingers; "Naughty Ev, you have cut off the horse's head!"

"Mr. Maltravers—no, I think not: no, he was not there. Lord Raby asked him pointedly to come, and was, I know, much disappointed that he did not; but *à propos* of Mr. Maltravers; I met him not a quarter of an hour ago this morning, as I was coming to you. You know we have leave to come through his park; and, as I was in the park at the time, I stopped the carriage to speak to him. I told him that I was coming here, and that you had had the scarlet fever in the house, which was the reason you had not gone to the races; and he turned quite pale, and seemed so alarmed. I said we were all afraid that Miss Cameron should catch it; and, excuse me—ha, ha! no scandal, I hope—but—"

"Mr. Maltravers," said the butler, throwing open the door.

Maltravers entered with a quick and even a hurried step; he stopped short when he saw Evelyn, and his whole countenance was instantly lightened up by a joyous expression, which as suddenly died away.

"This is kind, indeed," said Mrs. Merton; "it is so long since we have seen you."

"I have been very much occupied," muttered Maltravers, almost inaudibly, and seated himself next Evelyn. "I only just heard—that—that you had sickness in the house; Miss Cameron, you look pale; you—you have not suffered, I hope?"

"No, I am quite well," said Evelyn, with a smile; and she felt happy that her friend was kind to her once more.

"It's only me, Mr. Ernest," said Sophy; "you have forgotten me!"

Maltravers hastened to vindicate himself from the charge, and Sophy and he were soon made excellent friends again.

Mrs. Hare, whom surprise at this sudden meeting had hitherto silenced, and who longed to shape into elegant periphrasis the common adage, "Talk of," &c., now once more opened her budget. She tattled on, first to one, then to another, then to all, till she had tattled herself out of breath; and then the orthodox half hour had expired, and the bell was rung, and the carriage ordered, and Mrs. Hare rose to depart.

"Do just come to the door, Mrs. Merton," said she, "and look at my pony phaeton, it is so pretty; Lady Raby admires it so much; you ought to have just such another." As she spoke she favoured Mrs. Merton with a significant glance, that said, as plainly as glance could say, "I have something to communicate." Mrs. Merton took the hint, and followed the good lady out of the room.

"Do you know, my dear Mrs. Merton," said Mrs. Hare, in a whisper, when they were safe in the billiard-room, that interposed between the apartment they had left and the hall, "do you know whether Lord Vargrave and Mr. Maltravers are very good friends?"

"No, indeed; why do you ask?"

"Oh, because, when I was speaking to Lord Vargrave about him, he shook his head; and, really, I don't remember what his lordship said, but he seemed to speak as if there was a little soreness. And then he inquired very anxiously if Mr. Maltravers was much at the rectory, and looked discomposed when he found you were such near neighbours. You'll excuse *me*, you know—ha, ha! but

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we're such old friends! and if Lord Vargrave is coming to stay here, it might be unpleasant to meet; you'll excuse *me*. I took the liberty to tell him he need not be jealous of Mr. Maltravers—ha, ha! not a marrying man at all. But I think Miss Caroline was the attraction; you'll excuse *me*; no scandal—ha, ha! But, after all, Lord Doltimore must be the man; well, good-morning. I thought I'd just give you this hint. Is not the phaeton pretty? Kind compliments to Mr. Merton."

And the lady drove off.

During this confabulation, Maltravers and Evelyn were left alone with Sophy. Maltravers had continued to lean over the child, and appeared listening to its prattle; while Evelyn, having risen to shake hands with Mrs. Hare, did not reseat herself, but went to the window, and busied herself with a flower-stand in the recess.

"Oh, very fine, Mr. Ernest," said Sophy (always pronouncing that proper name as if it ended in *th*); "you care very much for us to stay away so long; don't he, Evey? I've a great mind not to speak to you, sir, that I have!"

"That would be too heavy a punishment, Miss Sophy; only, luckily, it would punish yourself; you could not live without talking—talk—talk—talk!"

"But I might never have talked more, Mr. Ernest, if mamma and pretty Evy had not been so kind to me;" and the child shook her head mournfully, as if she had *pitié de soimême*. "But you won't stay away so long again, will you? Sophy play to-morrow; come to-morrow and swing Sophy; no nice swinging since you've been gone."

While Sophy spoke, Evelyn turned half round, as if to hear Maltravers answer; he hesitated, and Evelyn spoke—

"You must not tease Mr. Maltravers so; Mr. Maltravers has too much to do to come to us."

Now this was a very pettish speech in Evelyn, and her cheek glowed while she spoke; but an arch, provoking smile was on her lips.

"It can be a privation only to me, Miss Cameron," said Maltravers, rising, and attempting in vain to resist the impulse that drew him towards the window. The reproach in her tone and words at once pained and delighted him; and then this scene, the suffering child, brought back to him his first interview with Evelyn herself. He forgot, for the moment, the lapse of time; the new ties she had formed; his own resolutions.

"That is a bad compliment to us," answered Evelyn, ingenuously; "do you think we are so little worthy your society as not to value it? but perhaps," she added, sinking her voice, "perhaps you have been offended; perhaps I—I—said—something that—that hurt you!"

"You!" repeated Maltravers, with emotion.

Sophy, who had been attentively listening, here put in, "Shake hands, and make it up with Evy; you've been quarrelling, naughty Ernest!"

Evelyn laughed, and tossed back her sunny ringlets. "I think Sophy is right," said she, with enchanting simplicity; "let us make it up;" and she held out her hand to Maltravers.

Maltravers pressed the fair hand to his lips. "Alas!" said he, affected with various feelings, which gave a tremour to his deep voice, "your only fault is that your society makes me discontented with my solitary home; and, as solitude must be my fate in life, I seek to inure myself to it betimes."

Here—whether opportunely or not, it is for the reader to decide—Mrs. Merton returned to the room.

She apologized for her absence; talked of Mrs. Hare and the little Masters Hare; fine boys, but noisy; and then she asked Maltravers if he had seen Lord Vargrave since his lordship had been in the county.

Maltravers replied with coldness, that he had not had that honour; that Vargrave had called on him in his way from the rectory the other day, but that he was from home, and that he had not seen him for some years.

"He is a person of most prepossessing manners," said Mrs. Merton.

"Certainly, most prepossessing."

"And very clever."

"He has great talents."

"He seems most amiable."

Maltravers bowed, and glanced towards Evelyn, whose face, however, was turned from him.

The turn the conversation had taken was painful to the visiter, and he rose to depart.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Merton, "you will meet Lord Vargrave at dinner to-morrow; he will stay with us a few days; as long as he can be spared."

Maltravers meet Lord Vargrave! the happy Vargrave! the betrothed to Evelyn! Maltravers behold the familiar rights, the enchanting privileges accorded to an other! and that other one whom he could not believe worthy of Evelyn! He writhed at the picture the invitation conjured up.

"You are very kind, my dear Mrs. Merton, but I expect a visiter at Burleigh; an old and dear friend, Mr. Cleveland."

"Mr. Cleveland! we shall be delighted to see him too! we knew him many years ago, during your minority, when he used to visit Burleigh two or three times a year,"

"He is changed since then; he is often an invalid. I fear I could not answer for him; but he will call as soon as he arrives, and apologize for himself."

Maltravers then hastily took his departure. He would not trust himself to do more than bow distantly to Evelyn; she looked at him reproachfully. So, then, it was really premeditated and resolved upon—his absence from the rectory—and why? she was grieved, she was offended, but more grieved than offended, perhaps because esteem, interest, admiration, are more tolerant and charitable than love!

CHAPTER VIII.

"Arethusa. 'Tis well, my lord, you're courting of ladies
* * * * * * * * *
"Clermont. Sure this lady has a good turn done her against her will."

Philaster.

In the breakfast-room at Knaresdean the same day, and almost at the same hour in which occurred the scene and conversation at the rectory recorded in our last chapter, sat Lord Vargrave and Caroline alone. The party had dispersed, as was usual at noon. They heard at a distance the sounds of the billiard balls. Lord Doltimore was playing with Colonel Legard, one of the best players in Europe, but who, fortunately for Doltimore, had of late made it a rule never to play for money. Mrs. and the

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Misses Cipher, and most of the guests, were in the billiard-room looking on. Lady Raby was writing letters, and Lord Raby riding over his home farm. Caroline and Lumley had been for some time in close and earnest conversation. Miss Merton was seated in a large armchair, much moved, with her handkerchief to her eyes. Lord Vargrave, with his back to the chimney-piece, was bending down, and speaking in a very low voice, while his quick eye glanced ever and anon from the lady's countenance to the windows, to the doors, to be prepared against any interruption.

"No, my dear friend," said he, "believe me that I am sincere. My feelings for you are, indeed, such as no words can paint."

"Then why—"

"Why wish you wedded to another? why wed another myself? Caroline, I have often before explained to you that we are in this the victims of an inevitable fate. It is absolutely necessary that I should wed Miss Cameron. I never deceived you from the first. I should have loved her; my heart would have accompanied my hand but for your too seductive beauty, your superior mind! yes, Caroline, your mind attracted me more than your beauty. Your mind seemed kindred to my own; inspired with the proper and wise ambition which regards the fools of the world as puppets, as counters, as chessmen. For myself, a very angel from heaven could not make me give up the great game of life! yield to my enemies; slip from the ladder; unravel the web I have woven! Share my heart, my friendship, my schemes! this is the true and dignified affection that should exist between minds like ours; all the rest is the prejudice of children."

"Vargrave, I am ambitious, worldly, I own it; but *I* could give up all for you!"

"You think so, for you do not know the sacrifice. You see me now apparently rich, in power, courted; and this fate you are willing to share; and this fate you *should* share, were it the real one I could bestow on you. But reverse the medal. Deprived of office, fortune gone, debts pressing, destitution notorious; the ridicule of embarrassments; the disrepute attached to poverty and defeated ambition; an exile in some foreign town on the poor pension to which alone I should be entitled; a mendicant on the public purse, and that, too, so eat into by demands and debts that there is not a grocer in the next market-town who would envy the income of the retired minister! Retire, fallen, despised, in the prime of life, in the zenith of my hopes! Suppose that I could bear this for myself, could I bear it for you! *You*, born to be the ornament of courts! and you, could you see me thus! life imbittered, career lost, and feel, generous as you are, that your love had entailed on me, on us both, on our children, this miserable lot! Impossible, Caroline! we are too wise for such romance. It is not because we love too little, but because our love is worthy of each other, that we disdain to make love a curse! We cannot wrestle against the world, but we may shake hands with it, and worm the miser out of its treasures. My heart must be ever yours, my hand must be Miss Cameron's. Money I must have! my whole career depends on it. It is literally with me the highwayman's choice, money or life."

Vargrave paused, and took Caroline's hand.

"I cannot reason with you," said she; "you know the strange empire you have obtained over me; and certainly, despite all that has passed" (and Caroline turned pale), "I could bear anything rather than that you should hereafter reproach me for selfish disregard of your interests, your just ambition."

"My noble friend! I do not say that I shall not feel a deep and sharp pang at seeing you wed another, but I shall be consoled by the thought that I have assisted to procure for you a station worthier of your merits than that which I can offer. Lord Doltimore is rich; you will teach him to employ his riches well: he is weak; your intellect will govern him: he is in love; your beauty will suffice to preserve his regard. Ah, we shall be dear friends to the last!"

More, but to the same effect, did this able and crafty villain continue to address to Caroline, whom he alternately soothed, irritated, flattered, and revolted. Love him she certainly did, as far as love in her could extend; but, perhaps, his rank, his reputation, had served to win her affection, and, not knowing his embarrassments, she had encouraged a worldly hope that, if Evelyn should reject his hand, it might be offered to her. Under this impression she had trifled, she had coquetted, she had played with the serpent till it had coiled around her, and she could not escape its fascination and its folds. She was sincere; she could have resigned much for Lord Vargrave, but his picture startled and appalled her. For difficulties in a palace she might be prepared, perhaps even for some privations in a cottage *ornée*, but certainly not for penury in a lodging-house! She listened by degrees with more attention to Vargrave's description of the power and homage that would be hers if she could secure Lord Doltimore; she listened, and was in part consoled. But the thought of Evelyn again crossed her; and, perhaps, with natural jealousy was mingled some compunction at the fate to which Lord Vargrave thus coldly appeared to condemn one so lovely and so innocent.

"But do not, Vargrave," she said, "do not be too sanguine; Evelyn may reject you. She does not see you with my eyes; it is only a sense of honour that, as yet, forbids her openly to refuse the fulfilment of an engagement from which I know that she shrinks; and if she does refuse, and you be free, and I another's—"

"Even in that case," interrupted Vargrave, "I must turn to the golden idol; my rank and name must buy me an heiress, if not so endowed as Evelyn, wealthy enough, at least, to take from my wheels the drag-chain of disreputable debt. But Evelyn, I will not doubt of her! her heart is still unoccupied; she has seen no one; she can have seen no one at your father's house!"

"No; as yet, her affections are not engaged."

"And this Maltravers—she is romantic, I fancy—did he seem captivated by her beauty or her fortune?"

"No, indeed, I think not; he has been very little with us of late. He talked to her more as to a child; there is a disparity of years."

"I am many years older than Maltravers," muttered Vargrave, moodily.

"You! but your *manner* is livelier, and, therefore, younger!"

"Fair flatterer! Maltravers does not love me; I fear his report of my character—"

"I never heard him speak of you, Vargrave; and I will do Evelyn the justice to say, that, pre-

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cisely as she does not love, she esteems and respects you."

"Esteems—respects—these are the feelings for a prudent Hymen," said Vargrave, with a smile. "But hark! I don't hear the billiard-balls; they may find us here; we had better separate."

Lord Vargrave lounged into the billiard-room. The young men had just finished playing, and were about to visit Thunderer, who had won the race, and was now the property of Lord Doltimore.

Vargrave accompanied them to the stables; and, after concealing his ignorance of horseflesh, as well as he could, beneath a profusion of compliments on forehand, hind-quarters, breeding, bone, substance, and famous points, he contrived to draw Doltimore into the courtyard, while Colonel Legard remained in converse high with the head-groom.

"Doltimore, I leave Knaresdean to-morrow; you go to London, I suppose; will you take a little packet for me to the Home Office?"

"Certainly, when I go; but I think of staying a few days with Legard's uncle, the old admiral; he has a hunting-box in the neighbourhood, and has asked us both over."

"Oh! I can detect the attraction, but certainly it is a fair one; the handsomest girl in the county; pity she has no money."

"I don't care for money," said Lord Doltimore, colouring and settling his chin in his neckcloth; "but you are mistaken; I have no thoughts that way. Miss Merton is a very fine girl, but I doubt much if she cares for me. I would never marry any woman who was not very much in love with me." And Lord Doltimore laughed rather foolishly.

"You are more modest than clearsighted," said Vargrave, smiling; "but mark my words: I predict that the beauty of next season will be a certain Caroline Lady Doltimore!"

The conversation dropped.

"I think that will be settled well," said Vargrave to himself, as he was dressing for dinner. "Caroline will manage Doltimore, and I shall manage one vote in the lords and three in the commons. I have already talked him into proper politics; a trifle all this, to be sure, but I had nothing else to amuse me, and one must never lose an occasion. Besides, Doltimore is rich, and rich friends are always useful. I have Caroline, too, in my power, and she may be of service with respect to this Evelyn, who, instead of loving, I half hate; she has crossed my path, robbed me of wealth, and now, if she does refuse me—but no, I will not think *of that!*"

CHAPTER IX.

"Out of our reach the gods have laid
Of time to come the event;
And laugh to see the fools afraid
Of what the knaves invent."
SEDLEY, *from Lycophron.*

THE next day Caroline returned to the rectory in Lady Raby's carriage, and two hours after her arrival came Lord Vargrave. Mr. Merton had secured the principal persons in the neighbourhood to meet a guest so distinguished; and Lord Vargrave, bent on shining in the eyes of Evelyn, charmed all with his affability and wit. Evelyn, he thought, seemed pale and dispirited. He pertinaciously devoted himself to her all the evening. Her ripening understanding was better able than heretofore to appreciate his abilities; yet, inwardly, she drew comparisons between his conversation and that of Maltravers, not to the advantage of the former. There was much that amused, but nothing that interested, in Lord Vargrave's fluent ease. When he attempted sentiment, the vein was hard and hollow; he was only at home on worldly topics. Caroline's spirits were, as usual in society, high, but her laugh seemed forced and her eye absent.

The next day, after breakfast, Lord Vargrave walked alone to Burleigh: as he crossed the copse that bordered the park, a large Persian greyhound sprang towards him, barking loudly; and, lifting his eyes, he perceived the form of a man walking slowly along one of the paths that intersected the wood. He recognised Maltravers. They had not till then encountered since their meeting a few weeks before Florence's death, and a pang of conscience came across the schemer's cold heart. Years rolled away from the past; he recalled the young, generous, ardent man whom, ere the character or career of either had been developed, he had called his friend. He remembered their wild adventures and gay follies in climes where they had been all in all to each other; and the beardless boy, whose heart and purse were ever open to him, and to whose very errors of youth and inexperienced passion he, the elder and the wiser, had led and tempted, rose before him in contrast to the grave and melancholy air of the baffled and solitary man who now slowly approached him; the man whose proud career he had served to thwart, whose heart his schemes had prematurely soured, whose best years had been consumed in exile, a sacrifice to the grave, which a selfish and dishonourable villany had dug! Cæsarini the inmate of a madhouse; Florence in her shroud: such were the visions the sight of Maltravers conjured up. And to the soul which the unwonted and momentary remorse awakened, a boding voice whispered, "And thinkest *thou* that thy schemes shall prosper and thy aspirations succeed?" For the first time in his life, perhaps, the unimaginative Vargrave felt the mystery of a presentiment of warning and of evil.

The two men met; and with an emotion which seemed that of honest and real feeling, Lumley silently held out his hand, and half turned away his head.

"Lord Vargrave!" said Maltravers, with an equal agitation, "it is long since we have encountered."

"Long, very long," answered Lumley, striving hard to regain his self-possession; "years have changed us both; but I trust it has still left in you, as it has in me, the remembrance of our old friendship."

Maltravers was silent, and Lord Vargrave continued:

"You do not answer me, Maltravers; can political differences, opposite pursuits, or the mere lapse of time, have sufficed to create an irrevocable gulf between us? why may we not be friends again?"

"Friends!" echoed Maltravers; "at our age that word is not so lightly spoken, that tie is not

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so unthinkingly formed, as when we were younger men."

"But may not the old tie be renewed?"

"Our ways in life are different; and were I to scan your motives and career with the scrutinizing eyes of friendship, it might only serve to separate us yet more. I am sick of the great juggle of ambition, and have no sympathy left for those who creep into the pint-bottle or swallow the naked sword."

"If you despise the exhibition, why, then, let us laugh at it together, for I am as cynical as yourself."

"Ah," said Maltravers, with a smile, half mournful, half bitter, "but are you not one of the impostors?"

"Who ought better to judge of the Eleusiniana than one of the initiated? But, seriously, why on earth should political differences part private friendships? Thank Heaven! such has never been my maxim."

"If the differences be the result of honest convictions on either side, no: but are you honest, Lumley?"

"Faith, I have got into the habit of thinking so, and habit's a second nature. However, I dare say we shall meet yet in the arena, so I must not betray my weak points. How is it, Maltravers, that they see so little of you at the rectory? you are a great favourite there. Have you any living that Charley Merton could hold with his own? You shake your head; and what think you of Miss Cameron, my intended?"

"You speak lightly. Perhaps you—"

"Feel deeply, you were going to say. I do. In the hand of my ward, Evelyn Cameron, I trust to obtain at once the domestic happiness to which I have as yet been a stranger, and the wealth necessary to my career."

Lord Vargrave continued, after a short pause, "Though my avocations have separated us so much, I have no doubt in her steady affection, and, I may add, in her sense of honour. She alone can repair to me what else had been injustice in my uncle." He then proceeded to repeat the moral obligations which the late lord had imposed on Evelyn; obligations that he greatly magnified. Maltravers listened attentively, and said little.

"And these obligations being fairly considered," added Vargrave, with a smile, "I think, even had I rivals, that they could scarcely, in honour, attempt to break an existing engagement."

"Not while the engagement lasted," answered Maltravers; "not till one or the other had declined to fulfil it, and, therefore, left both free; but I trust it will be an alliance in which all but affection will be forgotten; that of honour alone would be but a harsh tie."

"Assuredly," said Vargrave; and, as if satisfied with what had passed, he turned the conversation; praised Burleigh; spoke of county matters; resumed his habitual gayety, though it was somewhat subdued; and, promising to call again soon, he at last took his leave.

Maltravers pursued his solitary rambles, and his commune with himself was stern and searching.

"And so," thought he, "this prize is reserved for Vargrave. Why should I deem him unworthy of the treasure? May he not be worthier, at all events, than this soured temper and erring heart! And he is assured, too, of her affection! Why this jealous pang? Why can the fountain within never be exhausted? Why, through so many vicissitudes and sufferings, have I still retained the vain susceptibility of my youth, the haunting susceptibility to love? This is my latest folly."

BOOK THE FOURTH.

"Γυναικὸς οὐδὲ χρήμ' ἀνὴρ λήίζεται
Ἐσθλῆς ἀμεινον."

SIMONIDES.

"A virtuous woman is man's greatest pride."

CHAPTER I.

"Abroad uneasy, nor content at home.
* * * * * * *
And wisdom shows the ill without the cure."

HAMMOND'S *Elegies*.

Two or three days after the interview between Lord Vargrave and Maltravers, the solitude of Burleigh was relieved by the arrival of Mr. Cleveland. The good old gentleman, when free from attacks of the gout, which were now somewhat more frequent than formerly, was the same cheerful and intelligent person as ever. Amiable, urbane, accomplished, and benevolent, there was just enough worldliness in Cleveland's nature to make his views sensible as far as they went, but to bound their scope. Everything he said was so rational; and yet, to an imaginative person, his conversation was unsatisfactory, and his philosophy somewhat chilling.

"I cannot say how pleased and surprised I am at your care of the fine old place," said he to Maltravers, as, leaning on his cane and his *ci-devant* pupil's arm, he loitered observantly through the grounds; "I see everywhere the presence of the master."

And, certainly, the praise was deserved! the gardens were now in order; the dilapidated fences were repaired; the weeds no longer encumbered the walks; Nature was just assisted and relieved by Art, without being oppressed by too officious a service from her handmaid. In the house itself, some suitable repairs and decorations—with such articles of furniture as combined comfort with the ancient and picturesque shapes of a former fashion—had redeemed the mansion from all appearance

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of dreariness and neglect, while still was left to its quaint halls and chambers the character which belonged to their architecture and associations. It was surprising how much a little exercise of simple taste had effected.

"I am glad you approve what I have done," said Maltravers. "I know not how it was, but the desolation of the place, when I returned to it, reproached me. We contract friendship with places as with human beings, and fancy they have claims upon us; at least, that is my weakness."

"And an amiable one it is too; I share it. As for me, I look upon Temple Grove as a fond husband upon a fair wife; I am always anxious to adorn it, and as proud of its beauty as if it could understand and thank me for my partial admiration. When I leave you I intend going to Paris, for the purpose of attending a sale of the pictures and effects of Monsieur de ——. These auctions are to me what a jeweller's shop is to a lover; but then, Ernest, I am an old bachelor."

"And I, too, am an Arcadian," said Maltravers, with a smile.

"Ah, but you are not too old for repentance. Burleigh now requires nothing but a mistress."

"Perhaps it may soon receive that addition; I am yet undecided whether I shall sell it—"

"Sell it; sell Burleigh; the last memorial of your mother's ancestry; the classic retreat of the graceful Digby's; sell Burleigh!"

"I had almost resolved to do so when I came hither; then I forswore the intention; now again I sometimes sorrowfully return to the idea."

"And, in Heaven's name, why?"

"My old restlessness returns. Busy myself as I will here, I find the range of action monotonous and confined. I began too soon to draw around me the large circumference of literature and action; and the small provincial sphere seems to me a sad going back in life. Perhaps I should not feel this were my home less lonely; but, as it is—no, the wanderer's ban is on me, and I again turn towards the lands of excitement and adventure."

"I understand this, Ernest; but why is your home so solitary? You are still at the age in which wise and congenial unions are the most frequently formed; your temper is domestic; your easy fortune and sobered ambition allow you to choose without reference to worldly considerations. Look round the world, and mix with the world again, and give Burleigh the mistress it requires."

Maltravers shook his head and sighed.

"I do not say," continued Cleveland, rapt in the glowing interest of the theme, "that you should marry a mere girl; but an amiable woman, who, like yourself, has seen something of life, and knows how to reckon on its cares, and to be contented with its enjoyments."

"You have said enough," said Maltravers, impatiently; "an experienced woman of the world, whose freshness of hope and heart is gone! What a picture! No; to me there is something inexpressively beautiful in innocence and youth. But you say justly; my years are not those that would make a union with youth desirable or well suited."

"I do *not* say that," said Cleveland, taking a pinch of snuff; "but you should avoid great disparity of age; not for the sake of that disparity itself, but because with it is involved discord of temper, pursuits. A *very* young woman, new to the world, will not be contented with home alone; you are at once too gentle to curb her wishes, and a little too stern and reserved (pardon me for saying so) to be quite congenial to very early and sanguine youth."

"It is true," said Maltravers, with a tone of voice that showed he was struck with the remark; "but how have we fallen on this subject? let us change it; I have no idea of marriage; the gloomy reminiscence of Florence Lascelles chains me to the past."

"Poor Florence! she might once have suited you, but now you are older, and would require a calmer and more malleable temper."

"Peace, I implore you!"

The conversation was changed; and at noon Mr. Merton, who had heard of Cleveland's arrival, called at Burleigh to renew an old acquaintance. He invited them to pass the evening at the rectory; and Cleveland, hearing that whist was a regular amusement, accepted the invitation for his host and himself. But, when the evening came, Maltravers pleaded indisposition, and Cleveland was obliged to go alone.

When the old gentleman returned, about midnight, he found Maltravers awaiting him in the library; and Cleveland, having won fourteen points, was in a very gay, conversable humour.

"You perverse hermit!" said he; "talk of solitude indeed, with so pleasant a family a hundred yards distant! you deserve to be solitary; I have no patience with you. They complain bitterly of your desertion, and say you were at first the *enfant de la maison*."

"So you like the Mertons? the clergyman is sensible, but commonplace."

"A very agreeable man, despite your cynical definition, and plays a very fair rubber. But Vargrave is a firstrate player."

"Vargrave is there still?"

"Yes, he breakfasts with us to-morrow; he invited himself."

"Humph!"

"He played one rubber; the rest of the evening he devoted himself to the prettiest girl I ever saw —Miss Cameron. What a sweet face; so modest, yet so intelligent! I talked with her a good deal during the deals in which I cut out. I almost lost my heart to her."

"So Lord Vargrave devoted himself to Miss Cameron?"

"To be sure; you know they are to be married soon. Merton told me so. She is very rich. He is the luckiest fellow imaginable, that Vargrave! But he is much too old for her: she seems to think so too. I can't explain why I think it; but, by her pretty reserved manner, I saw that she tried to keep the gay minister at a distance, but it would not do. Now if you were ten years younger, or Miss Cameron ten years older, you might have some chance of cutting out your old friend."

"So you think I also am too old for a lover?"

"For a lover of a girl of seventeen, certainly. You seem touchy on the score of age, Ernest."

"Not I;" and Maltravers laughed.

"No! There was a young gentleman present who, I think, Vargrave might really find a dangerous rival—a Colonel Legard—one of the handsomest men I ever saw in my life; just the style to turn a romantic young lady's head; a mixture of the wild and the thoroughbred; black curls, superb eyes, and the softest manners in the world. But,

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to be sure, he has lived all his life in the best society. Not so his friend Lord Doltimore, who has a little too much of the greenroom lounge and French *café* manner for my taste."

"Doltimore — Legard — names new to me; I never met them at the rectory."

"Possibly; they are staying at Admiral Legard's, in the neighbourhood. Miss Merton made their acquaintance at Knaresdean. A good old lady—the most perfect Mrs. Grundy one would wish to meet with—who owns the monosyllabic appellation of Hare (and who, being my partner, trumped my king!) assured me that Lord Doltimore was desperately in love with Caroline Merton. By-the-way, now, there is a young lady of a proper age for you; handsome and clever, too."

"You talk of antidotes to matrimony: and so Miss Cameron—"

"Oh, no more of Miss Cameron now, or I shall sit up all night; she has half turned my head. I can't help pitying her, married to one so careless and worldly as Lord Vargrave, thrown so young into the whirl of London. Poor thing! she had better have fallen in love with Legard, which I dare say she will do, after all. Well, good-night!"

CHAPTER II.

"Passion, as frequently is seen,
Subsiding, settles into spleen;
Hence, as the plague of happy life,
I ran away from party strife."

MATTHEW GREEN.

'Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
The dark decrees and will of fate."

Ibid.

ACCORDING to his engagement, Vargrave breakfasted the next morning at Burleigh. Maltravers at first struggled to return his familiar cordiality with equal graciousness. Condemning himself for former and unfounded suspicions, he wrestled against feelings which he could not or would not analyze, but which made Lumley an unwelcome visiter, and connected him with painful associations, whether of the present or the past. But there were points on which the penetration of Maltravers served to justify his prepossessions.

The conversation, chiefly sustained by Cleveland and Vargrave, fell on public questions; and, as one was opposed to the other, Vargrave's exposition of views and motives had in them so much of the self-seeking of the professional placeman, that they might well have offended any man tinged by the lofty mania of political Quixotism. It was with a strange mixture of feelings that Maltravers listened: at one moment he proudly congratulated himself on having left a career where such opinions seemed so well to prosper; at another, his better and juster sentiments awoke the long-dormant combative faculty, and he almost longed for the turbulent but sublime arena in which truths are vindicated and mankind advanced.

The interview did not serve for that renewal of intimacy which Vargrave appeared to seek, and Maltravers rejoiced when the placeman took his departure.

Lumley, who was about to pay a morning visit to Lord Doltimore, had borrowed Mr. Merton's stanhope, as being better adapted than any statelier vehicle to get rapidly through the crossroads which led to Admiral Legard's house; and as he settled himself in the seat, with his servant by his side, he said, laughingly, "I almost fancy myself naughty Master Lumley again in this young-man-kind-of-two-wheeled-cockle-boat: not dignified, but rapid, eh?"

And Lumley's face, as he spoke, had in it so much of frank gayety, and his manner was so simple, that Maltravers could with difficulty fancy him the same man who, five minutes before, had been uttering sentiments that might have become the oldest-hearted intriguer that the hotbed of ambition ever reared.

As soon as Lumley was gone, Maltravers left Cleveland alone to write letters (Cleveland was an exemplary and voluminous correspondent), and strolled with his dogs into the village. The effect that the presence of Maltravers produced among his peasantry was one that seldom failed to refresh and sooth his more bitter and disturbed thoughts. They had gradually (for the poor are quicksighted) become sensible of his *justice*, a finer quality than many that seem more amiable. They felt that his real object was to make them better and happier; and they had learned to see that the means he adopted generally advanced the end. Besides, if sometimes stern, he was never capricious or unreasonable; and then, too, he would listen patiently and advise kindly. They were a little in awe of him, but the awe only served to make them more industrious and orderly; to stimulate the idle man, to reclaim the drunkard. He was one of the favourers of the small-allotment system; not, indeed, as a panacea, but as one excellent stimulant to exertion and independence; and his chosen rewards for good conduct were in such comforts as served to awaken, among those hitherto passive, dogged, and hopeless, a desire to better and improve their condition. Somehow or other, without direct alms, the good-wife found that the little savings in the cracked teapot or the old stocking had greatly increased since the squire's return; while her husband came home from his moderate cups at the alehouse more sober and in better temper. Having already saved something was a great reason why he should save more. The new school, too, was so much better conducted than the old one, the children actually liked going there; and now and then there were little village feasts connected with the schoolroom: play and work were joint associations.

And Maltravers looked into his cottages, and looked at the allotment-ground; and it was pleasant to him to say to himself, "I am not altogether without use in life." But as he pursued his lonely walk, and the glow of self-approval died away with the scenes that called it forth, the cloud again settled on his brow; and again he felt that, in solitude, the passions feed upon the heart. As he thus walked along the green lane, and the insect life of summer rustled audibly among the shadowy hedges, and along the thick grass that sprang up on either side, he came suddenly upon a little group that arrested all his attention.

It was a woman, clad in rags, bleeding, and seemingly insensible, supported by the overseer of the parish and a labourer.

"What is the matter?" asked Maltravers.

"A poor woman has been knocked down and run over by a gentleman in a gig, your honour," replied the overseer. "He stopped half an hour ago at my house, to tell me that she was lying on the

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mad; and he has given me two sovereigns for her, your honour. But, poor cretur! she was too heavy for me to carry her, and I was forced to leave her and call Tom to help me."

"The gentleman might have stayed to see what were the consequences of his own act," muttered Maltravers, as he examined the wound in the temple, whence the blood flowed copiously.

"He said he was in a great hurry, your honour," said the village official, overhearing Maltravers. "I think it was one of the grand folks up at the personage, for I know it was Mr. Merton's bay horse; he is a hot 'un!"

"Does the poor woman live in the neighbourhood? do you know her?" asked Maltravers, turning from the contemplation of this new instance of Vargrave's selfishness of character.

"No; the old body seems quite a stranger here; a tramper or begger, I think, sir. But it won't be a settlement if we take her in; and we can carry her to the Checkers, up the village, your honour."

"What is the nearest house—your own?"

"Yes; but we be so busy now!"

"She shall not go to your house and be neglected. And as for the public house, it is too noisy: we must move her to the Hall."

"Your honour!" ejaculated the overseer, opening his eyes.

"It is not very far; she is very severely hurt. Get a hurdle; lay a mattress on it. Make haste, both of you; I will wait here till you return."

The poor woman was carefully placed on the grass by the roadside, and Maltravers supported her head while the men hastened to obey his orders.

CHAPTER III.

"Alse from that forked hill, the boasted seat
Of studious Peace and mild Philosophy,
Indignant murmurs mote be heard to threat."
WEST.

MR. CLEVELAND wanted to enrich one of his letters with a quotation from Ariosto, which he had but imperfectly remembered. He had seen the book he wished to refer to in the little study the day before, and he left the library to search for it.

As he was tumbling over some volumes that lay piled on the writing-table, he felt a student's curiosity to discover what now constituted his host's favourite reading. He was surprised to observe that the greater portion of the works that, by the doubled leaf and the pencilled reference, seemed most frequently consulted, were not of a literary nature; they were chiefly scientific; and astronomy seemed the chosen science. He then remembered that he had heard Maltravers speaking to a builder employed on the recent repairs on the subject of an observatory. "This is very strange," thought Cleveland; "he gives up literature, the rewards of which are in his reach, and turns to science at an age too late to discipline his mind to its austere training."

Alas! Cleveland did not understand that there are times in life when imaginative minds seek to numb and to blunt imagination. Still less did he feel that, when we perversely refuse to apply our active faculties to the catholic interests of the world, they turn morbidly into channels of research the least akin to their real genius. By the collision of minds alone does each mind discover what is its proper conduct: left to ourselves, our talents become but intellectual eccentricities.

Some scattered papers, in the handwriting of Maltravers, fell from one of the volumes. Of these, a few were but algebraical calculations or short scientific suggestions, the value of which Mr. Cleveland's studies did not enable him to ascertain; but in others there were wild snatches of mournful and impassioned verse, which showed that the old vein of poetry still flowed, though no longer to the daylight. These verses Cleveland thought himself justified in glancing over; they seemed to portray a state of mind that deeply interested and greatly saddened him. They expressed, indeed, a firm determination to bear up against both the memory and the fear of ill; but mysterious and hinted allusions here and there served to denote some recent and yet-existent struggle, revealed by the heart only to the genius. In these partial and imperfect self-communings and confessions, there was the evidence of the pining affections, the wasted life, the desolate hearth of the lonely man. Yet, so calm was Maltravers himself, even to his early friend, that Cleveland knew not what to think of the reality of the feelings painted. Had that fervid and romantic spirit been again awakened by a living object? if so, where was the object found? The dates affixed to the verses were most recent. But whom had Maltravers seen? Cleveland's thoughts turned to Caroline Merton, to Evelyn; but, when he had spoken of both, nothing in the countenance, the manner of Maltravers, had betrayed emotion. And once the heart of Maltravers had so readily betrayed itself! Cleveland knew not how pride, years, and sufferings school the features and repress the outward signs of what pass within. While thus engaged the door of the study opened abruptly, and the servant announced Mr. Merton.

"A thousand pardons," said the courteous rector; "I fear we disturb you; but Admiral Legard and Lord Doltimore, who called on us this morning, were so anxious to see Burleigh, I thought I might take the liberty. We have come over quite in a large party; taken the place by storm. Mr. Maltravers is out, I hear; but you will let us see the house. My allies are already in the hall, examining the armour."

Cleveland, ever sociable and urbane, answered suitably, and went with Mr. Merton into the hall, where Caroline, her little sisters, Evelyn, Lord Doltimore, Admiral Legard, and his nephew, were assembled.

"Very proud to be my host's representative and your guide," said Cleveland. "Your visit, Lord Doltimore, is indeed an agreeable surprise. Lord Vargrave left us an hour or so since, to call on you at Admiral Legard's; we buy our pleasure with his disappointment."

"It is very unfortunate," said the admiral, a bluff, harsh-looking old gentleman; "but we were not aware, till we saw Mr. Merton, of the honour Lord Vargrave has done us. I can't think how we missed him on the road."

"My dear uncle," said Colonel Legard, in a peculiarly sweet and agreeable tone of voice, "you forget; we came three miles round by the high road; and Mr. Merton says that Lord Vargrave took the short cut by Langley End. My uncle, Mr. Cleveland, never feels in safety upon land, unless the road is as wide as the British Channel, and

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the horses go before the wind at the rapid pace of two knots and a half an hour!"

"I just wish I had you at sea, Mr. Jackanapes," said the admiral, looking grimly at his handsome nephew, while he shook his cane at him.

The nephew smiled; and, falling back, conversed with Evelyn.

The party were now shown over the house, and Lord Doltimore was loud in its praises. It was like a chateau he had once hired in Normandy; it had a French character; those old chairs were in excellent taste; quite the style of Francis the First.

"I know no man I respect more than Mr. Maltravers," quoth the admiral. "Since he has been among us this time, he has been a pattern to us country gentlemen. He would make an excellent colleague for Sir John. We really must get him to stand against that young puppy, who is member of the commons only because his father is a peer, and never votes more than twice a session."

Mr. Merton looked grave.

"I wish to Heaven you could persuade him to stay among you," said Cleveland. "He has half taken it into his head to part with Burleigh!"

"Part with Burleigh!" exclaimed Evelyn, turning abruptly from the handsome colonel in whose conversation she had hitherto seemed absorbed.

"My very ejaculation when I heard him say so, my dear young lady."

"I wish he would," said Lord Doltimore, hastily, and glancing towards Caroline. "I should much like to buy it. What do you think would be the purchase-money?"

"Don't talk so cold-bloodedly," said the admiral, letting the point of his cane fall with great emphasis on the floor. "I can't bear to see old families deserting their old places; quite wicked! You buy Burleigh! have not you got a country-seat of your own, my lord? go and live there, and take Mr. Maltravers for your model; you could not have a better."

Lord Doltimore sneered, coloured, settled his neckcloth, looked highly offended, and, turning round to Colonel Legard, whispered, "Legard, your good uncle is a bore."

Legard looked a little offended, and made no reply.

"But," said Caroline, coming to the relief of her admirer, "if Mr. Maltravers will sell the place, surely he could not have a better successor."

"He shan't sell the place, ma'am, and that's poz!" cried the admiral. "The whole county shall sign a round robin to tell him it's a shame; and if any one dares to buy it, we'll send him to Coventry.'

Miss Merton laughed, but looked round the old wainscot walls with unusual interest: she thought it would be a fine thing to be Lady of Burleigh!

"And what is that picture, so carefully covered up?" said the admiral, as they now stood in the library.

"The late Mrs. Maltravers, Ernest's mother," replied Cleveland, slowly. "He dislikes it to be shown—to strangers; the other is a Digby."

Evelyn looked towards the veiled portrait, and thought of her first interview with Maltravers; but the soft voice of Colonel Legard murmured in her ear, and her revery was broken.

Cleveland again eyed him, and muttered to himself, "Vargrave should keep a sharp look-out."

They had now finished their round of the show apartments—which, indeed, had little but their antiquity and old portraits to recommend them—and were in a lobby at the back of the house, communicating with a courtyard, two sides of which were occupied with the stables. The sight of the stables reminded Caroline of the Arab horses; and, at the word "horses," Lord Doltimore seized Legard's arm, and carried him off to inspect the animals; Caroline, her father, and the admiral followed. Mr. Cleveland happened not to have on his walking-shoes; and the flagstones in the courtyard looked damp; and Mr. Cleveland, like most old bachelors, was prudently afraid of cold; so he excused himself, and stayed behind. He was talking to Evelyn about the Digbys, and full of anecdotes about Sir Kenelm at the moment the rest departed so abruptly; and Evelyn was interested, so she insisted on keeping him company. The old gentleman was flattered; he thought it excellent breeding in Miss Cameron. The children ran out to renew acquaintance with the peacock, who, perched on an old stirrup-stone, was sunning his gay plumage in the noonday.

"It is astonishing," said Cleveland, "how certain family features are transmitted from generation to generation. Maltravers has still the forehead and eyebrows of the Digbys; that peculiar, brooding, thoughtful forehead, which you observed in the picture of Sir Kenelm. Once, too, he had much the same dreaming character of mind; but he has lost that in some measure at least. He has fine qualities, Miss Cameron; I have known him since he was born. I trust his career is not yet closed; could he but form ties that would bind him to England, I should indulge in higher expectations than I did even when the wild boy turned half the heads at Gottingen!

"But we were talking of family portraits: there is one in the entrance-hall which perhaps you have not observed; it is half obliterated by the damp and time; yet it is of a remarkable personage, connected with Maltravers by ancestral marriages—Lord Falkland, the Falkland of Clarendon. A man weak in character, but made most interesting by history. Utterly unfitted for the severe ordeal of those stormy times; sighing for peace when his whole soul should have been in war; and repentant alike, whether with the parliament or the king, but still a personage of elegant and endearing associations; a student-soldier, with a high heart and gallant spirit. Come and look at his features; homely and worn, but with a characteristic air of retirement and melancholy thought.

Thus running on, the agreeable old gentleman drew Evelyn into the outer hall. Upon arriving there through a small passage which opened upon the hall, they were surprised to find the old housekeeper and another female servant standing by a rude kind of couch, on which lay the form of the poor woman described in the last chapter. Maltravers and two other men were also there. And Maltravers himself was giving orders to his servants, while he leaned over the sufferer, who was now conscious both of pain and the service rendered to her. As Evelyn stopped abruptly and in surprise opposite and almost at the foot of the homely litter, the woman raised herself up on one arm and gazed at her with a wild stare; then muttering some incoherent words, which appeared to betoken delirium, she sunk back and was again insensible.

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CHAPTER IV.

"Hence oft to win some stubborn maid,
Still does the wanton god assume
The martial air, the gay cockade,
The sword, the shoulder-knot, and plume."
MARRIOTT.

THE hall was cleared, the sufferer had been removed, and Maltravers was left alone with Cleveland and Evelyn.

He simply and shortly narrated the adventure of the morning, but he did not mention that Vargrave had been the cause of the injury his new guest had sustained. Now this event had served to make a mutual and kindred impression on Evelyn and Maltravers. The humanity of the latter, natural and commonplace as it was, was an endearing recollection to Evelyn, precisely as it showed that his cold theory of disdain towards the mass did not affect his actual conduct towards individuals. On the other hand, Maltravers had perhaps been yet more impressed with the prompt and ingenuous sympathy which Evelyn had testified towards the sufferer. It had so evidently been her first gracious and womanly impulse to hasten to the side of this humble stranger. In that impulse Maltravers himself had been almost forgotten; and as the poor woman lay pale and lifeless, and the young Evelyn bent over her in beautiful compassion, Maltravers thought she had never seemed so lovely, so irresistible; in fact, pity in woman is a great beautifier.

As Maltravers finished his short tale, Evelyn's eyes were fixed upon him with such frank, and yet such soft approval, that the look went straight to his heart. He quickly turned away and abruptly changed the conversation.

"But how long have you been here, Miss Cameron; and your companions?"

"We are again intruders, but this time it was not my fault."

"No," said Cleveland, "for a wonder; it was male, and not ladylike curiosity that trespassed on Bluebeard's chamber. But, however, to soften your resentment, know that Miss Cameron has brought you a purchaser for Burleigh. Now, then, we can test the sincerity of your wish to part with it. I assure you, meanwhile, that Miss Cameron was as much shocked at the idea as I was. Were you not?"

"But you surely have no intention of selling Burleigh?" said Evelyn, anxiously.

"I fear I do not know my own mind."

"Well," said Cleveland, "here comes your tempter. Lord Doltimore, let me introduce Mr. Maltravers."

Lord Doltimore bowed.

"Been admiring your horses, Mr. Maltravers. I never saw anything so perfect as the black one; may I ask where you bought him?"

"It was a present to me," answered Maltravers.

"A present!"

"Yes, from one who would not have sold that horse for a king's ransom: an old Arab chief, with whom I formed a kind of friendship in the desert. A wound disabled him from riding, and he bestowed the horse on me with as much solemn tenderness for the gift as if he had given me his daughter in marriage."

"I think of travelling into the East," said Lord Doltimore, with much gravity; "I suppose nothing will induce you to sell the black horse?"

"Lord Doltimore!" said Maltravers, in a tone of lofty surprise.

"I do not care for the price," continued the young nobleman, a little disconcerted.

"No. I never sell any horse that has once learned to know me. I would as soon think of selling a friend. In the desert, one's horse is one's friend. I am almost an Arab myself in these matters."

"But talking of sale and barter reminds me of Burleigh," said Cleveland, maliciously. "Lord Doltimore is a universal buyer. He covets all your goods; he will take the house if he can't have the stables."

"I only mean," said Lord Doltimore, rather peevishly, "that, if you wish to part with Burleigh, I should like to have the option of purchase."

"I will remember it if I determine to sell the place," answered Maltravers, smiling gravely; "at present I am undecided."

He turned away towards Evelyn as he spoke, and almost started to observe that she was joined by a stranger, whose approach he had not before noticed; and that stranger a man of such remarkable personal advantages, that, had Maltravers been in Vargrave's position, he might reasonably have experienced a pang of jealous apprehension. Slightly above the common height; slender, yet strongly formed; set off by every advantage of dress, of air, of the nameless tone and pervading refinement that sometimes, though not always, springs from early and habitual intercourse with the most polished female society, Colonel Legard, at the age of eight-and-twenty, had acquired a reputation for beauty almost as popular and as well known as that which men usually acquire by mental qualifications. Yet there was nothing effeminate in his countenance the symmetrical features of which were made masculine and expressive by the rich olive of the complexion and the close jetty curls of the Antinous-like hair.

They seemed, as they there stood—Evelyn and Legard—so well suited to each other in personal advantages; their different styles so happily contrasted; and Legard, at the moment, was regarding her with such respectful admiration, and whispering compliment to her in so subdued a tone, that the dullest observer might have ventured a prophecy by no means agreeable to the hopes of Lumley Lord Vargrave.

But a feeling or fear of this nature was not that which occurred to Maltravers, or dictated his startled exclamation of surprise.

Legard looked up as he heard the exclamation, and saw Maltravers, whose back had hitherto been turned towards him. He, too, was evidently surprised, and seemingly confused; the colour mounted to his cheek, and then left it pale.

"Colonel Legard," said Cleveland, "a thousand apologies for my neglect; I really did not observe you enter; you came round by the front door, I suppose. Let me make you acquainted with Mr. Maltravers."

Legard bowed low.

"We have met before," said he, in embarrassed accents; "at Venice, I think."

Maltravers inclined his head rather stiffly at first; but then, as if moved by a second impulse, held out his hand cordially.

"Oh, Mr. Ernest, here you are!" cried Sophy bour[illegible]g into the hall, followed by Mr. Merton, the [illegible]dmiral, Caroline, and Cecilia.

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The interruption seemed welcome and opportune. The admiral, with blunt cordiality, expressed his pleasure at being made known to Mr. Maltravers.

The conversation grew general; refreshments were proffered and declined; the visit drew to its close.

It so happened that, as the guests departed, Evelyn, from whose side the constant colonel had insensibly melted away, lingered last, save, indeed, the admiral, who was discussing with Cleveland a new specific for the gout. And, as Maltravers stood on the steps, Evelyn turned to him with all her beautiful *naiveté* of mingled timidity and kindness, and said,

"And are we really never to see you again? never again to hear your tales of Egypt and Arabia? never to talk over Tasso and Dante? No books, no talk, no disputes, no quarrels? What have we done? I thought we had made it up, and yet you are still unforgiving. Give me a good scold, and be friends!"

"Friends! you have no friend more anxious, more devoted than I am. Young, rich, fascinating as you are, you will carve no impression on human hearts deeper than that you have graven here!"

Carried away by the charm of her childlike familiarity and enchanting sweetness, Maltravers had said more than he intended; yet his eyes, his emotion, said more than his words.

Evelyn coloured deeply, and her whole manner changed. However, she turned aside her countenance, and saying, with a forced gayety, "Well, then, you will not desert us; we shall see you once more?" hurried down the steps to join her companions.

CHAPTER V.

"See how the skilful lover spreads his toils."
STILLINGFLEET.

The party had not long returned to the rectory, and the admiral's carriage was ordered, when Lord Vargrave made his appearance. He descanted with gay good-humour on his long drive, the bad roads, and his disappointment at the *contre-temps* that awaited him; then, drawing aside Colonel Legard, who seemed unusually silent and abstracted, he said to him,

"My dear colonel, my visit this morning was rather to you than to Doltimore. I confess that I should like to see your abilities enlisted on the side of the government; and knowing that the post of storekeeper to the ordnance will be vacant in a day or two by the promotion of Mr. ——, I wrote to secure the refusal; to-day's post brings me the answer. I offer the place to you; and I trust, before long, to procure you also a seat in Parliament. But you must start for London immediately."

A week ago, and Legard's utmost ambition would have been amply gratified by this post; he now hesitated.

"My dear lord," said he, "I cannot say how grateful I feel for your kindness; but—but—"

"Enough: no thanks, my dear Legard. Can you go to town to-morrow?"

"Indeed," said Legard, "I fear not; I must consult my uncle."

"I can answer for him; I sounded him before I wrote; reflect! You are not rich, my dear Legard; it is an excellent opening: a seat in Parliament, too! Why, what *can* be your reason for hesitation?"

There was something meaning and inquisitive in the tone of voice in which this question was put, that brought the colour to the colonel's cheek. He knew not well what to reply; and he began, too, to think that he ought not to refuse the appointment. Nay, would his uncle, on whom he was dependant, consent to such a refusal? Lord Vargrave saw the irresolution, and proceeded. He spent ten minutes in combating every scruple, every objection; he placed all the advantages of the post, real or imaginary, in every conceivable point of view before the colonel's eyes; he sought to flatter, to wheedle, to coax, to weary him into accepting it; and he at length partially succeeded. The colonel petitioned for three days' consideration, which Vargrave reluctantly acceded to; and Legard then stepped into his uncle's carriage, with the air rather of a martyr than a maiden placeman.

"Aha!" said Vargrave, chuckling to himself as he took a turn in the grounds, "I have got rid of that handsome knave; and now I shall have Evelyn all to myself!"

CHAPTER VI.

"I am forfeited to eternal disgrace if you do not commiserate."

* * * * * * * * * *

"Go to, then; raise, recover."
BEN JONSON, *Poetaster*.

The next morning Admiral Legard and his nephew were conversing in the little cabin consecrated by the name of the admiral's "own room."

"Yes," said the veteran, "it would be moonshine and madness not to accept Vargrave's offer, though one can see through such a millstone as that with half an eye. His lordship is jealous of such a fine, handsome young fellow as you are, and very justly. But as long as he is under the same roof with Miss Cameron, you would have no opportunity to pay your court; when he goes, you can always manage to be in her neighbourhood; and then, you know, puppy that you are, her business will be very soon settled." And the admiral eyed the handsome colonel with grim fondness.

Legard sighed.

"Have you any commands at ——?" said he; "I am just going to canter over there before Doltimore is up."

"Sad lazy dog, your friend."

"I shall be back by twelve."

"What are you going to —— for?"

"Brookes, the farrier, has a little spaniel—King Charles's breed. Miss Cameron is fond of dogs. I can send it to her, with my compliments; it will be a sort of leave-taking."

"Sly rogue; ha, ha, ha! d—d sly; ha, ha!" and the admiral punched the slender waist of his nephew, and laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks.

"Good-by! sir."

"Stop, George; I forgot to ask you a question: you never told me you knew Mr. Maltravers. Why don't you cultivate his acquaintance?"

"We met at Venice accidentally. I did not

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know his name then; he left just as I arrived. As you say, I ought to cultivate his acquaintance."

"Fine character."

"Very!" said Legard, with energy, as he abruptly left the room.

George Legard was an orphan. His father, the admiral's elder brother, had been a spendthrift man of fashion, with a tolerably large unentailed estate. He married a duke's daughter without a sixpence. Estates are troublesome; Mr. Legard's was sold. On the purchase-money the happy pair lived for some years in great comfort, when Mr. Legard died of a brain fever; and his disconsolate widow found herself alone in the world, with a beautiful little curly-headed boy, and an annuity of one thousand a year, for which her settlement had been exchanged; all the rest of the fortune was gone—a discovery not made till Mr. Legard's death. Lady Louisa did not long survive the loss of her husband and her station in society; her income, of course, died with herself. Her only child was brought up in the house of his grandfather the duke till he was of age to hold the office of king's page; thence, as is customary, he was promoted to a commission in the Guards. To the munificent emoluments of his pay, the ducal family liberally added an allowance of two hundred a year, upon which income Cornet Legard contrived to get very handsomely in debt. The extraordinary beauty of his person, his connexions, and his manners, obtained him all the celebrity that fashion can bestow; but poverty is a bad thing. Luckily, at this time his uncle the admiral returned from sea, to settle for the rest of his life in England.

Hitherto the admiral had taken no notice of George. He himself had married a merchant's daughter with a fair portion, and had been blessed with two children, who monopolized all his affection. But there seemed some mortality in the Legard family; in one year after returning to England and settling in B——shire, the admiral found himself wifeless and childless. He then turned to his orphan nephew, and soon became fonder of him than he had ever been of his own children. The admiral, though in easy circumstances, was not wealthy; nevertheless, he advanced the money requisite for George's rise in the army, and doubled the allowance bestowed by the duke. His grace heard of this generosity, and discovered that he himself had a very large family growing up; that the marquis was going to be married, and required an increase of income; that he had already behaved most handsomely to his nephew; and the result of this discovery was, that the duke withdrew the two hundred a year. Legard, however, who looked on his uncle as an exhaustless mine, went on breaking hearts and making debts, till one morning he woke in the Bench. The admiral was hastily summoned to London. He arrived: paid off the duns—a kindness which seriously embarrassed him; swore, scolded, and cried; and finally insisted that Legard should give up that d—d coxcomb regiment, in which he was now captain, retire on half pay, and learn economy and a change of habits on the Continent.

The admiral, a rough but good-natured man on the whole, had two or three little peculiarities. In the first place, he piqued himself on a sort of John Bull independence; was a bit of a radical (a strange anomaly in an admiral), which was owing, perhaps, to two or three young lords having been put over his head in the earlier part of his career; and he made it a point with his nephew (of whom he was jealous) to break with those fine grand connexions who plunged him into a sea of extravagance, and then never threw him a rope to save him from drowning.

In the second place, without being stingy, the admiral had a good deal of economy in his disposition. He was not a man to allow his nephew to ruin him. He had an extraordinary oldfashioned horror of gambling—a polite habit of George's; and he declared positively that his nephew must, while a bachelor, learn to live upon seven hundred a year. Thirdly, the admiral could be a very stern, stubborn, passionate old brute; and when he coolly told George, "Harkye, you young puppy! if you get into debt again, if you exceed the very handsome allowance I make you, I shall just cut you off with a shilling," George was fully aware that his uncle was one who would rigidly keep his word.

However, it was something to be out of debt and one of the handsomest men of his age; and George Legard, whose rank in the Guards had made him a colonel in the line, left England tolerably contented with the state of affairs.

Despite the foibles of his youth, George Legard had many high and generous qualities. Society had done its best to spoil a fine and candid disposition, with abilities far above mediocrity; but society had only partially succeeded. Still, unhappily, dissipation had grown a habit with him; and all his habits were of a nature that brought a ready return. At his age it was but natural that the praise of *salons* should retain all its sweetness.

In addition to those qualities which please the softer sex, Legard was a good whist-player; superb at billiards; famous as a shot; unrivalled as a horseman; in fact, an accomplished man, "who did everything so devilish well!" These accomplishments did not stand him in much stead in Italy; and though with reluctance and remorse he took again to gambling—he really *had* nothing else to do.

In Venice there was one year established a society somewhat on the principle of the *Salon* at Paris. Some rich Venetians belonged to it; but it was chiefly for the convenience of foreigners, French, English, and Austrians. Here there was select gaming in one room, while another apartment served the purposes of a club. Many who never played belonged to this society, but still they were not the habitués.

Legard played; he won at first, then he lost, then he won again; it was a pleasant excitement. One night, after winning largely at *roulette*, he sat down to play *écarté* with a Frenchman of high rank. Legard played well at this, as at all scientific games; he thought he should make a fortune out of the Frenchman. The game excited much interest; the crowd gathered round the table; bets ran high; the vanity of Legard, as well as his interest, was implicated in the conflict. It was soon evident that the Frenchman played as well as the Englishman. The stakes, at first tolerably high, were doubled. Legard betted freely; cards went against him; he lost much, lost all he had, lost more than he had, lost several hundreds which he promised to pay the next morning. The table was broken up, the spectators separated. Among the latter had been one Englishman, introduced into the club for the first time that night. He had

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neither played nor betted, but had observed the game with a quiet and watchful interest. This Englishman lodged at the same hotel as Legard. He was at Venice only for a day; the promised sight of a file of English newspapers had drawn him to the club; the general excitement around had attracted him to the table; and, once there, the spectacle of human emotions exercised its customary charm.

On ascending the stairs that conducted to his apartment, the Englishman heard a deep groan in a room, the door of which was ajar. He paused: the sound was repeated; he gently pushed open the door, and saw Legard seated by a table, while a glass on the opposite wall reflected his working and convulsed countenance, with his hands trembling visibly as they took a brace of pistols from the case.

The Englishman recognised the loser at the club, and at once divined the act that his madness or his despair dictated. Legard twice took up one of the pistols, and twice laid it down irresolute; the third time he rose with a start, raised the weapon to his head, and the next moment it was wrenched from his grasp!

"Sit down, sir!" said the stranger, in a loud and commanding voice.

Legard, astonished and abashed, sunk once more into his seat, and stared sullenly and half unconsciously at his countryman.

"You have lost your money," said the Englishman, after calmly replacing the pistols in their case, which he locked, putting the key into his pocket, "and that is misfortune enough for one night. If you had won, and ruined your opponent, you would be excessively happy, and go to bed thinking Good Luck (which is the representative of Providence) watched over you. For my part, I think you ought to be very thankful that you are not the winner."

"Sir," said Legard, recovering from his surprise, and beginning to feel resentment, "I do not understand this intrusion in my apartments. You have saved me, it is true, from death, but life is a worse curse."

"Young man, no! Moments in life are agony, but life itself is a blessing. Life is a mystery that defies all calculation. You can never say 'To-day is wretched, therefore to-morrow must be the same!' And for the loss of a little gold, you, in the full vigour of youth, with all the future before you, will dare to rush into the chance of eternity! You, who have never, perhaps, thought what eternity is! "Yet" (added the stranger, in a soft and a melancholy voice) "you are young and beautiful, perhaps the pride and hope of others! Have you no tie, no affection, no kindred? are you lord of yourself?"

Legard was moved by the tone of the stranger as well as by the words.

"It is not the loss of money," said he, gloomily, "it is the loss of honour. To-morrow I must go forth a shunned and despised man; I, a gentleman and a soldier! They may insult me, and I have no reply!"

The Englishman seemed to muse, for his brow lowered, and he made no answer. Legard threw himself back, overcome with his own excitement, and wept like a child. The stranger, who imagined himself above the indulgence of emotion (vain man!) woke from his revery at this burst of passion. He gazed at first (I grieve to write) with a curl of the haughty lip that had in it contempt; but it passed quickly away, and the hard man remembered that he too had been young and weak, and his own errors greater, perhaps, than the one he had ventured to despise. He walked to and fro the room, still without speaking. At last he approached the gamester and took his hand.

"What is your debt?" he asked, gently.

"What matters it? More than I can pay."

"If life is a trust, so is wealth; *you* have the first in charge for others, *I* may have the last. What is the debt?"

Legard started; it was a strong struggle between shame and hope. "If I could borrow it, I could repay it hereafter; I know I could; I would not think of it otherwise."

"Very well, so be it; I will lend you the money on one condition. Solemnly promise me, on your faith as a soldier and a gentleman, that you will not, for ten years to come, even if you can grow rich and can ruin others, touch card or dicebox. Promise me that you will shun all gaming for gain, under whatever disguise, whatever appellation. I will take your word as my bond."

Legard, overjoyed, and scarcely trusting his senses, gave the promise.

"Sleep, then, to-night, in hope and assurance of the morrow," said the Englishman; "let this event be an omen to you, that, while there is a future, there is no despair. One word more; I do not want your thanks; it is easy to be generous at the expense of justice. Perhaps I have been so now. This sum, which is to save your life, which you so little value, might have blessed fifty human beings better men than either the giver or the donor. What is given to error may perhaps be a wrong to virtue. When you would ask others to support a career of blind and selfish extravagance, pause and think over the breadless lips this wasted gold would have filled! the joyless hearts it would have comforted! You talk of repaying me; if the occasion offer, do so; if not, if we never meet again, and you have it in your power, pay it for me to the poor! And now, farewell."

"Stay; give me the name of my preserver! mine is—"

"Hush! what matter names! This is a sacrifice we have both made to honour. You will sooner recover your self-esteem (and without self-esteem there is neither faith nor honour) when you think that your family, your connexions are spared all association with your own error; that I may hear them spoken of, that I may mix with them without fancying that they owe me gratitude."

"Your own name then?" said Legard, deeply penetrated with the delicate generosity of his benefactor.

"Tush!" muttered the stranger, impatiently, as he closed the door.

The next morning when he woke, Legard saw upon the table a small packet; it contained a sum that exceeded the debt named. On the envelope was writen, "Remember the bond."

The stranger had already left Venice. He had not travelled through the Italian cities under his own name, for he had just returned from the solitudes of the East, and not yet hardened to the publicity of the gossip, that in towns haunted by his countrymen, attended a well-known name; that given to Legard by the innkeeper, mutilated by Italian pronunciation, the young man had never heard

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before, and soon forgot. He paid his debts, and he scrupulously kept his word. The adventure of that night went far, indeed, to reform and ennoble the mind and habits of George Legard. Time passed, and he never met his benefactor till in the halls of Burleigh he recognised the stranger in Maltravers.

CHAPTER VII.

"Why value, then, that strength of mind they boast,
As often varying, and as often lost?"
HAWKINS BROWNE (*translated by* SOAME JENYNS.)

MALTRAVERS was lying at length, with his dogs around him, under a beech-tree that threw its arms over one of the calm still pieces of water that relieved the groves of Burleigh, when Colonel Legard spied him from the bridle-road which led through the park to the house. The colonel dismounted, threw the rein over his arm, and, at the sound of the hoofs, Maltravers turned, saw the visiter, and rose; he held out his hand to Legard, and immediately began talking of indifferent matters.

Legard was embarrassed, but his nature was not one to profit by the silence of a benefactor. "Mr. Maltravers," said he, with graceful emotion, "though you have not yet allowed me an opportunity to allude to it, do not think I am ungrateful for the service you rendered me; I know how much I am in your debt."

Maltravers looked grave, but made no reply. Legard resumed with a heightened colour.

"I cannot say how I regret that it is not yet in my power to discharge my debt; but—"

"When it is you will do so. Pray think no more of it. Are you going to the rectory?"

"No, not this morning; in fact, I leave B—— shire to-morrow. Pleasant family, the Mertons."

"And Miss Cameron—"

"Is certainly beautiful and very rich. How could she ever think of marrying Lord Vargrave; so much older; she who could have so many admirers?"

"Not, surely, while betrothed to another."

This was a refinement which Legard, though an honourable man as men go, did not quite understand.

"Oh," said he, "that was by some eccentric old relation; her father-in-law, I think. Do you think she is bound by such an engagement?"

Maltravers made no reply, but amused himself by throwing a stick into the water, and sending one of his dogs after it.

Legard looked on, and his affectionate disposition yearned to make advances which something distant in the manner of Maltravers chilled and repelled.

When Legard was gone, Maltravers followed him with his eyes. "And this is the man whom Cleveland thinks Evelyn could love. I could forgive her marrying Vargrave. Independently of the conscientious feeling that may belong to the engagement, Vargrave has wit, talent, intellect, and this man has nothing but the skin of the panther. Was I wrong to save him? No. Every human life, I suppose, has its uses. But Evelyn, I could despise her if her heart was the fool of the eye!"

These comments were most unjust to Legard; but they were just of that kind of injustice which the man of talent often commits against the man of external advantages, and which the latter still more often retaliates on the man of talent. As Maltravers thus soliloquized, he was accosted by Mr. Cleveland.

"Come, Ernest, you must not cut these unfortunate Mertons any longer. If you continue to do so, do you know what Mrs. Hare and the world will say?"

"No. What?"

"That you have been refused by Miss Merton."

"That *would* be a calumny!" said Ernest, smiling.

"Or that you are hopelessly in love with Miss Cameron."

Maltravers started; his proud heart swelled; he pulled his hat over his brows, and said, after a short pause,

"Well, Mrs. Hare and the world must not have it all their own way; and so, whenever you go to the rectory, take me with you."

CHAPTER VIII.

"The more he strove
T' advance his suit, the farther from her love."
Theodore and Honoria.—DRYDEN.

THE line of conduct which Vargrave now adopted with regard to Evelyn was craftily conceived and carefully pursued. He did not hazard a single syllable which might draw on him a rejection of his claims; but, at the same time, no lover could be more constant, more devoted in attentions. In the presence of others, there was an air of familiar intimacy, that seemed to arrogate a right, which to her he scrupulously shunned to assert. Nothing could be more respectful, nay, more timid than his language, or more calmly confident than his manner. Not having much vanity, nor any very acute self-conceit, he did not delude himself into the idea of winning Evelyn's affections; he rather sought to entangle her judgment; to weave around her web upon web, not the less dangerous for being invisible. He took the compact as a matter of course; as something not to be broken by any possible chance; her hand was to be his as a right; it was her heart that he so anxiously sought to gain! But this distinction was so delicately drawn, and insisted upon so little in any tangible form, that, whatever Evelyn's wishes for an understanding, a much more experienced woman would have been at a loss to ripen one.

Evelyn longed to confide in Caroline, to consult her. But Caroline, though still kind, had grown distant.

"I wish," said Evelyn one night, as she sat in Caroline's dressing-room, "I wish that I knew what tone to take with Lord Vargrave. I feel more and more convinced that a union between us is impossible; and yet, precisely because he does not press it, am I unable to tell him so. I wish you could undertake that task; you seem such friends with him."

"I!" said Caroline, changing countenance.

"Yes, you! Nay, do not blush, or I shall think you envy me. Could you not save us both from the pain that otherwise must come, sooner or later?"

"Lord Vargrave would not thank me for such an act of friendship. Besides, Evelyn, consider. it is scarcely possible to break off this engagement *now*."

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"*Now!* and why now?" said Evelyn, astonished.

"The world believes it so implicitly; observe, whoever sits next you rises if Lord Vargrave approaches; the neighbourhood talk of nothing else but your marriage; and your fate, Evelyn, is not pitied."

"I will leave this place; I will go back to the cottage; I cannot bear this!" said Evelyn, passionately wringing her hands.

"You do not love another, I am sure; not young Mr. Hare, with his green coat and straw-coloured whiskers; nor Sir Henry Foxglove, with a how-d'-ye-do like a view-halloo; perhaps, indeed, Colonel Legard; he is handsome. What! do you blush at his name? No; you say not Legard; who else is there?"

"You are cruel; you trifle with me!" said Evelyn, in tearful reproach; and she rose to go to her own room.

"My dear girl!" said Caroline, touched by her evident pain, "learn from me, if I may say so, that marriages are *not* made in heaven; yours will be as fortunate as earth can bestow. A love-match is usually the least happy of all. Our foolish sex demand so much in love; and love, after all, is but one blessing among many. Wealth and rank remain when love is but a heap of ashes. For my part, I have chosen my destiny and my husband."

"Your husband!"

"Yes! you see him in Lord Doltimore. I dare say we shall be as happy as any amorous Corydon and Phillis." But there was irony in Caroline's voice as she spoke, and she sighed heavily. Evelyn did not believe her serious; and the friends parted for the night.

"Mine is a strange fate!" said Caroline to herself; "I am asked by the man whom I love, and who professes to love me, to bestow myself on another, and to plead for him to a younger and fairer bride. Well, I will obey him in the first; the last is a bitterer task, and I cannot perform it earnestly. Yet Vargrave has a strange power over me; and when I look round the world, I see that he is right. In these most commonplace artifices, there is yet a wild majesty that charms and fascinates me. It is something to rule the world; and his and mine are natures formed to do so."

CHAPTER IX.

"A smoke raised with the fume of sighs."
Romeo and Juliet.

It is certain that Evelyn experienced for Maltravers sentiments that, if not love, might easily be mistaken for it. But whether it were that master-passion or merely its fanciful resemblance, love, in early youth and innocent natures, if of sudden growth, is long before it makes itself apparent. Evelyn had been prepared to feel an interest in her solitary neighbour. His mind, as developed in his works, had half formed her own. Her childish adventure with the stranger had never been forgotten. Her present knowledge of Maltravers was a union of dangerous and often opposite associations, the Ideal and the Real.

Love, in its first dim and imperfect shape, is but imagination concentrated on one object. It is a genius of the heart, resembling that of the intellect; it appeals to, it stirs up, it evokes the sentiments and sympathies that lie most latent in our nature. Its sigh is the spirit that moves over the ocean, and rouses the Anadyomene into life. Therefore is it that MIND produces affections deeper than those of external form; therefore it is that women are worshippers of glory, which is the palpable and visible representative of a genius whose operations they cannot always comprehend. Genius has so much in common with love; the imagination that animates one is so much the property of the other, that there is not a surer sign of the existence of genius than the love that it creates and bequeaths. It penetrates deeper than the reason; it binds a nobler captive than the fancy. As the sun upon the dial, it gives to the human heart both its shadow and its light. Nations are its worshippers and wooers; and posterity learns from its oracles to dream, to aspire, to adore!

Had Maltravers declared the passion that consumed him, it is probable that it would have soon kindled a return. But his frequent absence, his sustained distance of manner, had served to repress the feelings that in a young and virgin heart rarely flow with much force until they are invited and aroused. *Le besoin d'aimer* in girls is, perhaps, in itself powerful; but it is fed by another want, *le besoin d'être aimée! If*, therefore, Evelyn at present felt love for Maltravers, the love had certainly not passed into the core of life; the tree had not so far struck its roots but what it might have born transplanting. There was in her enough of the pride of sex to have recoiled from the thought of giving love to one who had not asked the treasure. Capable of attachment, more trustful, and, therefore, if less vehement, more beautiful and durable than that which had animated the brief tragedy of Florence Lascelles, she could not have been the unknown correspondent, or revealed the soul because the features wore a mask.

It must also be allowed that, in some respects, Evelyn was too young and inexperienced thoroughly to appreciate all that was most truly loveable and attractive in Maltravers. At four-and-twenty she would, perhaps, have felt no fear mingled with her respect for him; but seventeen and six-and-thirty—it is a wide interval! She never felt that there was that difference in years until she had met Legard, and then at once she comprehended it. With Legard she moved on equal terms; he was not too wise, too high for her every-day thoughts. He less excited her imagination, less attracted her reverence. But, somehow or other, that voice which proclaimed her power, those eyes which never turned from hers, went nearer to her heart. As Evelyn had once said to Caroline, "It was a great enigma!" her own feelings were a mystery to her; and she reclined by the "Golden Waterfalls" without tracing her likeness in the glass of the pool below.

Maltravers appeared again at the rectory. He joined their parties by day, and his evenings were spent with them as of old. In this I know not precisely what were his motives; perhaps he did not know them himself. It might be that his pride was roused; it might be that he could not endure the notion that Lord Vargrave should guess his secret by an absence almost otherwise unaccountable; he could not patiently bear to give Vargrave that triumph; it might be that, in the sternness of his self-esteem, he imagined he had already con-

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quered all save affectionate interest in Evelyn's fate, and trusted too vainly to his own strength; and it might be, also, that he could not resist the temptation of seeing whether Evelyn were contented with her lot, and whether Vargrave were worthy of the blessing that awaited him. Whether one of these, or all united, made him resolve to brave his danger; or whether, after all, he yielded to a weakness, or consented to what, invited by Evelyn herself, was almost a social necessity, the reader, and not the narrator, shall decide.

Legard was gone; but Doltimore remained in the neighbourhood, having hired a hunting-box not far from Sir John Merton's manors, over which he easily obtained permission to sport. When he did not dine elsewhere, there was always a place for him at the parson's hospitable table, and that place was generally next to Caroline. Mr. and Mrs. Merton had given up all hope of Mr. Maltravers for their eldest daughter; and, very strangely, this conviction came upon their minds on the first day they made the acquaintance of the young lord.

"My dear," said the rector, as he was winding up his watch preparatory to entering the connubial couch, "my dear, I do not think Mr. Maltravers is a marrying man."

"I was just going to make the same remark," said Mrs. Merton, drawing the clothes over her. "Lord Doltimore is a very fine young man; his estates unencumbered. I like him vastly, my love. He is evidently smitten with Caroline; so Lord Vargrave and Mrs. Hare said."

"Sensible, shrewd woman, Mrs. Hare. By-the-by, we'll send her a pineapple. Caroline was made to be a woman of rank!"

"Quite; so much self-possession."

"And if Mr. Maltravers would sell or let Burleigh—"

"It would be so pleasant!"

"Had you not better give Caroline a hint?"

"My love, she is so sensible, let her go her own way."

"You are right, my dear Betsy; I shall always say that no one has more common sense than you; you have brought up your children admirably!"

"Dear Charles!"

"It is coldish to-night, love," said the rector, and he put out the candle.

From that time it was not the fault of Mr. and Mrs. Merton if Lord Doltimore did not find their house the pleasantest in the county.

One evening the rectory party were assembled together in the cheerful drawing-room. Cleveland, Mr. Merton, Sir John, and Lord Vargrave reluctantly compelled to make up the fourth, were at the whist-table; Evelyn, Caroline, and Lord Doltimore were seated round the fire, and Mrs. Merton was working a footstool. The fire burned clear, the curtains were down, the children in bed: it was a family picture of elegant comfort.

Mr. Maltravers was announced.

"I am glad you are come at last," said Caroline, holding out her fair hand. "Mr. Cleveland could not answer for you. We are all disputing as to which mode of life is the happiest."

"And your opinion?" asked Maltravers, seating himself in the vacant chair; it chanced to be next to Evelyn's.

"My opinion is decidedly in favour of London. A metropolitan life, with its perpetual and graceful excitements; the best music, the best companions, the best things, in short. Provincial life is so dull, its pleasures so tiresome; to talk over the last year's news, and wear out one's last year's dresses; cultivate a conservatory, and play Pope Joan with a young party. Dreadful!"

"I agree with Miss Merton," said Lord Doltimore, solemnly; "not but what I like the country for three or four months in the year, with good shooting and hunting, and a large house properly filled, independent of one's own neighbourhood; but if I am condemned to choose one place to live in, give me Paris."

"Ah! Paris: I never was in Paris. I should so like to travel!" said Caroline.

"But the inns abroad are so very bad," said Lord Doltimore; "how people can rave so about Italy, I can't think. I never suffered so much in my life as I did in Calabria; and at Venice I was bitten to death by moschetoes. Nothing like Paris, I assure you; don't you think so, Mr. Maltravers?"

"Perhaps I shall be able to answer you better in a short time. I think of accompanying Mr. Cleveland to Paris!"

"Indeed!" said Caroline. "Well, I envy you; but it is a sudden resolution!"

"Not very."

"Do you stay long?" asked Lord Doltimore.

"My stay is uncertain."

"And you won't let Burleigh in the mean while?"

"*Let* Burleigh? No; if it once pass from my hands it will be for ever!"

Maltravers spoke gravely, and the subject was changed. Lord Doltimore challenged Caroline to chess.

They sat down, and Lord Doltimore arranged the pieces.

"Sensible man, Mr. Maltravers," said the young lord; "but I don't hit it off with him; Vargrave is more agreeable. Don't you think so?"

"Y—e—s."

"Lord Vargrave is very kind to me; I never remember any one being more so; got Legard that appointment solely because it would please *me*; very friendly fellow! I mean to put myself under his wing next session!"

"You could not do better, I'm sure," said Caroline; "he is so much looked up to; I dare say he will be prime minister one of these days."

"I take the bishop: do you think so really? you are rather a politician!"

"Oh no; not much of that. But my father and my uncle are stanch politicians; gentlemen know so much more than ladies. We should always go by their opinions; I think I will take the queen's pawn; your politics are the same as Lord Vargrave's!"

"Yes, I fancy so; at least, I shall leave my proxy with him; glad you don't like politics; great bore."

"Why, so young, so connected as you are—" Caroline stopped short and made a wrong move.

"I wish we were going to Paris together, *we* should enjoy it so;" and Lord Doltimore's knight checked the tower and queen.

Caroline coughed, and stretched her hand quickly to move.

"Pardon me, you will lose the game if you do so!" and Doltimore placed his hand on hers; their eyes met; Caroline turned away, and Lord Doltimore settled his right collar.

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"And is it true? are you really going to leave us?" said Evelyn; and she felt very sad. But still the sadness might not be that of love; she had felt sad after Legard had gone.

"I do not think I shall stay long away," said Maltravers, trying to speak indifferently. "Burleigh has become more dear to me than it was in earlier youth; perhaps because I have made myself duties there, and in other places I am but an isolated and useless unit in the great mass."

"You! everywhere you must have occupations and resources; everywhere you must find yourself not alone. But you will not go yet?"

"Not yet: no." (Evelyn's spirits rose.) "Have you read the book I sent you?" (It was one of De Staël's.)

"Yes; but it disappoints me."

"And why? it is eloquent."

"But is it true? is there so much melancholy in life? are the affections so full of bitterness? For me, I am so happy when with those I love! When I am with my mother, the air seems more fragrant, the skies more blue; it is surely not affection, but the absence of it, that makes us melancholy."

"Perhaps so; but if we had never known affection, we might not miss it; and the brilliant Frenchwoman speaks from memory, while you speak from Hope; Memory, which is the ghost of joy; yet surely, even in the indulgence of affection, there is at times a certain melancholy, a certain fear. Have you never felt it, even with—with your mother?"

"Ah, yes! when she suffered, or when I have thought she loved me less than I desired."

"That must have been an idle and vain thought. Your mother! does she resemble you?"

"I wish I could think so. Oh, if you knew her. have longed so often that you were acquainted with each other! It was she who taught me to sing your songs."

"My dear Mrs. Hare, we may as well throw up our cards," said the keen clear voice of Lord Vargrave; "you have played most admirably, and I know that your last card will be the ace of trumps; still the luck is against us."

"No, no, pray play it out, my lord."

"Quite useless, ma'am," said Sir John, showing two honours. "We have only the trick to make."

"Quite useless," echoed Lumley, tossing down his sovereigns, and rising with a careless yawn.

"How d'ye do, Maltravers?"

Maltravers rose; and Vargrave turned to Evelyn, and addressed her in a whisper. The proud Maltravers walked away, and suppressed a sigh; a moment more, and he saw Lord Vargrave occupying the chair he had left vacant. He laid his hand on Cleveland's shoulder.

"The carriage is waiting; are you ready?"

CHAPTER X.

"Obscuris vera involvens."

VIRGIL.

A DAY or two after the date of the last chapter, Evelyn and Caroline were riding out with Lord Vargrave and Mr. Merton, and on returning home they passed through the village of Burleigh.

"Maltravers, I suppose, has an eye to the county one of these days," said Lord Vargrave, who honestly fancied that a man's eyes were always directed towards something for his own interest or advancement, "otherwise he could not surely take all this trouble about workhouses and paupers. Who could ever have imagined my romantic friend would sink into a country squire?"

"It is astonishing what talent and energy he throws into everything he attempts," said the parson. "One could not, indeed, have supposed that a man of genius could make a man of business."

"Flattering to your humble servant, whom all the world allow to be the last, and deny to be the first. But your remark shows what a sad possession genius is; like the rest of the world, you fancy immediately that it cannot be of the least possible use. If a man is called a genius, it means that he is to be thrust out of all the good things in this life. He is not fit for anything but a garret! Put a *genius* into office! make a *genius* a bishop! or a lord chancellor! the world would be turned topsy-turvy! You see that you are quite astonished, that a genius can be even a county magistrate, and know the difference between a spade and a poker! In fact, a genius is supposed to be the most ignorant, impracticable, good-for-nothing, do-nothing sort of thing that ever walked upon two legs. Well, when I began life, I took excellent care that nobody should take *me* for a genius; and it is only within the last year or two that I have ventured to emerge a little out of my shell. I have not been the better for it; I was getting on faster while I was merely a plodder. The world is so fond of that droll fable, the hare and the tortoise; it really believes that, because (I suppose the fable to be true) a tortoise *once* beat a hare, that all tortoises are much better runners than hares possibly can be. Mediocre men have the monopoly of the loaves and fishes; and even when talent does rise in life, it is a talent that only differs from mediocrity by being more energetic and bustling."

"You are bitter, Lord Vargrave," said Caroline, laughing; "yet surely you have no reason to complain of the non-appreciation of talent."

"Humph! if I had had a grain more talent I should have been crushed by it. There is a subtle allegory in the story of the lean poet, who put *lead* in his pockets to prevent being blown away! *Mais à nos moutons*, to return to Maltravers; let us suppose that he was merely clever; had not had a particle of what is called genius; been merely a hard-working able gentleman, of good character and fortune, he might be half way up the hill by this time; whereas now, what is he? Less before the public than he was at twenty-eight; a discontented anchorite, a meditative idler."

"No, not that," said Evelyn, warmly, and then checked herself.

Lord Vargrave looked at her sharply; but his knowledge of life told him that Legard was a much more dangerous rival than Maltravers. Now and then, it is true, a suspicion to the contrary crossed him; but it did not take root and become a serious apprehension. Still he did not quite like the tone of voice in which Evelyn had put in her abrupt negative, and said, with a slight sneer,

"If not that, what is he?"

"One who purchased, by the noblest exertions, the right to be idle," said Evelyn, with spirit, "and whom genius itself will not suffer to be idle long."

"Besides," said Mr. Merton, "he has won a

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high reputation, which he cannot lose merely by not seeking to increase it."

"Reputation! Oh yes; we give men like that, men of genius, a large property in the clouds, in order to justify ourselves in pushing them out of our way below. But if they are contented with fame, why they deserve their fate. Hang fame; give me power."

"And is there no power in genius?" said Evelyn, with deepening fervour; "no power over the mind, and the heart, and the thought; no power over its own time; over posterity; over nations yet uncivilized, races yet unborn?"

This burst, from one so simple and young as Evelyn, seemed to Vargrave so surprising, that he stared on her without saying a word.

"You will laugh at my championship," she added, with a blush and a smile; "but you provoked the encounter."

"And you have won the battle," said Vargrave, with prompt gallantry. "My charming ward, every day develops in you some new gift of nature!"

Caroline, with a movement of impatience, put her horse into a canter.

Just at this time, from a cross-road, emerged a horseman; it was Maltravers. The party halted; salutations were exchanged.

"I suppose you have been enjoying the sweet business of squiredom," said Vargrave, gayly. "Atticus and his farm; classical associations! Charming weather for the agriculturist, eh! what news about corn and barley! I suppose our English habit of talking on the weather arose when we were all a squirarchal, farming, George-the-Third kind of people! Weather is really a serious matter to gentlemen who are interested in beans and vetches, wheat and hay. You hang your happiness upon the changes of the moon!"

"As you upon the smiles of a minister. The weather of a court is more capricious than that of the skies; at least, we are better husbandmen than you, who sow the wind and reap the whirlwind."

"Well retorted: and really, when I look round, I am half inclined to envy you; were I not Vargrave, I would be Maltravers."

It was, indeed, a scene that seemed quiet and serene with the English union of the feudal and the pastoral life; the village green, with its trim scattered cottages; the fields and pastures that spread beyond; the turf of the park behind, broken by the shadows of the unequal grounds, with its mounds, and hollows, and venerable groves, from which rose the turrets of the old hall, its mullion windows gleaming in the western sun; a scene that preached tranquillity and content, and might have been equally grateful to humble philosophy and hereditary pride.

"I never saw any place so peculiar in its character as Burleigh," said the rector; "the old seats left to us in England are chiefly those of our great nobles. It is so rare to see one, that does not aspire beyond the residence of a private gentleman, preserve all the relics of the Tudor age."

"I think," said Vargrave, turning to Evelyn, "that as, by my uncle's will, your fortune is to be laid out in the purchase of land, we could not find a better investment than Burleigh. So, whenever you are inclined to sell, Maltravers, I think we must outbid Doltimore. What say you, my fair ward?"

"Leave Burleigh in peace, I beseech you!" said Maltravers, angrily.

"That is said like a Digby," returned Vargrave. "*Allons!* will you not come home with us!"

"I thank you; not to-day."

"We meet at Lord Raby's next Thursday. It is a ball given almost wholly in honour of your return to Burleigh; we are all going; it is my young cousin's *début* at Knaresdean. We have all an interest in her conquests."

Now, as Maltravers looked up to answer, he caught Evelyn's glance, and his voice faltered.

"Yes," he said, "we shall meet once again; adieu!" he wheeled round his horse, and they separated.

"I can bear this no more," said Maltravers to himself; "I overrated my strength. To see her thus day after day, and to know her another's; to writhe beneath his calm, unconscious assertion of his rights. Happy Vargrave! and yet, ah! will *she* be happy? Oh! could I think so!"

Thus soliloquizing, he suffered the rein to fall on the neck of his horse, which paced slowly home through the village, till it stopped, as if in the mechanism of custom, at the door of a cottage a stone's-throw from the lodge. At this door, indeed, for several successive days had Maltravers stopped regularly; it was now tenanted by the poor woman, his introduction to whom has been before narrated. She had recovered from the immediate effects of the injury she had sustained; but her constitution, greatly broken by previous suffering and exhaustion, had received a mortal shock. She was hurt inwardly; and the surgeon informed Maltravers that she had not many months to live. He had placed her under the roof of on of his favourite cottagers, where she received all the assistance and alleviation that careful nursing and medical advice could give her.

This poor woman, whose name was Sarah Elton, interested Maltravers much; she had known better days: there was a certain propriety in her expressions which denoted an education superior to her circumstances; and, what touched Maltravers most, she seemed far more to feel her husband's death than her own sufferings; which, somehow or other, is not common with widows the other side of forty! We say that youth easily consoles itself for the robberies of the grave; middle age is a still better self-comforter. When Mrs. Elton found herself installed in the cottage, she looked round and burst into tears.

"And William is not here!" she said. "Friends, friends! if we had had but one such friend before he died!"

Maltravers was pleased that her first thought was rather that of sorrow for the dead than of gratitude for the living. Yet Mrs. Elton was grateful; simply, honestly, deeply grateful; her manner, her voice betokened it. And she seemed so glad when her benefactor called to speak kindly, and inquire cordially, that Maltravers did so constantly: at first from a compassionate, and at last from a selfish motive; for who is not pleased to give pleasure? And Maltravers had so few things in the world to care for him, that perhaps he was flattered by the grateful respect of this humble stranger.

When his horse stopped, the cottager's daughter opened the door and courtesied; it was an invitation to enter; and he threw his rein over the paling and walked into the cottage.

Mrs. Elton, who had been seated by the open

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casement, rose to receive him. But Maltravers made her sit down, and soon put her at ease. The woman and her daughter who occupied the cottage retired into the garden; and Mrs. Elton, watching them withdraw, then exclaimed abruptly,

"Oh, sir! I have so longed to see you this morning. I so long to make bold to ask you whether, indeed, I dreamed it; or did I, when you first took me to your house, did I see—" She stopped abruptly; and though she strove to suppress her emotion, it was too strong for her efforts; she sunk back on her chair, pale as death, and almost gasped for breath.

Maltravers waited in surprise for her recovery.

"I beg pardon, sir; I was thinking of days long past; and—but I wished to ask whether, when I lay in your hall almost insensible, any one besides yourself and your servants were present? or was it," added the woman, with a shudder, "was it the dead?"

"I remember," said Maltravers, much struck and interested in her question and manner, "that a lady was present."

"It is so, it is so!" cried the woman, half rising and clasping her hands. "And she passed by this cottage a little time ago; her veil was thrown aside as she turned that fair young face towards the cottage. Her name, sir; oh! what is her name? It was the same, the same face that shone across me in the hour of pain! I did not dream! I was not mad!"

"Compose yourself; you could never, I think, have seen that lady before: her name is Cameron."

"Cameron—Caméron!" the woman shook her head mournfully; "no; that name is strange to me; and her mother, sir; she is dead?"

"No; her mother lives."

A shade came over the face of the sufferer; and she said, after a pause,

"My eyes deceived me then, sir; and, indeed, I feel that my head is touched, and I wander sometimes. But the likeness was so great; yet that young lady is even lovelier!"

"Likenesses are very deceitful and very capricious, and depend more on fancy than reality. One person discovers a likeness between faces most dissimilar, a likeness invisible to others. But who does Miss Cameron resemble?"

"One now dead, sir; dead many years ago. But it is a long story, and one that lies heavy on my conscience. Some day or other, if you will give me leave, sir, I will unburden myself to you."

"If I can assist you in any way, command me. Meanwhile, have you no friends, no relations, no children, whom you would wish to see?"

"Children! no, sir; I never had but one child of *my own*" (she laid an emphasis on the last words), "and that died in a foreign land!"

"And no other relatives?"

"None, sir. My history is very short and simple. I was well brought up, an only child. My father was a small farmer; he died when I was sixteen, and I went into service with a kind old lady and her daughter, who treated me more as a companion than a servant. I was a vain, giddy girl then, sir. A young man, the son of a neighbouring farmer, courted me, and I was much attached to him; but neither of us had money, and his parents would not give their consent to our marrying. I was silly enough to think that, if William loved me, he should have braved all; and his prudence mortified me, so I married another whom I did not love. I was rightly punished, for he ill-used me, and took to drinking; I returned to my old service to escape from him, for I was with child, and my life was in danger from his violence. He died suddenly and in debt. And then, afterward, a gentleman, a rich gentleman, to whom I rendered a service (do not misunderstand me, sir, if I say the service was one of which I repent), gave me money, and made me rich enough to marry my first lover, and William and I went to America. We lived many years in New-York upon our little fortune comfortably; and I was a long while happy, for I had always loved William dearly. My first affliction was the death of my child by my first husband; but I was soon roused from my grief. William schemed and speculated, as everybody else does in America, and so we lost all; and William was weakly, and could not work. At length he got the place of steward on board a vessel from New-York to Liverpool, and I was taken to assist in the cabin. We wanted to come to London; I thought my old benefactor might do something for us, though he had never answered the letters I had sent him. But poor William fell ill on board and died in sight of land."

Mrs. Elton wept bitterly, but with the subdued grief of one to whom tears have been familiar; and when she recovered she soon brought her humble tale to an end. She herself, incapacitated from all work by sorrow and a breaking constitution, was left in the streets of Liverpool without other means of subsistence than the charitable contributions of the passengers and sailors on board the vessel. With this sum she had gone to London, where she found that her old patron had been long since dead, and she had no claims on his family. She had, on leaving England, left one relation settled in a town in the north; thither she now repaired, to find her last hope wrecked; the relation also was dead and gone. Her money was now spent, and she had begged her way along the road or through the lanes, she scarce knew whither, till the accident which, in shortening her life, had raised up a friend for its close.

"And such, sir," said she in conclusion, "such has been the story of my life, except one part of it, which, if I get stronger, I can tell better; but you will excuse that now."

"And you are comfortable and contented, my poor friend? These people are kind to you?"

"Oh, so kind! and every night we all pray for you, sir; you ought to be happy if the blessings of the poor can avail the rich."

Maltravers remounted his horse and sought his home, and his heart was lighter than before he entered that cottage. But at evening Cleveland talked of Vargrave and Evelyn; and the good fortune of one and the charms of the other; and the wound, so well concealed, bled afresh.

"I heard from De Montaigne the other day," said Ernest, just as they were retiring for the night, "and his letter decides my movements. If you will accept me, then, as a travelling companion, I will go with you to Paris. Have you made up your mind to leave Burleigh on Saturday?"

"Yes; that gives us a day to recover from Lord Raby's ball. I am so delighted with your offer! we need only stay a day or so in town. The excursion will do you good; your spirits, my dear Ernest, seem more dejected than when you first

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returned to England; you live too much alone here; you will enjoy Burleigh more on your return. And perhaps then you will open the old house a little more to the neighbourhood and to your friends. They expect it; you are looked to for the county."

"I have done with politics, and sicken but for peace."

"Pick up a wife in Paris, and you will then know that peace is an impossible possession," said the old bachelor, laughing.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

"Νήπιοι· οὐδ' ἴσασιν ὅσῳ πλέον ἥμισυ παντὸς."
HES. Op. et Die

"Fools blind to truth, nor know their erring soul
How much the half is better than the whole."

CHAPTER I.

"Do, as the Heavens have done; forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself."
The Winter's Tale.

"The sweetest companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of."
Ibid.

THE curate of Brook Green was sitting outside his door. The vicarage which he inhabited was a straggling, irregular, picturesque building; humble enough to suit the means of the curate, yet large enough to accommodate the vicar. It had been built in an age when the *indigentes et pauperes*, for whom universities were founded, supplied, more than they do now, the fountains of the Christian ministry; when pastor and flock were more on an equality.

From under a rude and arched porch, with an oaken settle on either side for the poor visiter, the door opened at once upon the oldfashioned parlour; a homely but pleasant room, with one wide but low cottage casement, beneath which stood the dark shining table that supported the large Bible in its green baize cover; the Concordance, and the last Sunday's sermon, in its ebon case. There by the fireplace stood the bachelor's round elbow-chair, with a needlework cushion at the back; a walnut-tree bureau; another table or two; half a dozen plain chairs constituted the rest of the furniture, saving some two or three hundred volumes, ranged in neat shelves on the wainscoted walls. There was another room, to which you ascended by two steps, communicating with this parlour, smaller, but finer, and inhabited only on festive days, when Lady Vargrave or some other quiet neighbour came to drink tea with the good curate.

An old housekeeper and her grandson—a young fellow of about two-and-twenty, who tended the garden, milked the cow, and did, in fact, what he was wanted to do—composed the establishment of the humble minister.

We have digressed from Mr. Aubrey himself.

The curate was seated, then, one fine summer morning, on a bench at the left of his porch, screened from the sun by the cool boughs of a chestnut-tree, the shadow of which half covered the little lawn that separated the precincts of the house from those of silent Death and everlasting Hope; above the irregular and mossgrown palings rose the village church; and, through openings in the trees beyond the burial-ground, partially gleamed the white walls of Lady Vargrave's cottage, and were seen at a distance the sails on the

"Mighty waters rolling evermore."

The old man was calmly enjoying the beauty of the morning, the freshness of the air, the warmth of the dancing beam, and not least, perhaps, his own peaceful thoughts; the spontaneous children of a contemplative spirit and a quiet conscience. His was the age when we most sensitively enjoy the mere sense of existence; when the face of Nature, and a passive conviction of the benevolence of our Great Father, suffice to create a serene and ineffable happiness, which rarely visits us till we have done with the passions; till memories, if more alive than heretofore, are yet mellowed in the hues of time, and Faith softens into harmony all their asperities and harshness; till nothing within us remains to cast a shadow over the things without; and on the verge of life, the angels are nearer to us than of yore. There is an old age which has more youth of heart than youth itself!

As the old man thus sat, the little gate through which, on Sabbath days, he was wont to pass from the humble mansion to the house of God, noiselessly opened, and Lady Vargrave appeared.

The curate rose when he perceived her, and the lady's fair features were lighted up with a gentle pleasure as she pressed his hand and returned his salutation.

There was a peculiarity in Lady Vargrave's countenance which I have rarely seen in others. Her smile, which was singularly expressive, came less from the lip than from the eyes; it was almost as if the brow smiled; it was as the sudden and momentary vanishing of a light but melancholy cloud that usually rested upon the features, placid as they were.

They sat down on the rustic bench, and the sea-breeze wantoned among the quivering leaves of the chestnut-tree that overhung their seat.

"I have come, as usual, to consult my kind friend," said Lady Vargrave; "and, as usual also, it is about our absent Evelyn."

"Have you heard again from her this morning?"

"Yes; and her letter increases the anxiety which your observation, so much deeper than mine, first awakened."

"Does she, then, write much of Lord Vargrave?"

"Not a great deal; but the little she does say

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betrays how much she shrinks from the union my poor husband desired; more, indeed, than ever! But this is not all, nor the worst; for you know that the late lord had provided against that probability (he loved her so tenderly, his ambition for her only came from his affection); and the letter he left behind him pardons and releases her if she revolts from the choice he himself preferred."

"Lord Vargrave is perhaps a generous, he certainly seems a candid man, and he must be sensible that his uncle has already done all that justice required."

"I think so. But this, as I said, is not all; I have brought the letter to show you. It seems to me as you apprehended. This Mr. Maltravers has wound himself about her thoughts more than she herself imagines; you see how she dwells on all that concerns him, and how, after checking herself, she returns again and again to the same subject."

The curate put on his spectacles and took the letter. It was a strange thing, that old grayhaired minister evincing such grave interest in the secrets of that young heart! But they who would take charge of the soul must never be too wise to regard the heart!

Lady Vargrave looked over his shoulder as he bent down to read, and at times placed her fingers on such passages as she wished him to note. The old curate nodded as she did so, but neither spoke till the letter was concluded.

The curate then folded up the epistle, took off his spectacles, hemmed, and looked grave.

"Well," said Lady Vargrave, anxiously, "well?"

"My dear friend, the letter requires consideration. In the first place, it is clear to me that, in spite of Lord Vargrave's presence at the rectory, his lordship so manages matters that the poor child is unable of herself to bring that matter to a conclusion. And, indeed, to a mind so sensitively delicate and honourable, it is no easy task."

"Shall I write to Lord Vargrave?"

"Let us think of it. In the mean while, this Mr. Maltravers—"

"Ah, this Mr. Maltravers!"

"The child shows us more of her heart than she thinks of; and yet I myself am puzzled. If you observe, she has only once or twice spoken of the Colonel Legard whom she has made acquaintance with, while she treats at length of Mr. Maltravers, and confesses the effect he has produced on her mind. Yet do you know I more dread the caution respecting the first than all the candour that betrays the influence of the last? There is a great difference between first fancy and first love."

"Is there?" said the lady, abstractedly.

"Again: neither of us is acquainted with this singular man—I mean Maltravers; his character, temper, and principles, of all of which Evelyn is too young, too guileless to judge for herself. One thing, however, in her letter speaks in his favour."

"What is that?"

"He absents himself from her. This, if he has discovered her secret, or if he himself is sensible of too great a charm in her presence, would be the natural course that an honourable and a strong mind would pursue."

"What! if he love her!"

"Yes, while he believes her hand is engaged to another."

"True! What shall be done if Evelyn should love, and love in vain! Ah, it is the misery of a whole existence!"

"Perhaps she had better return to us," said Mr. Aubrey; "and yet, if already it be too late, and her affections are engaged, we should still remain in ignorance respecting the motives and mind of the object of her attachment. And he, too, might not know the true nature of the obstacle connected with Lord Vargrave's claims."

"Shall I, then, go to her? You know how I shrink from strangers; how I fear curiosity, doubts, and questions; how" (and Lady Vargrave's voice faltered), "how unfitted I am for—for—" she stopped short, and a faint blush overspread her cheeks.

The curate understood her, and was moved.

"Dear friend," said he, "will you intrust this charge to myself? You know how Evelyn is endeared to me by certain recollections! Perhaps, better than you, I may be enabled silently to examine if this man be worthy of her, and one who could secure her happiness; perhaps, better than you, I may ascertain the exact nature of her feelings towards him; perhaps, too, better than you, I may effect an understanding with Lord Vargrave."

"You are always my kindest friend," said the lady, with emotion; "how much I already owe you! what hopes beyond the grave! what—"

"Hush!" interrupted the curate, gently; "your own good heart and pure intentions have worked out your own atonement, may I hope also your own content. Let us return to our Evelyn; poor child! how unlike this despondent letter to her gay light spirits when with us! We acted for the best, yet perhaps we did wrong to yield her up to strangers. And this Maltravers! with her enthusiasm and quick susceptibilities to genius, she was half prepared to imagine him all she depicts him to be. He must have a spell in his works that I have not discovered; for at times it seems to operate even on you."

"Because," said Lady Vargrave, "they remind me of *his* conversation, *his* habits of thought. If like *him* in other things, Evelyn may indeed be happy!"

"And if," said the curate, curiously, "if, now that you are free, you were ever to meet with *him* again, and his memory had been as faithful as yours, and if he offered the sole atonement in his power for all that his early error cost you; if such a chance should happen in the vicissitudes of life, you would—"

The curate stopped short, for he was struck by the exceeding paleness of his friend's cheek and the tremour of her delicate frame.

"If that were to happen," said she, in a very low voice; "if we were to meet again; and if he were, as you and Mrs. Leslie seem to think, poor, and, like myself, humbly born; if my fortune could assist him; if my love could still, changed, altered as I am—ah! do not talk of it; I cannot bear the thought of happiness! And yet, if before I die I *could* but see him again!" She clasped her hands fervently as she spoke, and the blush that overspread her face threw over it so much of bloom and freshness, that even Evelyn at that moment would scarcely have seemed more young. "Enough," she added, after a little while, as the glow died away. "It is but a foolish hope; all earthly love is buried; and my heart is there!" She pointed to the heavens, and both were silent.

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CHAPTER II.

"Quibus otio vel magnificè, vel molliter vivere copia erat, incerta pro certis malebant."—SALLUST.

LORD RABY, one of the wealthiest and most splendid noblemen in England, was prouder, perhaps, of his provincial distinctions than the eminence of his rank or the fashion of his wife. The magnificent chateaux, the immense estates of our English peers, tend to preserve to us, in spite of the freedom, bustle, and commercial grandeur of our people, more of the Norman attributes of aristocracy than can be found in other countries. In his county, the great noble is a petty prince; his house is a court; his possessions and munificence are a boast to every proprietor in his district. They are as fond of talking of *the* earl's or *the* duke's movements and entertainments, as Dangeau was of the gossip of the Tuileries and Versailles.

Lord Raby, while affecting, as lieutenant of the county, to make no political distinctions between squire and squire—hospitable and affable to all—still, by that very absence of exclusiveness, gave a tone to the politics of the whole county, and converted many who had once thought differently on the respective virtues of whigs and tories. A great man never loses so much as when he exhibits intolerance or parades the rights of persecution.

"My tenants shall vote exactly as they please," said Lord Raby; and he was never known to have a tenant vote against his wishes! Keeping a vigilant eye on all the interests, and conciliating all the proprietors in the county, he not only never lost a friend, but he kept together a body of partisans that constantly added to its numbers.

Sir John Merton's colleague, a young Lord Nelthorpe, who could not speak three sentences if you took away his hat; and who, constant at Almack's, was not only inaudible, but invisible in Parliament, had no chance of being re-elected. Lord Nelthorpe's father, the Earl of Mainwaring, was a new peer; and, next to Lord Raby, the richest nobleman in the county. Now, though they were much of the same politics, Lord Raby hated Lord Mainwaring. They were too near each other; they clashed; they had the jealousy of rival princes!

Lord Raby was delighted at the notion of getting rid of Lord Nelthorpe; it would be so sensible a blow to the Mainwaring interest. The party had been looking out for a new candidate, and Maltravers had been much talked of. It is true that, when in Parliament some years before, the politics of Maltravers had differed from those of Lord Raby and his set. But Maltravers had of late taken no share in politics; had uttered no political opinions; was intimate with the electioneering Mertons; was supposed to be a discontented man—and politicians believe in no discontent that is not political. Whispers were afloat that Maltravers had grown wise and changed his views: some remarks of his, more theoretical than practical, were quoted in favour of this notion. Parties, too, had much changed since Maltravers had appeared on the busy scene; new questions had arisen, and the old ones had died off.

Lord Raby and his party thought that, if Maltravers could be secured to them, no one would better suit their purpose. Political faction loves converts better even than consistent adherents. A man's rise in life generally dates from a well-timed *rat*. His high reputation; his provincial rank as the representative of the oldest commoner's family in the county; his age, which combined the energy of one period with the experience of another, all united to accord him a preference over richer men. Lord Raby had been pointedly courteous and flattering to the master of Burleigh; and he now contrived it so that the brilliant entertainment he was about to give might appear in compliment to a distinguished neighbour, returned to fix his residence on his patrimonial property, while, in reality, it might serve an electioneering purpose; serve to introduce Maltravers to the county, as if under his lordship's own wing, and minister to political uses that went beyond the mere representation of the county.

Lord Vargrave had, during his stay at Merton rectory, paid several visits to Knaresdean, and held many private converstions with the marquis; the result of these conversations was a close union of schemes and interests between the two noblemen. Dissatisfied with the political conduct of government, Lord Raby was also dissatisfied, that, from various party reasons, a nobleman beneath himself in rank, and, as he thought, in influence, had obtained a preference in a recent vacancy among the Knights of the Garter. And if Vargrave had a talent in the world, it was in discovering the weak points of men whom he sought to gain, and making the vanities of others conduce to his own ambition.

The festivities of Knaresdean gave occasion to Lord Raby to unite at his house the more prominent of those who thought and acted in concert with Lord Vargrave; and in this secret senate the operations for the following session were to be seriously discussed and gravely determined.

On the day which was to be concluded with the ball at Knaresdean, Lord Vargrave went before the rest of the Merton party, for he was engaged to dine with the marquis.

On arriving at Knaresdean, Lumley found Lord Saxingham and some other politicians, who had arrived the preceding day, closeted with Lord Raby; and Vargrave, who shone to yet greater advantage in the diplomacy of party management than in the arena of Parliament, brought penetration, energy, and decision to timid and fluctuating councils. Lord Vargrave lingered in the room after the first bell had summoned the other guests to depart.

"My dear lord," said he then, "though no one would be more glad than myself to secure Maltravers to our side, I very much doubt whether you will succeed in doing so. On the one hand, he appears altogether disgusted with politics and Parliament; and on the other hand I fancy that reports of his change of opinion are, if not wholly unfounded, very unduly coloured. Moreover, to do him justice, I think that he is not one to be blinded and flattered into the pale of a party; and your bird will fly away after you have wasted a bucketful of salt on his tail."

"Very possible," said Lord Raby, laughing; "you know him better than I do. But there are many purposes to serve in this matter; purposes too provincial to interest you. In the first place, we shall humble the Nelthorpe interest, merely by showing that we *do* think of a new member: secondly, we shall get up a manifestation of feeling that would be impossible, unless we were provided with a centre of attraction: thirdly, we shall rouse a certain emulation among other county gentlemen; and, if Maltravers decline, we shall have many applicants: and, fourthly, suppose Maltravers has not

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changed his opinions, we shall make him suspected by the party he really does belong to, and which would be somewhat formidable if he were to head them. In fact, these are mere county tactics, that you can't be expected to understand."

"I see you are quite right: meanwhile, you will at least have an opportunity (though I say it who should not say it) to present to the county one of the prettiest young ladies that ever graced the halls of Knaresdean."

"Ah, Miss Cameron! I have heard much of her beauty; you are a lucky fellow, Vargrave! by-the-by, are we to say anything of the engagement?"

"Why, indeed, my dear lord, it is now so publicly known, that it would be false delicacy to affect concealment."

"Very well; I understand."

"How long I have detained you; a thousand pardons! I have but just time to dress. In four or five months I must remember to leave you a longer time for your toilet."

"Me; how?"

"Oh, the Duke of —— can't live long; and I always observe that when a handsome man has the Garter, he takes a long time pulling up his stockings."

"Ha, ha! you are so droll, Vargrave."

"Ha, ha! I must be off."

"The more publicity is given to this arrangement, the more difficult for Evelyn to shy at the leap," muttered Vargrave to himself as he closed the door. "Thus do I make all things useful to myself!"

The dinner-party were assembled in the great drawing-room, when Maltravers and Cleveland, also invited guests to the banquet, were announced. Lord Raby received the former with marked *empressement*, and the stately marchioness honoured him with her most gracious smile. Formal presentations to the rest of the guests were interchanged; and it was not till the circle was formally gone through that Maltravers perceived, seated by himself in a corner to which he had shrunk on the entrance of Maltravers, a grayhaired, solitary man: it was Lord Saxingham! The last time they had met was in the death-chamber of Florence; and the old man forgot, for the moment, the anticipated dukedom and the dreamed-of premiership! and his heart flew back to the grave of his only child! They saluted each other, and shook hands in silence. And Vargrave, whose eye was on them; Vargrave, whose arts had made that old man childless, felt not a pang of remorse! Living ever in the future, Vargrave almost seemed to have lost his memory. He knew not what regret was. It is a condition of life with men thoroughly worldly, that they never look behind!

The signal was given: in due order, the party were marshalled into the great hall, a spacious and lofty chamber, which had received its last alteration from the hand of Inigo Jones; though the massive ceiling, with its antique and grotesque masques, betrayed a much earlier date, and contrasted with the Corinthian pilasters that adorned the walls and supported the music gallery, from which waved the flags of modern warfare and its mimicries. The Eagle of Napoleon, a token of the services of Lord Raby's brother (a distinguished cavalry officer in command at Waterloo), in juxtaposition with a much gayer and more glittering banner, emblematic of the martial fame of Lord Raby himself, as colonel of the B——shire volunteers!

The music pealed from the gallery, the plate glittered on the board; the ladies wore diamonds, and the gentlemen, who had them, wore stars. It was a very fine sight, that banquet! such as became the festive day of a lord-lieutenant, whose ancestors had now defied and now intermarried with royalty. But there was very little talk and no merriment. People at the top of the table drank wine with those at the bottom; and gentlemen and ladies seated next to each other whispered languidly in monosyllabic commune. On one side Maltravers was flanked by a Lady Somebody Something, who was rather deaf, and very much frightened for fear he should talk Greek; on the other side he was relieved by Sir John Merton, very civil, very pompous, and talking, at strictured intervals, about county matters in a measured intonation, savouring of the House-of-Commons jerk at the end of a sentance.

As the dinner advanced to its close Sir John became a little more diffuse, though his voice sunk into a whisper.

"I fear there will be a split in the cabinet before parliament meets."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; Vargrave and the premier cannot pull together very long. Clever man, Vargrave! but he has not enough stake in the country for a leader!"

"All men have public character to stake! and, if that be good, I suppose no stake can be better?"

"Humph! yes, very true; but still, when a man has land and money, his opinions, in a country like this, very properly carry more weight with them. If Vargrave, for instance, had Lord Raby's property, no man could be more fit for a leader, a prime minister. We might then be sure that he had no selfish interest to further; he would not play tricks with his party—you understand?"

"Perfectly."

"I am not a party man, as you may remember; indeed, you and I have voted alike on the same questions. Measures, not men—that is my maxim; but still I don't like to see men placed above their proper stations."

"Maltravers, a glass of wine," said Lord Vargrave across the table. "Will you join us, Sir John?"

Sir John bowed.

"Certainly," he resumed, "Vargrave is a pleasant man and a good speaker; but still they say he is far from rich; embarrassed, indeed. However when he marries Miss Cameron, it may make a great difference; give him more respectability; do you know what her fortune is; something immense!"

"Yes, I believe so; I don't know."

"My brother says that Vargrave is most amiable. The young lady is very handsome, almost too handsome for a wife; don't you think so? Beauties are all very well in a ballroom, but they are not calculated for domestic life. I am sure you agree with me. I have heard, indeed, that Miss Cameron is rather learned; but there is so much scandal in a country neighbourhood; people are so ill-natured. I dare say she is not more learned than other young ladies, poor girl! What do you think?"

"Miss Cameron is—is very accomplished, I believe. And so you think the government cannot stand?"

"I don't say that; very far from it; but I fear there must be a change. However, if the country gentlemen hold together, I do not doubt but that we shall weather the storm. The landed interest, Mr. Maltravers, is the great stay of this country; the sheet anchor, I may say. I suppose Lord Var-

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grave, who seems, I must say, to have right notions on this head, will invest Miss Cameron's fortune in land. But, though one may buy an estate, one can't buy an old family, Mr. Maltravers! you and I may be thankful for that. By-the-way, who was Miss Cameron's mother; Lady Vargrave! something low, I fear; nobody knows."

"I am not acquainted with Lady Vargrave; your sister-in-law speaks of her most highly. And the daughter in herself is a sufficient guarantee for the virtues of the mother."

"Yes; and Vargrave, on one side at least, has himself nothing in the way of family to boast of."

The ladies left the hall, the gentlemen reseated themselves. Lord Raby made some remark on politics to Sir John Merton, and the whole round of talkers immediately followed their leader.

"It is a thousand pities, Sir John," said Lord Raby, "that you have not a colleague more worthy of you; Nelthorpe never attends a committee, does he?"

"I cannot say that he is a very active member; but he is young, and we must make allowances for him," said Sir John, discreetly, for he had no desire to oust his colleague; it was agreeable enough to be *the* efficient member.

"In these times," said Lord Raby, loftily, "allowances are not to be made for systematic neglect of duty; we shall have a stormy session; the opposition is no longer to be despised; perhaps a dissolution may be nearer at hand than we think for: as for Nelthrope, he cannot come in again."

"That I am quite sure of," said a fat country gentleman of great weight in the county; "he not only was absent on the great malt question, but he never answered my letter respecting the Canal Company."

"Not answered your letter!" said Lord Raby, lifting up his hands and eyes in amaze and horror. "What conduct! Ah, Mr. Maltravers, you are the man for us!"

"Hear! hear!" cried the fat squire.

"Hear!" echoed Vargrave; and the approving sound went round the table.

Lord Raby rose. "Gentlemen, fill your glasses; a health to our distinguished neighbour!"

The company applauded; each, in his turn, smiled, nodded, and drank to Maltravers, who, though taken by surprise, saw at once the course to pursue. He returned thanks, simply and shortly; and, without pointedly noticing the allusion in which Lord Raby had indulged, remarked incidentally that he had retired, certainly for some years, perhaps for ever, from political life.

Vargrave smiled significantly at Lord Raby, and hastened to lead the conversation into party discussion. Wrapped in his proud disdain of what he considered the contest of factions for toys and shadows, Maltravers remained silent; and the party soon broke up and adjourned to the ballroom.

CHAPTER III.

"Le plus grand défaut de la pénétration n'est pas de n'aller point jusqu'au but, c'est de le passer."—ROCHEFOUCAULD.

EVELYN had looked forward to the ball at Knaresdean with feelings deeper than those which usually inflame the fancy of a girl, proud of her dress and confident of her beauty. Whether or not she *loved* Maltravers, in the true acceptation of the word *love*, it is certain that he had acquired a most powerful command over her mind and imagination. She felt the deepest interest in his welfare, the most anxious desire for his esteem, the deepest regret at the thought of their estrangement. At Knaresdean she should meet Maltravers; in crowds, it is true, but still she should meet him; she should see him towering superior above the herd; she should hear him praised; she should mark him, the observed of all. But there was another and a deeper source of joy within her. A letter had been received from Aubrey, in which he had announced his arrival for the next day. The letter, though affectionate, was short. Evelyn had been some months absent; Lady Vargrave was anxious to make arrangements for her return; but it was to be at her option whether she would accompany the curate home. Now, besides her delight at seeing once more the dear old man, and hearing from his lips that her mother was well and happy, Evelyn hailed in his arrival the means of extricating herself from her position with Lord Vargrave. She would confide in him her increased repugnance to that union; he would confer with Lord Vargrave; and then—and then—did there come once more the thought of Maltravers? No! I fear it was not Maltravers that called forth that smile and that sigh! Strange girl, you know not your own mind; but few of us, at your age, do!

In all the gayety of hope, in the pride of dress and half-conscious loveliness, Evelyn went with a light step into Caroline's room. Miss Merton had already dismissed her woman, and was seated by her writing-table, leaning her cheek thoughtfully on her hand.

"Is it time to go?" said she, looking up. "Well! we shall put papa, and the coachman, and the horses too in excellent humour. How well you look! Really, Evelyn, you are indeed beautiful!" and Caroline gazed with honest but not unenvious admiration at the fairy form so rounded, and yet so delicate, and the face that seemed to blush at its own charms.

"I am sure I can return the flattery," said Evelyn, laughing bashfully.

"Oh! as for me, I am well enough in my way; and hereafter I dare say we may be rival beauties. I hope we shall remain good friends, and rule the world with divided empire. Do you not long for the stir, and excitement, and ambition of London! for ambition is open to us as to men!"

"No, indeed," replied Evelyn, smiling; "I could be ambitious, indeed; but it would not be for myself, but for—"

"A husband, perhaps; well, you will have ample scope for such sympathy. Lord Vargrave—"

"Lord Vargrave again!" and Evelyn's smile vanished, and she turned away.

"Ah!" said Caroline, "I should have made Vargrave an excellent wife; pity he does not think so! As it is, I must set up for myself, and become a *maîtresse femme*. So you think I look well tonight! I am glad of it; Lord Doltimore is one who will be guided by what other people say."

"You are not serious about Lord Doltimore?"

"Most sadly serious."

"Impossible; you could not speak so if you loved him."

"Love him! no! but I intend to marry him"

Evelyn was revolted, but still incredulous.

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"And you, too, will marry one whom you do not love! 'tis our fate—"

"Never!"

"We shall see."

Evelyn's heart was damped, and her spirits fell.

"Tell me now," said Caroline, pressing on the wrung withers, "do you not think this excitement, partial and provincial though it be—the sense of beauty, the hope of conquest, the consciousness of power—better than the dull monotony of the Devonshire cottage? be honest—"

"No, no, indeed!" answered Evelyn, tearfully and passionately: "one hour with my mother, one smile from her lips, were worth it all!"

"And in your visions of marriage you think, then, of nothing but roses and doves; love in a cottage!"

"Love *in a home*, no matter whether in a palace or a cottage," returned Evelyn.

"Home!" repeated Caroline, bitterly; "home! home is the English synonyme for the French *ennui*. But I hear papa on the stairs."

A ballroom, what a scene of commonplace! how hackneyed in novels, how trite in ordinary life; and yet ballrooms have a character and a sentiment of their own for all tempers and all ages. Something in the lights, the crowd, the music, conduces to stir up many of the thoughts that belong to fancy and romance. It is a melancholy scene to men after a certain age. It revives many of those lighter and more graceful images connected with the wandering desires of youth; shadows that crossed us, and seemed love, but were not; having much of the grace and charm, but none of the passion and the tragedy, of love. So many of our earliest and gentlest recollections are connected with those chalked floors, and that music painfully gay, and those quiet nooks and corners, where the talk that hovers about the heart and does not touch it has been held. Apart and unsympathizing in that austerer wisdom which comes to us after deep passions have been excited, we see form after form chasing the butterflies that dazzle us no longer among the flowers that have evermore lost their fragrance.

Somehow or other, it is one of the scenes that remind us most forcibly of the loss of youth! We are brought so closely in contact with the young and with the shortlived pleasures that once pleased us, and have forfeited all bloom. Happy the man who turns from "the tinkling cymbal" and "the gallery of pictures," and can think of some watchful eye and some kind heart *at home*. But those who have no home—and they are a numerous tribe—never feel lonelier hermits or sadder moralists than in such a crowd.

Maltravers leaned abstractedly against the wall, and some such reflections, perhaps, passed within as the plumes waved and the diamonds glittered round him. Ever too proud to be vain, the *monstrari digito* had not flattered even in the commencement of his career. And now he heeded not the eyes that sought his look, nor the admiring murmur of lips anxious to be overheard. Affluent, wellborn, unmarried, and still in the prime of life, in the small circles of a province Ernest Maltravers would in himself have been an object of interest to the diplomacy of mothers and daughters; and the false glare of reputation necessarily deepened curiosity, and widened the range of speculators and observers.

Suddenly, however, a new object of attention excited new interest; new whispers ran through the crowd, and these awakened Maltravers from his revery. He looked up, and beheld all eyes fixed upon one form! His own eyes encountered those of Evelyn Cameron!

It was the first time he had seen this beautiful young person in all the eclât, pomp, and circumstance of her station, as the heiress of the opulent Templeton; the first time he had seen her the cynosure of crowds; who, had her features been homely, would have admired the charms of her fortune in her face. And now, as, radiant with youth, and the flush of excitement on her soft cheek, she met his eye, he said to himself, "And could I have wished one so new to the world to unite her lot with a man, for whom all that to her is delight has grown wearisome and stale? Could I have been justified in stealing her from the admiration that, at her age and to her sex, has so sweet a flattery? Or, on the other hand, could I have gone back to her years, and sympathized with feelings that time has taught me to despise? Better as it is."

Influenced by these thoughts, the greeting of Maltravers disappointed and saddened Evelyn, she knew not why; it was constrained and grave.

"Does not Miss Cameron look well?" whispered Mrs. Merton, on whose arm the heiress leaned. "You observe what a sensation she creates?"

Evelyn overheard, and blushed as she stole a glance at Maltravers. There was something mournful in the admiration which spoke in his deep, earnest eyes.

"Everywhere," said he, calmly, and in the same tone, "everywhere Miss Cameron appears, she must outshine all others." He turned to Evelyn, and said with a smile, "You must learn to inure yourself to admiration; a year or two hence, and you will not blush at your own gifts!"

"And you, too, contribute to spoil me: fy!"

"Are you so easily spoiled! If I meet you hereafter, you will think my compliments cold to the common language of others."

"You do not know me; perhaps you never will."

"I am contented with the fair pages I have already read."

"Where is Lady Raby?" asked Mrs. Merton. "Oh, I see; Evelyn, my love, we must present ourselves to our hostess."

The ladies moved on; and, when Maltravers next caught a glance of Evelyn, she was with Lady Raby, and Lord Vargrave also was by her side.

The whispers round him had grown louder.

"Very lovely indeed! so young, too: and she is really going to be married to Lord Vargrave: so much older than she is; quite a sacrifice!"

"Scarcely so. He is so agreeable, and still handsome. But are you sure that the thing is settled?"

"Oh, yes. Lord Raby himself told me so. It will take place very soon."

"But do you know who her mother was? I cannot make out."

"Nothing particular. You know the late Lord Vargrave was a man of low birth. I believe she was a widow of his own rank; she lives quite in seclusion."

"How d'ye do, Mr. Maltravers! So glad to see you," said the quick, shrill voice of Mrs. Hare. "Beautiful ball; nobody does things like Lord Raby; don't you dance?"

"No, madam."

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"Oh, you young gentlemen are so *fine* nowadays." (Mrs. Hare, laying stress on the word *young*, thought she had paid a very elegant compliment, and ran on with increased complacency.)

"You are going to let Burleigh, I hear, to Lord Doltimore; is it true? No! really, now, what stories people do tell. Elegant man, Lord Doltimore! Is it true that Miss Caroline is going to marry his lordship? Great match! No scandal, I hope; you'll excuse *me!* Two weddings on the *tapis;* quite stirring for our stupid county. Lady Vargrave and Lady Doltimore, two new peeresses. Which do you think is the handsomest? Miss Merton is the tallest, but there is something fierce in her eyes. Don't you think so? By-the-by, I wish you joy; you'll excuse *me.*"

"Wish me joy, madam!"

"Oh, you are so close. Mr. Hare says he shall support you. You will have all the ladies with you. Well, I declare, Lord Vargrave is going to dance. How old is he, do you think?"

Maltravers uttered an audible *pshaw*, and moved away; but his penance was not over. Lord Vargrave, much as he disliked dancing, still thought it wise to ask the fair hand of Evelyn; and Evelyn, also, could not refuse.

And now, as the crowd gathered round the red ropes, Maltravers had to undergo new exclamations at Evelyn's beauty and Vargrave's luck. Impatiently he turned from the spot, with that gnawing sickness of the heart which none but the jealous know. He longed to depart, yet dreaded to do so. It was the last time he should see Evelyn, perhaps, for years; the last time he should see her as Miss Cameron!

He passed into another room deserted by all save four old gentlemen—Cleveland one of them—immersed in whist, and threw himself upon an ottoman placed in a recess by the oriel window. There, half concealed by the draperies, he communed and reasoned with himself. His heart was sad within him; he never felt before *how* deeply and *how* passionately he loved Evelyn; how firmly that love had fastened upon the very core of his heart! Strange, indeed, it was in a girl so young; of whom he had seen but little; and that little in positions of such quiet and ordinary interest, to excite a passion so intense in a man who had gone through strong emotions and stern trials! But all love is unaccountable. The solitude in which Maltravers had lived, the absence of all other excitement, perhaps, had contributed largely to fan the flame. And his affections had so long slept; and after long sleep the passions wake with such giant strength! He felt now too well that the last rose of life had bloomed for him; it was blighted in its birth, but it could never be replaced. Henceforth, indeed, he should be alone; the hopes of home were gone for ever; and the other occupations of mind and soul—literature, pleasure, ambition—were already forsworn at the very age in which by most men they are most indulged! Oh, Youth! begin not thy career too soon, and let one passion succeed in its due order to another, so that every season of life may have its appropriate pursuit and charm!

The hours waned: still Maltravers stirred not; nor were his meditations disturbed, except by occasional ejaculations from the four old gentlemen, as between each deal they moralized over the caprices of the cards.

At length, close beside him he heard that voice, the lightest sound of which could send the blood rushing through his veins, and from his retreat he saw Caroline and Evelyn seated close by.

"I beg pardon," said the former, in a low voice; "I beg pardon, Evelyn, for calling you away, but I longed to tell you. The die is cast. Lord Doltimore has proposed, and I have accepted him! Alas, alas! I half wish I could retract!"

"Dearest Caroline!" said the silver voice of Evelyn, "for Heaven's sake, do not thus wantonly resolve on your own unhappiness! you wrong yourself, Caroline! you do, indeed! You are not the vain, ambitious character you affect to be! Ah! what is it you require—wealth? are you not my friend? am I not rich enough for both? rank? what can it give you to compensate for the misery of a union without love? Pray forgive me for speaking thus; do not think me presumptuous or romantic; but indeed, indeed, I know from my own heart what yours must undergo!"

Caroline pressed her friend's hand with emotion.

"You are a bad comforter, Evelyn; my mother, my father, will preach a very different doctrine. I am foolish, indeed, to be so sad in obtaining the very object I have sought! Poor Doltimore! he little knows the nature, the feelings of her whom he thinks he has made the happiest of her sex: he little knows—" Caroline paused, turned pale as death, and then went rapidly on: "But you, Evelyn, *you* will meet the same fate; we shall bear it together."

"No! no! do not think so! Where I give my hand there shall I give my heart."

At this time Maltravers half rose, and sighed audibly.

"Hush!" said Caroline, in alarm; at the same moment the whist-table broke up, and Cleveland approached Maltravers.

"I am at your service," said he; "I know you will not stay the supper. You will find me in the next room; I am just going to speak to Lord Saxingham." The gallant old gentleman then paid a compliment to the young ladies, and walked away.

"So you too are a deserter from the ballroom!" said Miss Merton to Maltravers as she rose.

"I am not very well; but do not let me frighten you away."

"Oh, no! I hear the music; it is the last quadrille before supper; and here is my fortunate partner looking for me."

"I have been everywhere in search of you," said Lord Doltimore, in an accent of tender reproach; "come, we are almost too late now."

Caroline put her arm into Lord Doltimore's, who hurried her into the ballroom.

Miss Cameron looked irresolute whether or not to follow, when Maltravers seated himself beside her; and the paleness of his brow, and something that bespoke pain in the compressed lip, went at once to her heart. In her childlike tenderness, she would have given worlds for the sister's privilege of sympathy and soothing. The room was now deserted; they were alone.

The words that he had overheard from Evelyn's lips, "where I shall give my hand there shall I give my heart," Maltravers interpreted but in one sense, "she loved her betrothed!" and, strange as it may seem, at that thought, which put the last seal upon his fate, selfish anguish was less felt than deep compassion. So young, so courted, so tempted as she must be, and with such a protector! the cold, the

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unsympathizing, the heartless Vargrave! She, too, whose feelings, so warm, ever trembled on her lip and eye; oh! when she awoke from her dream, and knew whom she had loved, what might be her destiny, what her danger!

"Miss Cameron," said Maltravers, "let me for one moment detain you; I will not trespass long. May I once, and for the last time, assume the austere rights of friendship? I have seen much of life, Miss Cameron, and my experience has been purchased dearly; and, harsh and hermit-like as I may have grown, I have not outlived such feelings as you are well formed to excite. Nay" (and Maltravers smiled sadly), "I am not about to compliment or flatter; I speak not to you as the young to the young; the difference of our years, that takes away sweetness from flattery, leaves still sincerity to friendship. You have inspired me with a deep interest; deeper than I thought that living beauty could ever rouse in me again! It may be that something in the tone of your voice, your manner, a nameless grace that I cannot define, reminds me of one whom I knew in youth; one who had not your advantages of education, wealth, birth; but to whom Nature was more kind than Fortune."

He paused a moment; and, without looking towards Evelyn, thus renewed:

"You are entering life under brilliant auspices. Ah! let me hope that the noonday will keep the promise of the dawn! You are susceptible, imaginative; do not demand too much or dream too fondly. When you are wedded, do not imagine that wedded life is exempt from its trials and its cares: if you know yourself beloved—and beloved you must be—do not ask from the busy and anxious spirit of man all which romance promises and life but rarely yields. And oh!" continued Maltravers, with an absorbing and earnest passion, that poured forth its language with almost breathless rapidity, "if ever your heart rebels, if ever it be dissatisfied, fly the false sentiment as a sin! Thrown, as from your rank you must be, on a world of a thousand perils, with no guide so constant and so safe as your own innocence, make not that world too dear a friend! Were it possible that your own home ever could be lonely or unhappy, reflect that to woman the unhappiest home is happier than all excitement abroad. You will have a thousand suiters hereafter: believe that the asp lurks under the flatterer's tongue, and resolve, come what may, to be contented with your lot. How many have I known, lovely and pure as you, who have suffered the very affections, the very beauty of their nature to destroy them! Listen to me as a warner, as a brother, as a pilot who has passed the seas on which your vessel is about to launch. And ever, ever let me know, in whatever lands your name may reach me, that one who has brought back to me all my faith in human excellence, while the idol of our sex is the glory of her own. Forgive me this strange impertinence; my heart is full and has overflowed. And now, Miss Cameron, Evelyn Cameron, this is my last offence and my last farewell!"

He held out his hand, and, involuntarily, unknowingly, she clasped it, as if to detain him till she could summon words to reply. Suddenly he heard Lord Vargrave's voice behind; the spell was broken; the next moment Evelyn was alone, and the throng swept into the room towards the banquet, and laughter and gay voices were heard, and Lord Vargrave was again by Evelyn's side!

CHAPTER IV.

"To you
This journey is devoted."
Lover's Progress, act iv., scene 1

As Cleveland and Maltravers returned homeward, the latter abruptly checked the cheerful garrulity of his friend: "I have a favour, a great favour to ask of you."

"And what is that?"

"Let us leave Burleigh to-morrow; I care not at what hour; we need go but two or three stages if you are fatigued."

"Most hospitable host! and why?"

"It is torture, it is agony to me to breathe the air of Burleigh," cried Maltravers, wildly. "Can you not guess my secret? Have I then concealed it so well? I love, I adore Evelyn Cameron, and she is betrothed to, she loves another!"

Mr. Cleveland was breathless with amaze; Maltravers had indeed so well concealed his secret; and now his emotion was so impetuous, that it startled and alarmed the old man, who had never himself experienced a passion, though he had indulged a sentiment. He sought to console and sooth; but after the first burst of agony, Maltravers recovered himself, and said, gently,

"Let us never return to this subject again; it is right that I should conquer this madness, and conquer it I will! Now you know my weakness, you will indulge it. My cure cannot commence until I can no longer see from my casements the very roof that shelters the affianced bride of another."

"Certainly, then, we will set off to-morrow: my poor friend! is it indeed—"

"Ah, cease," interrupted the proud man; "no compassion, I implore; give me but time and silence; they are the only remedies."

Before noon the next day Burleigh was once more deserted by its lord. As the carriage drove through the village, Mrs. Elton saw it from her open window. But her patron, too absorbed at that hour even for benevolence, forgot her existence; and yet so complicated are the webs of fate, that in the breast of that lowly stranger was locked a secret of the most vital moment to Maltravers.

"Where is he going? where is the squire going?" asked Mrs. Elton, anxiously.

"Dear heart!" said the cottager, "they do say he be going for a short time to foren parts. But he will be back at Christmas."

"And at Christmas I may be gone hence for ever," muttered the invalid. "But what will that matter to him, to any one?"

At the first stage Maltravers and his friend were detained a short time for the want of horses. Lord Raby's house had been filled with guests on the preceding night, and the stables of this little inn, dignified with the sign of the Raby arms, and about two miles distant from the great man's place, had been exhausted by numerous claimants returning homeward from Knaresdean. It was a quiet, solitary posthouse; and patience, till some jaded horses should return, was the only remedy; the host, assuring the travellers that he expected four horses every moment, invited them within. The morning was cold, and the fire not unacceptable to Mr. Cleveland; so they went into the little parlour. Here they found an elderly gentleman of very prepossessing appearance who was waiting for the same object. He moved courteously from the fireplace

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as the travellers entered, and pushed the B——shire Chronicle towards Cleveland: Cleveland bowed urbanely: "A cold day, sir; the autumn begins to show itself."

"It is true, sir," answered the old gentleman, "and I feel the cold the more, having just left the genial atmosphere of the South."

"Of Italy?"

"No, of England only—I see by this paper (I am not much of a politician) that there is a chance of a dissolution of Parliament, and that Mr. Maltravers is likely to come forward for this county; are you acquainted with him, sir?"

"A little," said Cleveland, smiling.

"He is a man I am much interested in," said the old gentleman; "and I hope soon to be honoured with his acquaintance."

"Indeed! and you are going into his neighbourhood?" asked Cleveland, looking more attentively at the stranger, and much pleased with a certain simple candour in his countenance and manner.

"Yes, to Merton Rectory."

Maltravers, who had been hitherto stationed by the window, turned round.

"To Merton Rectory?" repeated Cleveland. "You are acquainted with Mr. Merton, then?"

"Not yet, but I know some of his family. However, my visit is rather to a young lady who is staying at the rectory, Miss Cameron."

Maltravers sighed heavily, and the old gentleman looked at him curiously: "Perhaps, sir, if you know that neighbourhood, you may have seen—"

"Miss Cameron! Certainly, it is an honour not easily forgotten."

The old gentleman looked pleased.

"The dear child," said he, with a burst of honest affection; and he passed his hand over his eyes; Maltravers drew near to him.

"You know Miss Cameron; you are to be envied, sir," said he.

"I have known her since she was a child; Lady Vargrave is my dearest friend."

"Lady Vargrave must be worthy of such a daughter. Only under the light of a sweet disposition and pure heart could that beautiful nature have been trained and reared."

Maltravers spoke with enthusiasm; and, as if fearful to trust himself more, left the room.

"That gentleman speaks not more warmly than justly," said the old man, with some surprise. "He has a countenance which, if physiognomy be a true science, declares his praise to be no common compliment; may I inquire his name?"

"Maltravers," replied Cleveland, a little vain of the effect his ex-pupil's name was to produce.

The curate—for it was he—started and changed countenance.

"Maltravers! but he is not about to leave the county?"

"Yes, for a few months."

Here the host entered. Four horses, that had been only fourteen miles, had just re-entered the yard. If Mr. Maltravers could spare two to that gentleman, who had, indeed, pre-engaged them?

"Certainly," said Cleveland; "but be quick."

"And is Lord Vargrave still at Mr. Merton's?" asked the curate, musingly.

"Oh, yes; I believe so. Miss Cameron is to be married to him very shortly; is it not so?"

"I cannot say," returned Aubrey, rather bewildered. "You know Lord Vargrave, sir?"

"Extremely well!"

"And you think him worthy of Miss Cameron?"

"That is a question for her to answer. But I see the horses are put to. Good-day, sir! Will you tell your fair young friend that you have met an old gentleman who wishes her all happiness; and if she ask you his name, say Cleveland?"

So saying, Mr. Cleveland bowed and re-entered the carriage. But Maltravers was yet missing. In fact, he returned to the house by the back way, and went once more into the little parlour. It was something to see again one who would so soon see Evelyn!

"If I mistake not," said Maltravers, "you are that Mr. Aubrey on whose virtues I have often heard Miss Cameron delight to linger? Will you believe my regret that our acquaintance is now so brief?"

As Maltravers spoke thus simply, there was in his countenance, his voice, a melancholy sweetness which greatly conciliated the good curate. And as Aubrey gazed upon his noble features and lofty mien, he no longer wondered at the fascination he had appeared to exercise over the young Evelyn.

"And may I not hope, Mr. Maltravers," said he, "that before long our acquaintance may be renewed? Could not Miss Cameron," he added, with a smile and a penetrating look, "tempt you into Devonshire?"

Maltravers shook his head; and, muttering something not very audible, left the room. The curate heard the whirl of the wheels, and the host entered to inform him that his own carriage was now ready.

"There is something in this," thought Aubrey, "which I do not comprehend. His manner, his trembling voice, bespoke emotions he struggled to conceal. Can Lord Vargrave have gained his point? Is Evelyn, indeed, no longer free?"

CHAPTER V.

"Certes, c'est un grand cas, Icas
Que toujours tracas ou fracas
Vous faites d'une ou d'autre sort;
C'est le diable qui vous emporte!"

VOITURE.

LORD VARGRAVE had passed the night of the ball and the following morning at Knaresdean. It was necessary to bring the councils of the scheming conclave to a full and definite conclusion; and this was at last effected. Their strength numbered—friends and foes alike canvassed and considered—and, due account taken of the waverers to be won over, it really did seem, even to the least sanguine, that the Saxingham or Vargrave party was one that might well aspire either to dictate to or to break up a government. Nothing now was left to consider but the favourable hour for action. In high spirits Lord Vargrave returned, about the middle of the day, to the rectory.

"So," thought he, as he reclined in his carriage, "so, in politics, the prospect clears as the sun breaks out. The party I have espoused is one that must be most durable, for it possesses the greatest property and the most stubborn prejudice; what elements for party! All that I now require is a sufficient fortune to back my ambition. Nothing can clog my way but these cursed debts, this disreputable want of gold. And yet Evelyn alarms

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me! Were I younger, or had I not made my position too soon, I would marry her by fraud or by force; run off with her to Gretna, and make Vulcan minister to Plutus! But this would never do at my years and with my reputation. A pretty story for the newspapers! d—n them! Well, nothing venture, nothing have; I will brave the hazard! Meanwhile, Doltimore is mine; Caroline will rule him, and I rule her. His vote and his boroughs are something; his money will be more immediately useful: I must do him the honour to borrow a few thousands; Caroline must manage that for me. The fool is miserly, though a spendthrift, and looked black when I delicately hinted the other day that I wanted a friend—*id est*, a loan! Money and friendship same thing; distinction without a difference!" Thus cogitating, Vargrave whiled away the minutes till his carriage stopped at Mr. Merton's door.

As he entered the hall he met Caroline, who had just left her own room.

"How lucky I am that you have on your bonnet! I long for a walk with you round the lawn."

"And I, too, am glad to see you, Lord Vargrave," said Caroline, putting her arm in his.

"Accept my best congratulations, my own sweet friend," said Vargrave, when they were in the grounds. "You have no idea how happy Doltimore is; he came to Knaresdean yesterday to communicate the news, and his neckloth was primmer than ever; *c'est un bon enfant.*"

"Ah, how can you talk thus? do you feel no pain at the thought that—that I am another's?"

"Your heart will be ever mine, and that is the true fidelity; what else, too, could be done? As for Lord Doltimore, we will go shares in him: *Craps half!* as we used to say at school. Come, cheer thee, *m'amie;* I rattle on thus to keep up your spirits. Do not fancy I am happy."

Caroline let fall a few tears; but, beneath the influence of Vargrave's sophistries and flatteries, she gradually recovered her usual hard and worldly tone of mind.

"And where is Evelyn?" asked Vargrave. "Do you know the little witch seemed to me half mad the night of the ball. Her head was turned: and when she sat next to me at supper she not only answered every question I put to her *à tort et à travers*, but I fancied every moment she was going to burst out crying. Can you tell what was the matter with her?"

"She was grieved to hear that I was to be married to the man I do not love. Ah, Vargrave! she has more heart than you have."

"But she never fancies that you love me?" asked Lumley, in alarm. "You women are so confoundedly confidential!"

"No; she does not suspect our secret."

"Then I scarcely think your approaching marriage a sufficient cause for so much distraction."

"Perhaps she may have overheard some of the impertinent whispers about her mother: 'who was Lady Vargrave?' and 'what Cameron was Lady Vargrave's first husband?' I overheard a hundred such vulgar questions, and provincial people whisper so loud."

"Ah, that is a very probable solution of the mystery. And for my part, I am almost as much puzzled as any one else can be to know who Lady Vargrave was!"

"Did not your uncle tell you?"

"He told me that she was of no very elevated birth and station, nothing more; and she herself, with her quiet say-nothing manner, slips through all my careless questionings like an eel. She is still a beautiful creature, more regularly handsome than even Evelyn; and old Templeton had a very sweet tooth at the back of his head, though he never opened his mouth wide enough to show it."

"She must ever, at least, have been blameless, to judge by an air, which even now is more like that of a child than a matron."

"Yes; she has not much of the widow about her, poor soul! But her education, except in music, has not been very carefully attended to; and she knows about as much of the world as the Bishop of Autun (better known as Prince Talleyrand) knows of the Bible. If she were not so simple, she would be silly; but silliness is never simple, always cunning; however, there is some cunning in her keeping her past Cameronian chronicles so close. Perhaps I may know more about her in a short time, for I intend going to C*****, where my uncle once lived, in order to see if I can revive, under the rose—since peers are only contraband electioneerers—his old parliamentary influence in that city; and they may tell me more there than I now know."

"Did the late lord marry at C*****?"

"No; in Devonshire. I do not even know if Mrs. Cameron ever was at C*****."

"You must be curious to know who the father of your intended wife was?"

"Her father! No, I have no curiosity in that quarter. And, to tell you the truth, I am much too busy about the present to be raking into that heap of rubbish we call the past. I fancy that both your good grandmother and that comely old curate of Brook Green know everything about Lady Vargrave; and, as they esteem her so much, I take it for granted she is *sans tâche*."

"How could I be so stupid? *à propos* of the curate, I forgot to tell you that he is here. He arrived about two hours ago, and has been closeted with Evelyn ever since!"

"The deuse? What brought the old man hither?"

"That I know not. Papa received a letter from him yesterday morning to say that he would be here to-day. Perhaps Lady Vargrave thinks it time for Evelyn to return home."

"What am I to do?" said Vargrave, anxiously; "dare I yet venture to propose?"

"I am sure it will be in vain, Vargrave. You must prepare for disappointment."

"And ruin," muttered Vargrave, with a gloomy brow. "Hark you, Caroline; she may refuse me if she pleases. But I am not a man to be baffled. Have her I will, by one means or another; revenge urges me to it almost as much as ambition. That girl's thread of life has been the dark line in my woof; she has robbed me of fortune; she now thwarts me in my career; she humbles me in my vanity. But, like a hound that has tasted blood, I will run her down, whatever winding she takes!"

"Vargrave, you terrify me! Reflect; we do not live in an age when violence—"

"Tush!" interrupted Lumley, with one of those dark looks which at times, though very rarely, swept away all its customary character from that smooth, shrewd countenance. "Tush! we live in an age as favourable to intellect and to energy

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as ever was painted in romance. I have that faith in fortune and myself that I tell you, with a prophet's voice, that Evelyn shall fulfil the wish of my dying uncle. But the bell summons us back."

On returning to the house, Lord Vargrave's valet gave him a letter, which had arrived that morning. It was from Mr. Gustavus Douce, and ran thus:—

"Fleet-street, —— 20, 18—.

"My Lord,

"It is with the greatest regret that I apprize you, for Self and Co., that we shall not be able, in the present state of the money market, to renew your lordship's bill for 10,000*l*., due the 28th instant. Respectfully calling your lordship's attention to same, I have the honour to be, for Self and Co., my lord, your lordship's most obedient and most obliged humble servant,

"Gustavus Douce.

"To the Right Hon. the Lord Vargrave, &c., &c."

This letter sharpened Lord Vargrave's anxiety and resolve; nay, it seemed almost to sharpen his sharp features as he muttered sundry denunciations on Messrs. Douce and Co. while arranging his neckcloth at the glass.

CHAPTER VI.

Sol. "Why, please your honourable lordship, we were talking here and there—this and that."—*The Stranger.*

Aubrey had been closeted with Evelyn the whole morning; and, simultaneous with his arrival, came to her the news of the departure of Maltravers: it was an intelligence that greatly agitated and unnerved her; and coupling that event with his solemn words on the previous night, Evelyn asked herself, in wonder, what sentiments she could have inspired in Maltravers. Could he love her? her, so young, so inferior, so uninformed! Impossible! Alas! alas! for Maltravers! his genius, his gifts, his towering qualities; all that won the admiration, almost the awe of Evelyn, placed him at a distance from her heart! When she asked herself if he loved her, she did not ask, even in that hour, if she loved him. But even the question she did ask her judgment answered erringly in the negative; why should he love, and yet fly her? She understood not his highwrought scruples, his self-deluding belief. Aubrey was more puzzled than enlightened by his conversation with his pupil; only one thing seemed certain; her delight to return to the cottage and her mother.

Evelyn could not sufficiently recover her composure to mix with the party below; and Aubrey, at the sound of the second dinner-bell, left her to solitude, and bore her excuses to Mrs. Merton.

"Dear me!" said that worthy lady; "I am so sorry; I thought Miss Cameron looked fatigued at breakfast; and there was something hysterical in her spirits; and I suppose the surprise of your arrival has upset her. Caroline, my dear, you had better go and see what she would like to have taken up to her room; a little soup and the wing of a chicken."

"My dear," said Mr. Merton, rather pompously, "I think it would be but a proper respect to Miss Cameron if you yourself accompanied Caroline."

"I assure you," said the curate, alarmed at the avalanche of politeness that threatened poor Evelyn, "I assure you that Miss Cameron would prefer being left alone at present; as you say, Mrs. Merton, her spirits are rather agitated."

But Mrs. Merton, with a sliding bow, had already left the room, and Caroline with her.

"Come back, Sophy! Cecilia, come back!" said Mr. Merton, settling his *jabot*.

"Oh, dear Evy! poor dear Evy! Evy is ill!" said Sophy; "I may go to Evy! I must go, papa!"

"No, my dear, you are too noisy; these children are quite spoiled, Mr. Aubrey."

The old man looked at them benevolently, and drew them to his knee; and, while Cissy stroked his long white hair, and Sophy ran on about dear Evy's prettiness and goodness, Lord Vrrgrave sauntered into the room.

On seeing the curate, his frank face lighted up with surprise and pleasure; he hastened to him; seized him by both hands; expressed the most heartfelt delight at seeing him; inquired tenderly after Lady Vargrave; and not till he was out of breath, and Mrs. Merton and Caroline returning apprized him of Miss Cameron's indisposition, did his rapture vanish; and, as a moment before he was all joy, so now he was all sorrow.

The dinner passed off dully enough; the children, readmitted to dessert, made a little relief to all parties; and when they and the two ladies went, Aubrey himself quickly rose to rejoin Evelyn.

"Are you going to Miss Cameron?" said Lord Vargrave; "pray say how unhappy I feel at her illness. I think these grapes, they are very fine, could not hurt her. May I ask you to present them, with my best—best, and most anxious regards? I shall be so uneasy till your return. Now, Merton" (as the door closed on the curate), "let's have another bottle of this famous claret! Droll old fellow, that! quite a character!"

"He is a great favourite with Lady Vargrave and Miss Cameron, I believe," said Mr. Merton. "A mere village priest, I suppose: no talent, no energy, or he could not be a curate at that age."

"Very true; a shrewd remark. The church is as good a profession as any other for getting on, if a man has anything in him. I shall live to see *you* a bishop!"

Mr. Merton shook his head.

"Yes, I shall; though you have hitherto disdained to exhibit any one of the three orthodox qualifications for a mitre."

"And what are they, my lord?"

"Editing a Greek play, writing a political pamphlet, and apostatizing at the proper moment."

"Ha! ha! your lordship is severe on us."

"Not I. I often wish I had been brought up to the church; famous profession, properly understood. By Jupiter, I should have been a capital bishop!"

In his capacity of parson, Mr. Merton tried to look grave; in his capacity of a gentleman-like liberal fellow, he gave up the attempt, and laughed pleasantly at the joke of the rising man.

CHAPTER VII.

"Will nothing please you?
What do you think of the court?"
The Plain Dealer

On one subject Aubrey found no difficulty in ascertaining Evelyn's wishes and condition of mind. The experiment of her visit, so far as Vargrave'

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hopes were concerned, had utterly failed; she could not contemplate the prospect of his alliance, and she poured out to the curate, frankly and fully, all her desire to effect a release from her engagement. As it was now settled that she should return with Aubrey to Brook Green, it was indeed necessary to come to the long-delayed understanding with her betrothed. Yet this was difficult, for he had so little pressed, so distantly alluded to, their engagement, that it was like a forwardness, an indelicacy in Evelyn to forestall the longed-for, yet dreaded explanation. This, however, Aubrey took upon himself; and at this promise Evelyn felt as the slave may feel when the chain is stricken off.

At breakfast, Mr. Aubrey communicated to the Mertons Evelyn's intention to return with him to Brook Green on the following day. Lord Vargrave started, bit his lip, but said nothing.

Not so silent was Mr. Merton:

"Return with you! my dear Mr. Aubrey; just consider; it is impossible; you see Miss Cameron's rank of life, her position; so very strange; no servants of her own here but her woman; no carriage even! You would not have her travel in a post-chaise such a long journey! Lord Vargrave, you can never consent to that, I am sure!"

"Were it only as Miss Cameron's *guardian*," said Lord Vargrave, pointedly, "I should certainly object to such a mode of performing such a journey. Perhaps Mr. Aubrey means to perfect the project by taking two outside places on the top of the coach!"

"Pardon me," said the curate, mildly; "but I am not so ignorant of what is due to Miss Cameron as you suppose. Lady Vargrave's carriage, which brought me hither, will be no unsuitable vehicle for Lady Vargrave's daughter; and Miss Cameron is not, I trust, quite so spoiled by all your friendly attentions as to be unable to perform a journey of two days with no other protector than myself."

"I forgot Lady Vargrave's carriage, or rather I was not aware that you had used it, my dear sir," said Mr. Merton; "but you must not blame us if we are sorry to lose Miss Cameron so suddenly. I was in hopes that *you* too would stay at least a week with us."

The curate bowed at the rector's condescending politeness; and just as he was about to answer, Mrs. Merton put in,

"And you see I had set my heart on her being Caroline's bridemaid."

Caroline turned pale, and glanced at Vargrave, who appeared solely absorbed in breaking toast into his tea; a delicacy he had never before been known to favour.

There was an awkward pause; the servant opportunely entered with a small parcel of books; a note to Mr. Merton; and that most blessed of all blessed things in the country, the letter-bag.

"What is this?" said the rector, opening his note, while Mrs. Merton unlocked the bag and dispensed the contents: "Left Burleigh for some months; a day or two sooner than he expected; excuse French leavetaking; returns Miss Merton's books; much obliged; gamekeeper has orders to place the Burleigh preserves at my disposal. So we have lost a neighbour."

"Did you not know Mr. Maltravers was gone?" said Caroline; "I heard so from Jenkins last night; he accompanies Mr. Cleveland to Paris."

"Indeed?" said Mrs. Merton, opening her eyes; "what could take him to Paris?"

"Pleasure, I suppose," answered Caroline; "I'm sure I should rather have wondered what could detain him at Burleigh."

Vargrave was all this while breaking open seals, and running his eyes over sundry scrawls with the practised rapidity of the man of business; he came to the last letter, his countenance brightened.

"Royal invitation, or rather command to Windsor," he cried; "I am afraid I too must leave you, this very day—"

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mrs. Merton, "is that from the king? Do let me see!"

"Not exactly from the king; the same thing, though;" and Lord Vargrave, carelessly pushing the gracious communication towards the impatient hand and loyal gaze of Mrs. Merton, carefully put the other letters in his pocket, and walked musingly to the window.

Aubrey seized the opportunity to approach him: "My lord, can I speak with you a few moments?"

"Me? certainly: will you come to my dressing-room?"

CHAPTER VIII

"There was never
Poor gentleman had such a sudden fortune."
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER,
The Captain, act v., scene 5.

"My lord," said the curate, as Vargrave, leaning back in his chair, appeared to examine the shape of his boots, while, in reality, his "sidelong looks," not "of love," were fixed upon his companion, "I need scarcely refer to the wish of the late lord, your uncle, relative to Miss Cameron and yourself; nor need I, to one of a generous spirit, add that such an engagement could be only so far binding as both the parties whose happiness it concerned should be willing, in proper time and season, to fulfil it."

"Sir!" said Vargrave, impatiently waving his hand, and, in his irritable surmise of what was to come, losing his habitual self-control, "I know not what all this has to do with you; surely you trespass upon ground sacred to Miss Cameron and myself. Whatever you have to say, let me beg you to come at once to the point."

"My lord, I will obey you. Miss Cameron, and, I may add, with Lady Vargrave's consent, deputes me to say that, although she feels compelled to decline the honour of your lordship's alliance, yet if, in any arrangement of the fortune bequeathed to her, she could testify to you, my lord, her respect and friendship, it would afford her the most sincere gratification."

Lord Vargrave started.

"Sir," said he, "I know not if I am to thank you for this information, the announcement of which so strangely coincides with your arrival. But allow me to say, that there needs no ambassador between Miss Cameron and myself. It is due, sir, to my station; to my relationship; to my character of guardian; to my long and faithful affection; to all considerations which men of the world understand, which men of feeling sympathize with, to receive from Miss Cameron alone the rejection of my suit!"

"Unquestionably Miss Cameron will grant your lordship the interview you have a right to seek; but pardon me, I thought it might save you both

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much pain if the meeting were prepared by a third person; and on any matter of business, any atonement to your lordship—"

"Atonement! what can atone to me?" exclaimed Vargrave, as he walked to and fro the room in great disorder and excitement. "Can you give me back years of hope and expectancy; the manhood wasted in a vain dream? Had I not been taught to look to this reward, should I have rejected all occasion, while my youth was not yet all gone, while my heart was not yet all occupied, to form a suitable alliance? Nay, should I have indulged in a high and stirring career, for which my own fortune is by no means qualified? Atonement! atonement! Talk of atonement to boys! Sir, I stand before you a man whose private happiness is blighted; whose public prospects are darkened; life wasted; fortunes ruined; the schemes of an existence, built upon one hope, which was lawfully indulged, overthrown! and you talk to me of *atonement!*"

Selfish as the nature of this complaint might be, Aubrey was struck with its justice.

"My lord," said he, a little embarrassed, "I cannot deny that there is truth in much of what you say. Alas! it proves how vain it is for man to calculate on the future, how unhappily your uncle erred in imposing conditions which the chances of life and the caprices of affection could at any time dissolve! But this is blame that attaches only to the dead; can you blame the living?"

"Sir, I considered myself bound by my uncle's prayer to keep my hand and heart disengaged that this title—miserable and barren distinction though it be!—might, as he so ardently desired, descend to Evelyn. I had a right to expect similar honour upon her side!"

"Surely, my lord, you, to whom the late lord on his deathbed confided all the motives of his conduct and the secret of his life, cannot but be aware that, while desirous of promoting your worldly welfare and uniting in one line his rank and his fortune, your uncle still had Evelyn's happiness at heart as his warmest wish; you must know that, if that happiness were forfeited by a marriage with you, the marriage became but a secondary consideration. Lord Vargrave's will in itself was a proof of this. He did not impose as an absolute condition upon Evelyn her union with yourself; he did not make the forfeiture of her whole wealth the penalty of her rejection of that alliance. By the definite limit of the forfeit he intimated a distinction between a command and a desire. And surely, when you consider all circumstances, your lordship must think that, what with that forfeit and the estate settled upon the title, your uncle did all that, in a worldly point of view, equity, and even affection, could exact from him."

Vargrave smiled bitterly, but said nothing.

"And if this be doubted I have clearer proof of his intentions. Such was his confidence in Lady Vargrave, that, in the letter he addressed to her before his death, and which I now submit to your lordship, you will observe that he not only expressly leaves it to Lady Vargrave's discretion to communicate to Evelyn that history of which she is at present ignorant, but that he also clearly defines the line of conduct he wished to be adopted with respect to Evelyn and yourself. Permit me to point out the passage."

Impatiently Lord Vargrave ran his eye over the letter placed in his hands till he came to these lines:

"And if, when she has arrived at the proper age to form a judgment, Evelyn should decide against Lumley's claims, you know that on no account would I sacrifice her happiness; all that I require is, that fair play be given to his pretensions; due indulgence to the scheme I have long had at heart. Let her be brought up to consider him her future husband; let her not be prejudiced against him; let her fairly judge for herself when the time arrives."

"You see, my lord," said Mr. Aubrey, as he took back the letter, "that this bears the same date as your uncle's will. What he desired has been done. Be just, my lord, be just, and exonerate us all from blame; who can dictate to the affections?"

"And I am to understand that I have no chance, now or hereafter, of obtaining the affections of Evelyn? Surely, at your age, Mr. Aubrey, you cannot encourage the heated romance common to all girls of Evelyn's age. Persons of our rank do not marry like the Corydon and Phillis of a pastoral. At my years, I never was fool enough to expect that I should inspire a girl of seventeen with what is called a passionate attachment. But happy marriages are based upon suitable circumstances, mutual knowledge and indulgence, respect, esteem. Come, sir, let me hope yet; let me hope that on the same day I may congratulate you on your preferment, and you may congratulate me upon my marriage."

Vargrave said this with a cheerful and easy smile; and the tone of his voice was that of a man who wished to convey serious meaning in a jesting accent.

Mr. Aubrey, meek as he was, felt the insult of the hinted bribe, and coloured with a resentment no sooner excited than checked. "Excuse me, my lord, I have now said all; the rest had better be left to your ward herself."

"Be it so, sir. I will ask you, then, to convey my request to Evelyn to honour me with a last and parting interview."

Vargrave flung himself on his chair, and Aubrey left him.

CHAPTER IX.

"Thus airy Strephon tuned his lyre."
SHENSTONE.

In his meeting with Evelyn, Vargrave certainly exerted to the utmost all his ability and all his art. He felt that violence, that sarcasm, that selfish complaint would not avail in a man who was not loved, though they are often admirable cards in the hands of a man who is. As his own heart was perfectly untouched in the matter, except by rage and disappointment—feelings which with him never lasted very long—he could play coolly his losing game. His keen and ready intellect taught him that all he could now expect was to bequeath sentiments of generous compassion and friendly interest; to create a favourable impression, which he might hereafter improve; to reserve, in short, some spot of 'vantage-ground in the country, from which he was to affect to withdraw all his forces. He had known in his experience of women, which, whether as an actor or a spectator, was large and various—though not among very delicate and refined natures—that a lady ofte fancy to a suiter *after* she has

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rejected him; that, precisely *because* she has once rejected, she ultimately accepts him. And even this chance was, in circumstances so desperate, not to be neglected. He assumed, therefore, the countenance, the postures, and the voice of heartbroken but submissive despair; he affected a nobleness and magnanimity in his grief, which touched Evelyn to the quick, and took her by surprise.

"It is enough," said he, in sad and faltering accents, "quite enough to me to know that you cannot love me, that I should fail in rendering you happy: say no more, Evelyn, say no more! Let me spare you, at least, the pain your generous nature must feel in my anguish; I resign all pretensions to your hand: you are free! may you be happy!"

"Oh, Lord Vargrave! oh, Lumley!" said Evelyn, weeping, and moved by a thousand recollections of early years. "If I could but prove in any other way my grateful sense of your merits; your too partial appreciation of me; my regard for my lost benefactor, then, indeed, nor till then, could I be happy. Oh! that this wealth, so little desired by me, had been more at my disposal; but, as it is, the day that sees me in possession of it shall see it placed under your disposition, your control. This is but justice, common justice to you; you were the nearest relation of the departed. I had no claim on him; none, but affection. Affection! and yet I disobey him!"

There was much in all this that secretly pleased Vargrave; but it only seemed to redouble his grief.

"Talk not thus, my ward, my friend; ah! still my friend," said he, putting his handkerchief to his eyes. "I repine not; I am more than satisfied. Still let me preserve my privilege of guardian, of adviser; a privilege dearer to me than all the wealth of the Indies!"

Lord Vargrave had some faint suspicion that Legard had created an undue interest in Evelyn's heart; and on this point he delicately and indirectly sought to sound her. Her replies convinced him that if Evelyn had conceived any prepossession for Legard, there had not been time or opportunity to ripen it into deep attachment. Of Maltravers he had no fear. The habitual self-control of that reserved personage deceived him partly, and his low opinion of mankind deceived him still more. For, if there had been any love between Maltravers and Evelyn, why should the former not have stood his ground and declared his suit? Lumley would have "*bah'd*" and "*pish'd*" at the thought of any punctilious regard for engagements so easily broken, having power either to check passion for beauty or to restrain self-interest in the chase of an heiress. He had known Maltravers ambitious; and with him ambition and self-interest meant the same. Thus, with the very *finesse* of his character—while Vargrave, ever with the worldly, was a keen and almost infallible observer—with natures of a more refined or a higher order he always missed the mark by overshooting. Besides, had a suspicion of Maltravers ever crossed him, Caroline's communications would have dispelled it. It was more strange that Caroline should have been blind; nor would she have been so had she been less absorbed in her own schemes and destinies. All her usual penetration had of late settled in self; and an uneasy feeling, half arising from conscientious reluctance to aid Vargrave's objects, half from jealous irritation at the thought of Vargrave's marrying another, had prevented her from seeking any very intimate or confidential communication with Evelyn herself.

The dreaded conference was over; Evelyn parted from Vargrave with the very feelings he had calculated on exciting; the moment he ceased to be her lover, her old childish regard for him recommenced. She pitied his dejection, she respected his generosity, she was deeply grateful for his forbearance. But still, still she was free, and her heart bounded within her at the thought.

Meanwhile, Vargrave, after his solemn farewell to Evelyn, retreated again to his own room, where he remained till his posthorses arrived. Then, descending into the drawing-room, he was pleased to find neither Aubrey nor Evelyn there. He knew that much affectation would be thrown away upon Mr. and Mrs. Merton; he thanked them for their hospitality with grave and brief cordiality, and then turned to Caroline, who stood apart by the window.

"All is up with me at present," he whispered; "I leave you, Caroline, in anticipation of fortune, rank, and prosperity; that is some comfort. For myself, I see only difficulties, embarrassment, and poverty in the future; but I despond of nothing; hereafter you may serve me, as I have served you. Adieu! I have been advising Caroline not to spoil Doltimore, Mrs. Merton; he is conceited enough already. Good-by; God bless you all! love to your little girls; let me know if I can serve you in any way, Merton: good-by again!" And thus, sentence by sentence, Vargrave talked himself into his carriage; as it drove by the drawing-room windows he saw Caroline standing motionless where he had left her; he kissed his hand; her eyes were fixed mournfully on his. Hard, wayward, and worldly as Caroline Merton was, Vargrave was yet not worthy of the affection he had inspired; for she could *feel*, and he could not: the distinction, perhaps, between the sexes. And there still stood Caroline Merton, recalling the last tones of that indifferent voice, till she felt her hand seized, and turned round to see Lord Doltimore, and smile upon the happy lover, persuaded that he was adored!

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BOOK THE SIXTH.

"Πῦρ σοὶ προσοίσω, κοὐ τὸ σὸν προσκέψομαι."
EURIP., *Androm.*, 256.

"I will bring fire to thee; I reck not of the place"

CHAPTER I.

"This ancient city,
How wanton sits she amid Nature's smiles!
Various nations meet,
As in the sea, yet not confined in space,
But streaming freely through the spacious streets."
YOUNG.

"His teeth he still did grind,
And grimly gnash, threatening revenge in vain."
SPENSER.

"PARIS is a delightful place; that is allowed by all. It is delightful to the young, to the gay, to the idle; to the literary lion, who likes to be petted; to the wiser epicure, who indulges a more justifiable appetite. It is delightful to ladies, who wish to live at their ease and buy beautiful caps; delightful to philanthropists, who wish for listeners to schemes of colonizing the moon; delightful to the haunters of balls, and ballets, and little theatres, and superb cafés, where men with beards of all sizes and shapes scowl at the English, and involve their intellects in the fascinating game of dominoes. For these, and for many others, Paris is delightful. I say nothing against it. But, for my own part, I would rather live in a garret in London than in a palace in the *Chaussée d'Antin*. *Chacun à son mauvais goût.*

"I don't like the streets, in which I cannot walk but in the kennel; I don't like the shops, that contain nothing except what's at the window; I don't like the houses like prisons, which look upon a courtyard; I don't like the *beaux jardins*, which grow no plants save a Cupid in plaster; I don't like the wood fires, which demand as many *petits soins* as the women, and which warm no part of one but one's eyelids; I don't like the language, with its strong phrases about nothing, and vibrating like a pendulum between 'rapture' and 'desolation;' I don't like the accent, which one cannot get without speaking through one's nose; I don't like the eternal fuss and jabber about books without nature and revolutions without fruit; I have no sympathy with tales that turn on a dead jackass, nor with constitutions that give the ballot to the representatives and withhold the suffrage from the people; neither have I much faith in that enthusiasm for the *beaux arts* which shows its produce in execrable music, detestable pictures, abominable sculpture, and a droll something that I believe the *French* call POETRY. Dancing and cookery, these are the arts the French excel in; I grant it, and excellent things they are: but oh, England! oh, Germany! You need not be jealous of your rival!"

These are not the author's remarks; he disowns them; they were Mr. Cleveland's. He was a prejudiced man; Maltravers was more liberal; but, then, Maltravers did not pretend to be a wit.

Maltravers had been several weeks in the city of cities, and now he had his apartments in the gloomy but interesting Faubourg St. Germains all to himself; for Cleveland—having attended eight days at a sale, and having, moreover, ransacked all the curiosity-shops, and shipped off bronzes, and cabinets, and Genoese silks, and *objets de vertu* enough to have half furnished Fonthill—had fulfilled his mission, and returned to his villa. Before the old gentleman went, he flattered himself that change of air and scene had already been serviceable to his friend; and that time would work a complete cure upon that commonest of all maladies, an unrequited passion or an ill-placed caprice.

Maltravers, indeed, in the habit of conquering as well as of concealing emotion, vigorously and earnestly strove to dethrone the image that had usurped his heart. Still vain of his self-command, and still worshipping his favourite virtue of Fortitude and his delusive philosophy of the calm Golden Mean, he would not weakly indulge the passion while he had so sternly fled from its object. But yet the image of Evelyn pursued, it haunted him, it came on him unawares, in solitude, in crowds. That smile so cheering, yet so soft, that ever had power to chase away the shadow from his soul; that youthful and luxurious bloom of pure and eloquent thoughts, which was as the blossom of genius, before its fruit, bitter as sweet, is born; that rare union of quick feeling and serene temper, which forms the very ideal of what we dream of in the mistress and exact from the wife; all, even more, far more, than the exquisite form and the delicate graces of the less durable beauty, returned to him after every struggle with himself; and time only seemed to grave, in deeper if more latent folds of his heart, the ineradicable impression.

Maltravers renewed his acquaintance with some persons not unfamiliar to the reader.

Valerie de St. Ventadour. How many recollections of the *beaux jours* of life were connected with that name! Precisely as she had never reached to his love, but only excited his fancy (the fancy of twenty-two!), had her image always retained a pleasant and grateful hue; it was blended with no deep sorrow, no stern regret, no dark remorse, no haunting shame. The recollection of Valerie was but treasured with those memories which are just touched by a sentiment, not blighted by a passion.

They met again. Madame de St. Ventadour was still beautiful and still admired; perhaps more admired than ever: for, to the great, fashion and celebrity bring a second and yet more popular youth. But Maltravers, if rejoiced to see how gently Time had dealed with the fair Frenchwoman, was yet more pleased to read in her fine features a more serene and contented expression than it had formerly worn. Valerie de St. Ventadour had preceded her younger admirer through the "MYSTERIES OF LIFE;" she

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had learned the real objects of being; she distinguished between the actual and the visionary, the shadow and the substance; she had acquired content for the present, and looked with quiet hope towards the future. Her character was still spotless; or, rather, every year of temptation and trial had given it a fairer lustre. Love, that might have ruined, being once subdued, preserved her from all after danger. The first meeting between Maltravers and Valerie was, it is true, one of some embarassment and reserve; not so the second. They did but once, and that slightly, recur to the past; and from that moment, as by a tacit understanding, true friendship between them dated. Neither felt mortified to see that an illusion had passed away; they were no longer the same in each other's eyes. Both might be improved, and were so; but the Valerie and the Ernest of Naples were as things dead and gone! Perhaps Valerie's heart was even more reconciled to the cure of its soft and luxurious malady by the renewal of their acquaintance. The mature and experienced reasoner, in whom enthusiasm had undergone its usual change, with the calm brow and commanding aspect of sober manhood, was a being so different from the romantic boy, new to the actual world of civilized toils and pleasures; fresh from the adventures of Eastern wanderings, and full of golden dreams of poetry before it settles into authorship or action! She missed the brilliant errors, the daring aspirations, even the animated gestures and eager eloquence that had interested and enamoured her in the loiterer by the shores of Baiæ or amid the tomblike chambers of Pompeii. For the Maltravers now before her—wiser, better, nobler, even handsomer than of yore (for he was one whom manhood became better than youth)—the Frenchwoman could at any period have felt friendship without danger. It seemed to her, not as it really was, the natural *développment*, but the very *contrast* of the ardent, variable, imaginative boy, by whose side she had gazed at night on the moonlighted waters and rosy skies of the soft Parthenope! How does time, after a long absence, bring to us such contrasts between the one we remember and the one we see! And what a melancholy mockery does it seem of our own vain hearts, dreaming of impressions never to be changed and affections that never can grow cool!

And now, as they conversed with all the ease of cordial and guileless friendship, how did Valerie rejoice in secret that upon that friendship there rested no blot of shame! and that she had not forfeited those consolations for a home without love, which had at last settled into cheerful nor unhallowed resignation; consolations only to be found in the conscience and the pride!

Monsieur de St. Ventadour had not altered, except that his nose was longer, and that he now wore a peruque in full curl instead of his own straight hair. But, somehow or other—perhaps by the mere charm of custom—he had grown more pleasing in Valerie's eyes; habit had reconciled her to his foibles, deficiencies, and faults; and, by comparison with others, she could better appreciate his good qualities—such as they were—generosity, good-temper, good-nature, and unbounded indulgence to herself. Husband and wife have so many interests in common, that, when they have jogged on through the ups and downs of life a sufficient time, the leash which at first galled often grows easy and familiar; and, unless the *temper* of either be insufferable, what was once a grievous yoke becomes but a companionable tie. And for the rest, Valerie—now that sentiment and fancy were sobered down—could take pleasure in a thousand things which her pining affections once, as it were, overlooked and overshot. She could feel grateful for all the advantages her station and wealth procured her; she could cull the roses in her reach without sighing for the amaranths of Elysium.

If the great have more temptations than those of middle life, and if their sense of enjoyment become more easily pampered into a sickly apathy, so, at least (if they can once outlive satiety), they have so many more resources at their command. There is a great deal of justice in the old line, displeasing though it be to those who think of love in a cottage, "'tis best repenting in a coach and six!" If among the Eupatrids, the wellborn, there is less love in wedlock, less quiet happiness at home, still they are less chained each to each; they have more independence, both the woman and the man; and occupation and solace without can be so easily obtained! Madame de St. Ventadour, in retiring from the mere frivolities of society; from crowded rooms, and the inane talk and hollow smiles of mere acquaintanceship, became more sensible of the pleasures that her refined and elegant intellect could derive from art and talent, and the communion of friendship. She drew around her the most cultivated minds of her time and country. Her abilities, her wit, and her conversational graces enabled her not only to mix on equal terms with the most eminent, but to amalgamate and blend the varieties of talent into harmony. The same persons, when met elsewhere, seemed to have lost their charm: under Valerie's roof every one breathed a congenial atmosphere. And music and letters, and all that can refine and embellish civilized life, contributed their resources to this gifted and beautiful woman. And thus she found that the *mind* has excitement and occupation as well as the heart; and, unlike the latter, the culture we bestow upon the first ever yields us its return. We talk of education for the poor, but we forget how much it is needed by the rich! Valerie was a living instance of the advantages to women of knowledge and intellectual resources. By them she had purified her fancy; by them she had conquered discontent; by them she had grown reconciled to life and to her lot! When the heavy heart weighed down the one scale, it was the mind that restored the balance.

The spells of Madame de St. Ventadour drew Maltravers into this charmed circle of all that was highest, purest, and most gifted in the society of Paris. There he did not meet, as were met in the times of the old *regime*, sparkling abbés intent upon intrigues; or amorous old dowagers eloquent on Rousseau; or powdered courtiers uttering epigrams against kings and religions: straws that foretold the whirlwind. Paul Courier was right! Frenchmen are Frenchmen still; they are full of fine phrases, and their thoughts smell of the theatre; they mistake foil for diamonds, the grotesque for the natural, the exaggerated for the sublime; but still, I say, Paul Courier was right: there is more honesty now in a single *salon* in Paris than there was in all France in the days of Voltaire! Vast interests and solemn causes are no longer tossed about like shuttlecocks on the battledores of empty tongues. In the *bouleversement* of revolutions, the French have fallen on their feet!

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Meeting men of all parties and all classes, Maltravers was struck with the heightened tones of public morals, the earnest sincerity of feeling which generally pervaded all, as compared with his first recollections of the Parisians. He saw that true elements for national wisdom were at work, though he saw also that there was no country in which their operations would be more liable to disorder, more slow and irregular in their results. The French are like the Israelites in the Wilderness, when, according to a Hebrew tradition, every morning they seemed on the verge of Pisgah, and every evening they were as far from it as ever. But still time rolls on, the pilgrimage draws to its close, and the Canaan must come at last!

At Valerie's house Maltravers once more met the De Montaignes. It was a painful meeting, for they thought [redacted] Cæsarini when they met.

It is now time to return to that unhappy man. Cæsarini, or, rather, Cesarini (for I think I have mentioned elsewhere that it had been an early and characteristic affectation in the poet to adopt the Latin fashion of spelling a name derived from Latin, even in contempt of the forms of his own language), had been removed from England when Maltravers left it after Lady Florence's death; and Maltravers had thought it best to acquaint De Montaigne with all the circumstances that had led to his affliction. The pride and the honour of the high-spirited Frenchman were deeply shocked by the tale of fraud and guilt, softened as it was; but the sight of the criminal, his awful punishment, merged every other feeling in compassion. Placed under the care of the most skilful practitioners in Paris, great hopes of Cæsarini's recovery had been entertained. Nor was it long, indeed, before he appeared entirely restored, so far as the external and superficial tokens of sanity could indicate a cure. He testified complete consciousness of the kindness of his relations and clear remembrance of the past; but to the incoherent ravings of delirium, an intense melancholy, still more deplorable, succeeded. In this state, however, he became once more the inmate of his brother-in-law's house; and, though avoiding all society except that of Teresa, whose affectionate nature never wearied of its cares, he resumed many of his old occupations. Again he appeared to take delight in desultory and unprofitable studies, and in the cultivation of that luxury of solitary men, "the thankless muse." By shunning all topics connected with the gloomy cause of his affliction, and talking rather of the sweet recollections of Italy and childhood than of more recent events, his sister was enabled to sooth the dark hour and preserve some kind of influence over the ill-fated man. One day, however, there fell into his hands an English newspaper, which was full of the praises of Lord Vargrave; and the article, in lauding the peer, referred to his services as the commoner Lumley Ferrers.

This incident, slight as it appeared, and perfectly untraceable by his relations, produced a visible effect on Cæsarini; and three days afterward he attempted his own life. The failure of the attempt was followed by the fiercest paroxysms. His disease returned in all its dread force; and it became necessary to place him under yet stricter confinement than he had endured before. Again, about a year from the date now entered upon, he had appeared to recover; and again he was removed to De Montaigne's house. His relatives were not aware of the influence which Lord Vargrave's name exercised over Cæsarini; in the melancholy tale communicated to them by Maltravers, that name had not been mentioned. If Maltravers had at one time entertained some vague suspicions that Lumley had acted a treacherous part with regard to Florence, those suspicions had long since died away for want of confirmation; nor did he (nor did, therefore, the De Montaignes) connect Lord Vargrave with the affliction of Cæsarini. De Montaigne himself, therefore, one day at dinner, alluding to a question of foreign politics which had been debated that morning in the chamber, and in which he himself had taken an active part, happened to refer to a speech of Vargrave's upon the subject, which had made some sensation abroad as well as at home. Teresa asked innocently who Lord Vargrave was; and De Montaigne, well acquainted with the biography of the principal English statesmen, replied, that he had commenced his career as Mr. Ferrers, and reminded Teresa that they had once been introduced to him in Paris. Cæsarini suddenly rose and left the room; his absence was not noted, for his comings and goings were ever strange and fitful. Teresa soon afterward left the apartment with her children, and De Montaigne, who was rather fatigued with the exertions and excitement of the morning, stretched himself in his chair to enjoy a short *siesta*. He was suddenly awakened by a feeling of pain and suffocation; awakened in time to struggle against a strong gripe that had fastened itself at his throat. The room was darkened in the growing shades of the evening; and, but for the glittering and savage eyes that were fixed on him, he could scarcely discern his assailant. He at length succeeded, however, in freeing himself, and casting the intended assassin on the ground. He shouted for assistance; and the lights, borne by the servants who rushed into the room, revealed to him the face of his brother-in-law! Cæsarini, though in strong convulsions, still uttered cries and imprecations of revenge; he denounced De Montaigne as a traitor and a murderer! In the dark confusion of his mind, he had mistaken the guardian for the distant foe, whose name sufficed to conjure up the phantoms of the dead and plunge reason into fury.

It was now clear that there was danger and death in Cæsarini's disease. His madness was pronounced to be capable of no certain and permanent cure; he was placed at a new asylum (the superintendents of which were celebrated for humanity as well as skill), a little distance from Versailles, and there he still remained. Recently his lucid intervals had become more frequent and prolonged; but trifles that sprung from his own mind, and which no care could prevent or detect, sufficed to renew his calamity in all its fierceness. At such times he required the most unrelaxing vigilance; for his madness ever took an alarming and ferocious character; and had he been unshackled, the boldest and stoutest of the keepers would have dreaded to enter his cell unarmed or alone.

What made the disease of the mind appear more melancholy and confirmed was, that all this time the frame seemed to increase in health and strength. This is not an uncommon case in instances of mania, and it is generally the worst symptom. In earlier youth Cæsarini had been delicate even to effeminacy; but now his proportions were enlarged—his form (though still lean and spare) muscular and vigorous—as if in the torpor which usually succeed-

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ed to his bursts of phrensy the animal portion gained by the repose or disorganization of the intellectual. When in his better and calmer moods—in which, indeed, none but the experienced could have detected his malady—books made his chief delight. But then he complained bitterly, if briefly, of the confinement he endured, of the injustice he suffered; and as, shunning all companions, he walked gloomily amid the grounds that surrounded that house of wo, his unseen guardians beheld him clinching his hands, as at some visionary enemy; or overheard him accuse some phantom of his brain of the torments he endured.

Though the reader can detect in Lumley Ferrers the cause of the phrensy and the object of the imprecation, it was not so with the De Montaignes, nor with the patient's keepers and physicians; for in his delirium he seldom or never gave name to the shadows which he invoked, not even to that of Florence. It is, indeed, no unusual characteristic of madness to shun, as by a kind of cunning, all mention of the names of those by whom the madness has been caused. It is as if the unfortunates imagined that the madness might be undiscovered, if the images connected with it were unbetrayed.

Such, at this time, was the wretched state of the man whose talents had promised a fair and honourable career, had it not been the wretched tendency of his mind, from boyhood upward, to pamper every unwholesome and unhallowed feeling as a token of the exuberance of genius. De Montaigne, though he touched as lightly as possible upon this dark domestic calamity in his first communications with Maltravers, whose conduct in that melancholy tale of crime and wo had, he conceived, been stamped with generosity and feeling, still betrayed emotions that told how much his peace had been imbittered.

"I seek to console Teresa," said he, turning away his manly head, "and to point out all the blessings yet left to her; but that brother, so beloved, from whom so much was so vainly expected! still ever and ever, though she strives to conceal it from me, this affliction comes back to her and poisons every thought! Oh! better a thousand times that he had died! When reason, sense, almost the soul, are dead, how dark and fiendlike is the life that remains behind! And if it should be in the blood—if Teresa's children—dreadful thought!"

De Montaigne ceased, thoroughly overcome.

"Do not, my dear friend, so fearfully exaggerate your misfortune, great as it is; Cæsarini's disease evidently arose from no physical conformation; it was but the crisis, the development of a long-contracted malady of mind; passions morbidly indulged; the reasoning faculty obstinately neglected; and yet, too, he may recover. The farther memory recedes from the shock he has sustained, the better the chance that his mind will regain its tone."

De Montaigne wrung his friend's hand.

"It is strange that from you should come sympathy and comfort! you whom he so injured! you whom his folly or his crime drove from your proud career and your native soil! but Providence will yet, I trust, redeem the evil of its erring creature, and I shall yet live to see you restored to hope and home, a happy husband, an honoured citizen; till then, I feel as if the curse lingered upon my race."

"Speak not thus; whatever my destiny, I have recovered from that wound; and still, De Montaigne, I find in life that suffering succeeds to suffering, and disappointment to disappointment, as wave to wave. To endure is the only philosophy; to believe that we shall live again in a brighter planet is the only hope that our reason should accept from our desires."

CHAPTER II.

"Monstra evenerunt mihi,
Introit in ædes ater alienus canis,
Anguis per impluvium decidit de tegulis,
Gallina cecinit!"

TERENT.

With his constitutional strength of mind, and conformably with his acquired theories, Maltravers continued to struggle against the latest and strongest passion of his life. It might be seen in the paleness of his brow, and that nameless expression of suffering which betrays itself in the lines about the mouth, that his health was affected by the conflict within him; and many a sudden fit of absence and abstraction, many an impatient sigh, followed by a forced and unnatural gayety, told the observant Valerie that he was the prey of a sorrow he was too proud to disclose. He compelled himself, however, to take, or to affect an interest in the singular phenomena of the social state around him; phenomena that, in a happier or serener mood, would indeed have suggested no ordinary food for conjecture and meditation.

The state of *visible transition* is the state of nearly all the enlightened communities in Europe. But nowhere is it so pronounced as in that country which may be called the heart of European civilization. There, all to which the spirit of society attaches itself appears broken, vague, and half developed, the antique in ruins and the new not formed. It is, perhaps, the only country in which the constructive principle has not kept pace with the destructive. The has been is blotted out; the to be is as the shadow of a far land in a mighty and perturbed sea.

Maltravers, who for several years had not examined the progress of modern literature, looked with mingled feelings of surprise, distaste, and occasional and most reluctant admiration, on the various works which the successors of Voltaire and Rousseau have produced, and are pleased to call the offspring of truth united to romance.

Profoundly versed in the mechanism and elements of those masterpieces of Germany and England from which the French have borrowed so largely while pretending to be original, Maltravers was shocked to see the monsters which these Frankensteins had created from the relics and offal of the holiest sepulchres. The head of a giant on the limbs of a dwarf; incongruous members jumbled together; parts fair and beautiful; the whole a hideous distortion!

"It may be possible," said he to De Montaigne, "that these works are admired and extolled; but how they can be vindicated by the examples of Shakspeare and Goëthe, or even of Byron, who redeemed poor and melo-dramatic conceptions with a manly vigour of execution, an energy and completeness of purpose that Dryden himself never surpassed, is to me utterly inconceivable."

"I allow that there is a strange mixture of fustian and maudlin in all these things," answered De

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Montaigne, "but they are but the windfalls of trees that may bear rich fruit in due season; meanwhile, any new school is better than eternal imitations of the old. As for critical vindications of the works themselves, the age that produces the phenomena is never the age to classify and analyze them. We have had a deluge, and now new creatures spring from the new soil."

"An excellent simile: they come forth from slime and mud, fetid and crawling, unformed and monstrous. I grant exceptions, and even in the new school, as it is called, I can admire the real genius, the vital and creative power of Victor Hugo. But oh, that a nation which has known a Corneille should ever spawn forth a Janin! And with these rickety and drivelling abortions, all having followers and adulators, your public can still bear to be told that they have improved wonderfully on the day when they gave laws and models to the literature of Europe; they can bear to hear ***** proclaimed a sublime genius in the same circles which sneer down Voltaire!"

Voltaire is out of fashion in France, but Rousseau still maintains his influence and boasts his imitators. Rousseau was the worse man of the two; perhaps he was also the more dangerous writer. But his reputation is more durable, and sinks deeper into the heart of his nation; and the danger of his unstable and capricious doctrines has passed away. In Voltaire we behold the fate of all writers purely destructive; their uses cease with the evils they denounce. But Rousseau sought to construct as well as to destroy; and though nothing could well be more absurd than his constructions, still man loves to look back and see even delusive images, castles in the air, reared above the waste where cities have been: rather than leave even a burial-ground to solitude, we populate it with ghosts.

By degrees, however, as he mastered all the features of the French literature, Maltravers became more tolerant of the present defects and more hopeful of the future results. He saw, in one respect, that that literature carried with it its own ultimate redemption. Its general characteristic—contradistinguished from the literature of the old French classic school—is to take the *heart* for its study; to bring the passions and feelings into action, and let the within have its record and history as well as the without. In all this, our contemplative analyst began to allow that the French were not far wrong when they contended that Shakspeare made the foundation of their inspiration; a fountain which the majority of our later English fictionists, and Scott especially, have neglected. It is not by a story woven of interesting incidents, relieved by delineations of the externals and surface of character, humorous phraseology, and every-day ethics, that fiction achieves its grandest ends.

In the French literature, thus characterized, there is much false morality, much depraved sentiment, and much hollow rant. But still it carries within it the germe of an excellence, which, sooner or later, must, in the progress of national genius, arrives at its full development.

Meanwhile, it is a consolation to know that nothing really immoral is ever permanently popular, or ever, therefore, long deleterious; what is dangerous in a work of genius cures itself in a few years. We can now read Werter, and instruct our hearts by its exposition of weakness and passion; our taste by its exquisite and unrivalled simplicity of construction and detail, without any fear that we shall shoot ourselves in top-boots! We can feel ourselves elevated by the noble sentiments of "The Robbers," and our penetration sharpened as to the wholesale immorality of conventional cant and hypocrisy, without any danger of turning banditti and becoming cutthroats from the love of virtue. Providence, that has made the genius of the few in all times and countries the guide and prophet of the many, and appointed literature as the sublime agent of civilization, of opinion, and of law, has endowed the elements it employs with a divine power of self-purification. The stream settles of itself by rest and time; the impure particles fly off, or are neutralized by the healthful. It is only fools that call the works of a master-spirit immoral. There does not exist in the literature of the world one *popular* book that is immoral two centuries after it is produced. For, in the heart of nations, the false does not live so long; and the true is the ethical to the end of time.

From the literary, Maltravers turned to the political state of France his curious and thoughtful eye. He was struck by the resemblance which this nation—so civilized, so thoroughly European—bears in one respect to the despotisms of the East! the convulsions of the capital decide the fate of the country; Paris is the tyrant of France. He saw in this inflammable concentration of power, which must ever be pregnant with great evils, one of the causes why the revolutions of that powerful and polished people are so incomplete and unsatisfactory; why, like Cardinal Fleury, system after system and government after government,

"Floruit sine fructu,
Defloruit sine luctu."

Maltravers regarded it as a singular instance of perverse ratiocination, that, unwarned by experience, the French should still persist in perpetuating this political vice; that all their policy should still be the policy of centralization; a principle which secures the momentary strength, but ever ends in the abrupt destruction of, states. It is, in fact, the perilous tonic, which seems to brace the system, but drives the blood to the head; thus come apoplexy and madness. By centralization the provinces are weakened, it is true; but weak to assist as well as to oppose a government, weak to withstand a mob. Nowhere, nowadays, is a mob so powerful as in Paris; the political history of Paris is the history of mobs. Centralization is an excellent quackery for a despot who desires power to last only his own life, and who has but a life-interest in the state; but to true liberty and permanent order centralization is a deadly poison. The more the provinces govern their own affairs, the more we find everything, even to roads and post-horses, are left to the people; the more the municipal spirit pervades every vein of the vast body, the more certain may we be that reform and change must come from universal opinion, which is slow, and constructs ere it destroys; not from public clamour, which is sudden, and not only pulls down the edifice, but sells the bricks!

Another peculiarity in the French constitution struck and perplexed Maltravers. This people, so pervaded by the republican sentiment; this people, who had sacrificed so much for freedom; this people, who, in the name of Freedom, had perpetrated

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so much crime with Robespierre and achieved so much glory with Napoleon; this people were, *as* a people, contented to be utterly excluded from all power and voice in the state! Out of thirty-three millions of subjects, less than two hundred thousand electors! Where was there ever an oligarchy equal to this? What a strange infatuation, to demolish an aristocracy and yet to exclude a people! What an anomaly in architecture to build an inverted pyramid! Where was the safetyvalve of governments; where the natural vents of excitement in a population so inflammable? The people itself were left a mob: no stake in the state; no action in its affairs; no legislative interest in its security.

On the other hand, it was singular to see how, the aristocracy of birth broken down, the aristocracy of letters had arisen. A peerage, half composed of journalists, philosophers, and authors! This was the *beau ideal* of Algernon Sidney's aristocratic republic; of the Helvetian visions of what ought to be the dispensation of public distinctions; yet was it, after all, a desirable aristocracy? Did society gain, did literature lose? Was the priesthood of genius made more sacred and more pure by these worldly decorations and hollow titles, or was aristocracy itself thus rendered a loftier, a more disinterested, a more powerful, or more sagacious element in the administration of law or the exaltation of opinion? These questions, not lightly to be answered, could not fail to arouse the speculation and curiosity of a man who had been familiar with the closet and the forum; and, in proportion as he found his interest excited in these problems to be solved by a foreign nation, did the thoughtful Englishman feel the old instinct—which binds the citizen to the father-land—begin to stir once more earnestly and vividly within him.

"You yourself individually are passing, like us" (said De Montaigne one day to Maltravers), "through a state of transition. You have for ever left the ideal, and you are carrying your cargo of experience over to the practical. When you have reached that haven you will have completed the development of your forces."

"You mistake me; I am but a spectator."

"Yes; but you desire to go behind the scenes. And he who once grows familiar with the green-room longs to be an actor."

With Madame de St. Ventadour and the De Montaignes Maltravers passed the chief part of his time. They knew how to appreciate his nobler and to love his gentler attributes and qualities; they united in a warm interest for his future fate; they combated his philosophy of inaction; and they felt that it was because he was not happy that he was wise. Experience was to him what ignorance had been to Alice. His faculties were chilled and dormant. As affection to those who are unskilled in all things, so is affection to those who despair of all things. The mind of Maltravers was a world without a sun!

CHAPTER III.

"Cœlebs quid agam?"

HORAT.

In a room at Fenton's Hotel sat Lord Vargrave and Caroline Lady Doltimore, two months after the marriage of the latter.

"Doltimore has positively fixed, then, to go abroad on your return from Cornwall?"

"Positively, to Paris: you can join us at Christmas, I trust?"

"I have no doubt of it; and before then I hope that I shall have arranged certain public matters, which at present harass and absorb me even more than my private affairs."

"You have managed to obtain terms with Mr. Douce, and to delay the payment of your debt to him?"

"Yes, I hope so, till I touch Miss Cameron's income; which will be mine, I trust, by the time she is eighteen."

"You mean the forfeit-money of 30,000*l.*"

"Not I! I mean what I said!"

"Can you really imagine she will still accept your hand?"

"With your aid, I do imagine it! Hear me. You must take Evelyn with you to Paris. I have no doubt but that she will be delighted to accompany you; nay, I have paved the way so far. For, of course, as a friend of the family and guardian to Evelyn, I have maintained a correspondence with Lady Vargrave. She informs me that Evelyn has been unwell and low-spirited; that she fears Brook Green is dull for her, &c. I wrote in reply to say that the more my ward saw of the world prior to her accession, when of age, to the position she would occupy in it, the more she would fulfil my late uncle's wishes with respect to her education, and so forth. I added, that as you were going to Paris, and as you loved her so much, there could not be a better opportunity for her entrance into life, under the most favourable auspices. Lady Vargrave's answer to this letter arrived this morning: she will consent to such an arrangement should you propose it."

"But what good will result to yourself in this project? at Paris you will be sure of rivals, and—"

"Caroline!" interrupted Lord Vargrave, "I know very well what you would say; I also know all the danger I must incur. But it is a choice of evils, and I choose the least. You see that while she is at Brook Green, and under the eye of that sly old curate, I can effect nothing with her. There she is entirely removed from my influence; not so abroad, not so under your roof. Listen to me still further. In this country, and especially in the seclusion and shelter of Brook Green, I have no scope for any of those means which I shall be compelled to resort to in failure of all else."

"What can you intend?" said Caroline, with slight shudder.

"I don't know what I intend yet. But this, at least I can tell you, that Miss Cameron's fortune I must and will have. I am a desperate man, and can play a desperate game, if need be."

"And do you think that *I* will aid, will abet?"

"Hush! not so loud! Yes, Caroline, you will, and you must, aid and abet me in any project I may form."

"Must! Lord Vargrave."

"Ay!" said Lumley, with a smile, and sinking his voice into a whisper; "ay! *you are in my power!*"

"Traitor! you cannot dare, you cannot mean—"

"I mean nothing more than to remind you of the ties that exist between us; ties which ought to make us the firmest and most confidential of friends Come, Caroline, recollect all the benefits must not

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he on one side: I have obtained for you rank and wealth; I have procured you a husband, you must help me to a wife!"

Caroline sunk back, and covered her face with her hands.

"I allow," continued Vargrave, coldly, "I allow that your beauty and talent were sufficient of themselves to charm a wiser man than Doltimore; but had I not suppressed jealousy, sacrificed love; had I dropped a hint to your liege lord; nay, had I not fed his lapdog vanity by all the cream and sugar of flattering falsehoods, you would be Caroline Merton still!"

"Oh! would that I were! oh! that I were anything but your tool, your victim! Fool that I was! wretch that I am! I am rightly punished!"

"Forgive me, forgive me, dearest," said Vargrave, soothingly; "I was to blame, forgive me; but you irritated, you maddened me, by your seeming indifference to my prosperity, my fate. I tell you again and again, pride of my soul, I tell you that you are the only being I love; and if you will allow me, if you will rise superior, as I once fondly hoped, to all the cant and prejudice of convention and education, the only woman I could ever respect, as well love! Oh, hereafter, when you see me at that height to which I feel that I am born to climb, let me think that to your generosity, your affection, your zeal, I owed the ascent; at present I am on the precipice; without your hand I fall for ever. My own fortune is gone; the miserable forfeit due to me, if Evelyn continues to reject my suit when she has arrived at the age of eighteen, is deeply mortgaged. I am engaged in vast and daring schemes, in which I may either rise to the highest station or lose that which I now hold. In either case, how necessary to me is wealth; in the one instance to maintain my advancement, in the other to redeem my fall."

"But did you not tell me," said Caroline, "that Evelyn had proposed and promised to place her fortune at your disposal, even while rejecting your hand?"

"Absurd mockery!" exclaimed Vargrave; "the foolish boast of a girl; an impulse liable to every caprice: can you suppose, that when she launches into the extravagance natural to her age and necessary to her position, she will not find a thousand demands upon her rent-roll not dreamed of now? a thousand vanities and bawbles that will soon erase my poor and hollow claim from her recollection? Can you suppose that, if she marry another, her husband would ever consent to a child's romance? And even were all this possible; were it possible that girls were not extravagant, and that husbands had no common sense, is it for me, Lord Vargrave, to be a mendicant upon reluctant bounty? a poor cousin, a pensioned led-captain? Heaven knows I have as little false pride as any man, but this is degradation I cannot stoop to. Besides, Caroline, I am no miser, no Harpagon; I do not want wealth for wealth's sake, but for the advantages it bestows, respect, honour, position; and these I get as the husband of the great heiress: should I get them as her dependant? No; for more than six years I have bunt my schemes and shaped my conduct according to one assured and definite object; and that object I shall not now, in the eleventh hour, let slip from my hands. Enough of this; you will pass Brook Green in returning from Cornwall; you will take Evelyn with you to Paris; leave the rest to me. Fear no folly, no violence, from my plans, whatever they may be: I work in the dark. Nor do I despair that Evelyn will love, that Evelyn will voluntarily accept me yet; my disposition is sanguine; I look to the bright side of things; do the same!"

Here their conference was interrupted by Lord Doltimore, who lounged carelessly into the room, with his hat on one side: "Ah! Vargrave, how are you? You will forget the letters of introduction? Where are you going, Caroline?"

"Only to my own room to put on my bonnet, the carriage will be here in a few minutes;" and Caroline escaped.

"So you go to Cornwall to-morrow, Doltimore?"

"Yes; cursed bore; but Lady Elizabeth insists on seeing us, and I don't object to a week's good shooting. The old lady, too, has something to leave, and Caroline had no dowry: not that I care for it; but, still, marriage is expensive."

"By-the-by, you will want the five thousand pounds you lent me?"

"Why, whenever it is convenient."

"Say no more; it shall be seen to. Doltimore, I am very anxious that Lady Doltimore's *debût* at Paris should be brilliant; everything depends on falling into the right set. For myself, I don't care about fashion, and never did; but if I were married, and an idle man like you, it might be different."

"Oh, you will be very useful to us when we return to London. Meanwhile, you know, you have my proxy in the lords; I dare say there will be some sharp work the first week or two after the recess."

"Very likely; and depend on one thing, my dear Doltimore, that, when I am in the cabinet, a certain friend of mine shall be an earl. Adieu."

"Good-by, my dear Vargrave, good-by; and, I say, I say, don't distress yourself about that trifle; a few months hence it will suit me just as well."

"Thanks; I will just look into my accounts, and use you without ceremony. Well, I dare say we shall meet at Paris. Oh, I forgot! I observe that you have renewed your intimacy with Legard. Now he is a very good fellow, and I gave him that place to oblige you; still, as you are no longer a *garçon*—but perhaps I shall offend you?"

"Not at all. What is there against Legard?"

"Nothing in the world; but he is a bit of a boaster. I dare say his ancestor was a Gascon, poor fellow! and he affects to say that you can't choose a coat or buy a horse without his approval or advice; that he can turn you round his finger. Now this hurts your consequence in the world; you don't get credit for your own excellent sense and taste. Take my advice; avoid these young hangers-on of fashion, these clubroom lions. Having no importance of their own, they steal the importance of their friends: *Verbum sap.*"

"You are very right, Legard *is* a coxcomb; and now I see why he talked of joining us at Paris."

"Don't let him do any such thing! he will be telling the Frenchmen that her ladyship is in love with him; ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha! a very good joke; poor Caroline very good joke! Well, good-by once more;" and Vargrave closed the door.

"Legard go to Paris; not if Evelyn goes there!" muttered Lumley. "Besides, I want no partner in the little that one can screw out of this blockhead."

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CHAPTER IV.

"'Mr. Bumblecase, a word with you; I have a little business.'

"'Farewell, the goodly Manor of Blackacre, with all its woods, underwoods, and appurtenances whatever.'"—WYCHERLEY'S *Plain Dealer*.

In leaving Fenton's Hotel Lord Vargrave entered into one of the clubs in St. James's-street; this was rather unusual with him, for he was not a club man. It was not his system to spend his time for nothing; but it was a wet December day; the house not yet assembled, and he had done his official business. Here, as he was munching a biscuit and reading an article in one of the ministerial papers—the heads of which he himself had supplied—Lord Saxingham joined, and drew him to the window.

"I have reason to think," said the earl, "that your visit to Windsor did good."

"Ah, indeed, so I fancied."

"I do not think that a certain personage will ever consent to the—question; and the premier, whom I saw to-day, seems chafed and irritated."

"Nothing can be better; I know that we are in the right boat."

"I hope it is not true, Lumley, that your marriage with Miss Cameron is broken off; such was the *on dit* in the club just before you entered."

"Contradict it, my dear lord, contradict it. I hope by the spring to introduce Lady Vargrave to you. But who broached the absurd report?"

"Why, your *protégé*, Legard, says he heard so from his uncle, who heard it from Sir John Merton."

"Legard is a puppy, and Sir John Merton a *gobemouche*. Legard had better attend to his office if he wants to get on; and I wish you'd tell him so. I have heard somewhere that he talks of going to Paris; you can just hint to him that he must give up these idle habits. Public functionaries are not now what they were; people are expected to work for the money they pocket; otherwise Legard is a cleverish fellow, and deserves promotion. A word or two of caution from you will do him a vast deal of good."

"Be sure I will lecture him. Will you dine with me to-day, Lumley?"

"No. I expect my co-trustee, Mr. Douce, on matters of business; a *tête-à-tête* dinner."

Lord Vargrave had, as he conceived, very cleverly talked over Mr. Douce into letting his debt to that gentleman run on for the present; and, in the mean while, he had overwhelmed Mr. Douce with his condescensions. That gentleman had twice dined with Lord Vargrave, and Lord Vargrave had twice dined with him. The occasion of the present more familiar entertainment was in a letter from Mr. Douce, begging to see Lord Vargrave on particular business; and Vargrave, who by no means liked the word *business* from a gentleman to whom he owed money, thought that it would go off more smoothly if a little *arrosé* by Champagne.

Accordingly, he begged "My dear Mr. Douce" to excuse ceremony and dine with him on Thursday at seven o'clock; he was really so busy all the mornings.

At seven o'clock Mr. Douce came. The moment he entered Vargrave called out at the top of his voice, "Dinner immediately!" And as the little man bowed, and shuffled, and fidgeted, and wriggled (while Vargrave shook him by the hand), as if he thought he was going himself to be spitted, his host said, "With your leave, we'll postpone the budget till after dinner. It is the fashion nowadays to postpone budgets as long as we can; eh? Well, and how are all at home! Devilish cold, is it not? So you go to your villa every day? That's what keeps you in such capital health. You know I had a villa too, though I never had time to go there."

"Ah, yes; I think, I remember, at Ful—Ful—Fulham!" gasped out Mr. Douce. "Your poor uncle's, now Lady Var—Var—Vargrave's jointure-house. So—so—"

"She don't live there!" burst in Vargrave (far too impatient to be polite). "Too cocknified for her; gave it up to me; very pretty place, but damned expensive. I could not afford it; never went there; and so I have let it to my wine-merchant; the rent just pays his bill. You will taste some of the sofas and tables to-day in his Champagne! I don't know how it is, I always fancy my sherry smells like my poor uncle's leather chair; very odd smell it had; a kind of respectable smell! I hope you're hungry, dinner's ready."

Vargrave thus rattled away in order to give the good banker to understand that his affairs were in the most flourishing condition; and he continued to keep up the ball all dinnertime, stopping Mr. Douce's little, miserable, gasping, dacelike mouth with "a glass of wine, Douce," or "by-the-by, Douce," whenever he saw that worthy gentleman about to make the Æschylean improvement of a second person in the dialogue.

At length, dinner being fairly over and the servants withdrawn, Lord Vargrave, knowing that sooner or later Douce would have his say, drew his chair to the fire, put his feet on the fender, and cried, as he tossed off his claret, "Now, Douce, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?"

Mr. Douce opened his eyes to their full extent, and then as rapidly closed them; and this operation he continued till, having snuffed them so much that they could by no possibility burn any brighter, he was convinced that he had not misunderstood his lordship.

"Indeed, then," he began, in his most frightened manner, "indeed—I—really, your lordship misunderstands—I—I wanted to speak to you on business."

"Well, what can I do for you; some little favour, eh? Snug sinecure for a favourite clerk, or a place in the stampoffice for your fat footman—John, I think you call him! You know, my dear Douce, you may command me."

"Oh, indeed, you are all good—good—goodness—but—but—"

Vargrave threw himself back, and shutting his eyes and pursing up his mouth, resolutely suffered Mr. Douce to unbosom himself without interruption. He was considerably relieved to find that the business referred to related only to Miss Cameron. Mr. Douce having reminded Lord Vargrave, as he had often done before, of the wishes of his uncle, that the greater portion of the money bequeathed to Evelyn should be invested in land, proceeded to say that a most excellent opportunity presented itself for just such a purchase as would have rejoiced the heart of the late lord. A superb place, in the style of Blickling, deer-park six miles round, 10,000 acres of land, bringing a clear 8000*l.* a year, purchase-money only 240,000*l.* The whole estate

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ours, indeed, much larger, 18,000 acres; but, then, the more distant farms could be sold in different lots in order to meet the exact sum Miss Cameron's trustees were enabled to invest.

"Well," said Vargrave, "and where is it? My poor uncle was after De Clifford's estate, but the title was not good."

"Oh! this—is much—much fi—fi—finer; famous investment, but rather far off—in—in the north. Li—Li—Lisle Court."

"Lisle Court! Why, does not that belong to Colonel Maltravers?"

"Yes. It is, indeed, quite, I may say—a secret—yes—really—a se—se—secret—not in the market yet, not at all; soon snapped up."

"Humph! Has Colonel Maltravers been extravagant?"

"No; but he does not, I hear—or, rather, Lady—Julia—so I'm told, yes, indeed—does not li—like—going so far, and so they spend the winter in Italy instead. Yes—very odd—very fine place."

Lumley was slightly acquainted with the elder brother of his old friend, a man who possessed some of Ernest's faults; very proud, and very exacting, and very fastidious; but all these faults were developed in the ordinary commonplace world, and were not the refined abstractions of his younger brother.

Colonel Maltravers had continued, since he entered the Guards, to be thoroughly the man of fashion, and nothing more. But rich, and wellborn, and highly connected, and thoroughly *à la mode* as he was, his pride made him uncomfortable in London, while his fastidiousness made him uncomfortable in the country. He was *rather* a great person, but he wanted to be a *very* great person. This he was at Lisle Court; but that did not satisfy him; he wanted not only to be a very great person, but a very great person among very great persons, and squires and parsons bored him. Lady Julia, his wife, was a fine lady, inane and pretty, who saw everything through her husband's eyes. He was quite master *chez lui*, was Colonel Maltravers! He lived a great deal abroad, for on the Continent his large income seemed princely, while his high character, thorough breeding, and personal advantages, which were remarkable, secured him a greater position in foreign courts than at his own. Two things had greatly disgusted him with Lisle Court; trifles they might be to others, but they were not trifles to Cuthbert Maltravers; in the first place, a man who had been his father's attorney, and who was the very incarnation of coarse unrepellable familiarity, had bought an estate close by the said Lisle Court, and had, *horresco referens*, been made a baronet! Sir Gregory Gubbins took precedence of Colonel Maltravers! He could not ride out but he met Sir Gregory; he could not dine out but he had the pleasure of walking behind Sir Gregory's bright blue coat with its bright brass buttons. In his last visit to Lisle Court, which he had then crowded with all manner of fine people, he had seen, the very first morning after his arrival, seen from the large window of his state saloon, a great staring white, red, blue, and gilded thing at the end of the stately avenue planted by sir Guy Maltravers in honour of the victory over the Spanish armada. He looked in mute surprise, and everybody else looked, and a polite German count, gazing through his eyeglass, said, "Ah! dat is vat you call a vim in your *paye*; the vim of Colonel Maltravers!"

This "vim" was the pagoda summer-house of Sir Gregory Gubbins, erected in imitation of the Pavilion at Brighton. Colonel Maltravers was miserable; the *vim* haunted him; it seemed ubiquitous; he could not escape it; it was built on the highest spot in the county; ride, walk, sit where he would, the *vim* stared at him, and he thought he saw little mandarins shake their round little heads at him. This was one of the great curses of Lisle Court: the other was yet more galling. The owners of Lisle Court had for several generations possessed the dominant interest in the county town. The colonel himself meddled little in politics, and was too fine a gentleman for the drudgery of parliament: he had offered the seat to Ernest when the latter had commenced his public career, but the result of a communication proved that their political views were dissimilar; and the negotiation dropped without ill feeling on either side. Subsequently a vacancy occurred; and Lady Julia's brother (just made a lord of the treasury) wished to come into parliament, so the county town was offered to him. Now the proud commoner had married into the family of a peer as proud as himself, and Colonel Maltravers was always glad whenever he could impress his consequence on his connexions by doing them a favour. He wrote to his steward to see that the thing was properly settled, and came down on the nomination day "to share the triumph and partake the gale." Guess his indignation when he found the nephew of Sir Gregory Gubbins was already in the field! The result of the election was, that Mr. Augustus Gubbins came in, and that Colonel Maltravers was pelted with cabbage-stalks and accused of attempting to *sell* the worthy and independent electors to a government nominee! In shame and disgust Colonel Maltravers broke up his establishment at Lisle Court, and once more retired to the Continent.

About a week from the date now touched upon, Lady Julia and himself had arrived in London from Vienna; and a new mortification awaited the unfortunate owner of Lisle Court. A railroad company had been established, of which Sir Gregory Gubbins was a principal shareholder; and the speculator, Mr. Augustus Gubbins, one of the "most useful men in the house," had undertaken to carry the bill through parliament. Colonel Maltravers received a letter of portentous size, enclosing the map of the places which this blessed railway was to bisect; and lo! just at the bottom of his park ran a portentous line, which informed him of the sacrifice he was expected to make for the public good; especially for the good of that very county town, the inhabitants of which had pelted him with cabbage-stalks!

Colonel Maltravers lost all patience. Unacquainted with our wise legislative proceedings, he was not aware that a railway planned is a very different thing from a railway made; and that parliamentary committees are not by any means favourable to schemes for carrying the public through a gentleman's park.

"This country is not to be lived in," said he to Lady Julia; "it gets worse and worse every year. I am sure I have never had any comfort in Lisle Court. I've a great mind to sell it."

"Why, indeed, as we have no sons, only daughters, and Ernest is so well provided for," said Lady Julia, "and the place is so far from London, and the neighbourhood is so disagreeable, I think that we could do very well without it."

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Colonel Maltravers made no answer; but he revolved the pros and cons; and then he began to think how much it cost him in gamekeepers, and carpenters, and bailiffs, and gardeners, and Heaven knows who besides; and then the pagoda flashed across him; and then the cabbage-stalks; and at last he went to his solicitor.

"You may sell Lisle Court," said he, quietly.

The solicitor dipped his pen in the ink. "The particulars, colonel?"

"Particulars of Lisle Court! everybody, that is, every gentleman, knows Lisle Court!"

"Price, sir!"

"You know the rents; calculate accordingly. It will be too large a purchase for one individual; sell the outlying woods and farms separately from the rest."

"We must draw up an advertisement, colonel."

"Advertise Lisle Court! out of the question, sir. I can have no publicity given to my intention; mention it quietly to any capitalist, but keep it out of the papers till it is all settled. In a week or two you will find a purchaser; the sooner the better."

Besides his horror of newspaper comments and newspaper puffs, Colonel Maltravers dreaded that his brother, then in Paris, should learn his intention and attempt to thwart it; and, somehow or other, the colonel was a little in awe of Ernest and a little ashamed of his resolution. He did not know that, by a singular coincidence, Ernest himself had thought of selling Burleigh.

The solicitor was by no means pleased with this way of settling the matter. However, he whispered it about that Lisle Court was in the market: and as it really was one of the most celebrated places of its kind in England, the whisper spread among bankers, and brewers, and soap-boilers, and other rich people—the Médici of the new noblesse rising up among us—till at last it reached the ears of Mr. Douce.

Lord Vargrave, however bad a man he might be, had not many of those vices of character which belong to what I may call the *personal class of vices*; that is, he had no ill-will to individuals. He was not, ordinarily, a jealous man, nor a spiteful, nor a malignant, nor a vindictive man; his vices arose from utter indifference to all men and all things, except as conducive to his own ends. He would not have injured a worm if it did him no good, but he would have set any house on fire if he had no other means of roasting his own eggs. Yet still, if any feeling of personal rancour could harbour in his breast, it was first towards Evelyn Cameron; and, secondly, towards Ernest Maltravers. For the first time in his life he did long for revenge; revenge against the one for stealing his patrimony and refusing his hand; and that revenge he hoped to gratify. As to the other, it was not so much dislike he felt as an uneasy sentiment of inferiority. However well he himself had got on in the world, he yet grudged the reputation of a man whom he had remembered a wayward, inexperienced boy; he did not love to hear any one praise Maltravers. He fancied, too, that this feeling was reciprocal, and that Maltravers was pained at hearing of any new step in his own career. In fact, it was that sort of jealousy which men often feel for the companions of their youth, whose characters are higher than their own, and whose talents are of an order they do not quite comprehend. Now it certainly did seem at that moment to Lord Vargrave that it would be a most splendid triumph over Mr. Maltravers of Burleigh to be lord of Lisle Court, the hereditary seat of the elder branch of the family; to be, as it were, in the very shoes of Mr. Ernest Maltravers's elder brother. He knew, too, that it was a property of great consequence: Lord Vargrave of Lisle Court would hold a very different position in the peerage from Lord Vargrave of ——, Fulham! Nobody would call the owner of Lisle Court an adventurer; nobody would suspect such a man caring three straws about place and salary. And if he married Evelyn, and if Evelyn bought Lisle Court, would not Lisle Court be his? He vaulted over the *ifs*, stiff monosyllables though they were, with a single jump. Besides, even should the thing come to nothing, there was the very excuse he sought for joining Evelyn at Paris, for conversing with her, consulting her. It was true that the will of the late lord left it solely at the discretion of the trustees to select such landed investment as seemed best to them. But still it was, if not legally necessary, at least but a proper courtesy, to consult Evelyn. And plans, and drawings, and explanations, and rent-rolls, would justify him in spending morning after morning alone with her.

Thus cogitating, Lord Vargrave suffered Mr. Douce to stammer out sentence by sentence, till at length, as he rang for coffee, his lordship stretched himself with the air of a man stretching himself into self-complacency or a good thing, and said,

"Mr. Douce, I will go down to Lisle Court as soon as I can; I will see it; I will ascertain all about it; I will consider favourably of it; I agree with you, I think it will do famously."

"But," said Mr. Douce, who seemed singularly anxious about the matter, "we must make haste, my lord, for really—yes, indeed—if—if—if Baron Roths—Rothschild should—that is to say—"

"Oh, yes, I understand; keep the thing close, my dear Douce; make friends with the colonel's lawyer; play with him a little, till I can run down."

"Besides, you see, you are such a good man of business, my lord—that you see, that—yes, really there must be time to draw out the purchase money—sell out at a prop—prop—"

"To be sure, to be sure; bless me, how late it is! I am afraid my carriage is ready! I must go to Madame de L——'s."

Mr. Douce, who seemed to have much more to say, was forced to keep it in for another time, and to take his leave.

Lord Vargrave went to Madame de L——'s. His position in what is called exclusive society was rather peculiar. By those who affected to be the best judges, the frankness of his manner and the easy oddity of his conversation were pronounced at variance with the tranquil serenity of thorough breeding. But still he was a great favourite both with fine ladies and dandies. His handsome, keen countenance, his talents, his politics, his intrigues, and an animated boldness in his bearing, compensated for his constant violation of all the minutiæ of orthodox conventionalism.

At this house he met Colonel Maltravers, and took an opportunity to renew his acquaintance with that gentleman. He then referred, in a confidential whisper, to the communication he had received touching Lisle Court.

"Yes," said the colonel, "I suppose I must sell the place, if I can do so quietly. To be sure,

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when I first spoke to my lawyer it was in a moment of vexation, on hearing that the —— railroad was to go through the park, but I find that I overrated that danger. Still, if you will do me the honour to go and look over the place, you will find very good shooting; and when you come back, you can see if it will suit you. Don't say anything about it when you are there; it is better not to publish my intention all over the county. I shall have Sir Gregory Gubbins offering to buy it if you do!"

"You may depend on my discretion. Have you heard anything of your brother lately?"

"Yes; I fancy he is going to Switzerland. He would soon be in England if he heard I was going to part with Lisle Court!"

"What, it would vex him so?"

"I fear it would; but he has a nice old place of his own, not half so large, and, therefore, not half so troublesome as Lisle Court."

"Ay! and he *did* talk of selling that nice old place."

"Selling Burleigh! you surprise me. But, really, country places in England *are* a bore. I suppose he has his Gubbins as well as myself!"

Here the chief minister of the government, adorned by Lord Vargrave's virtues, passed by; and Lumley turned to greet him.

The two ministers talked together most affectionately in a close whisper; so affectionately, that one might have seen, with half an eye, that they hated each other like poison!

CHAPTER V.

"Inspicere tanquam in speculum, in vitas omnium Jubeo."

TERENT.

ERNEST MALTRAVERS still lingered at Paris: he gave up all notion of proceeding farther. He was, in fact, tired of travel. But there was another reason that chained him to that *Omphalos Gaiæ*—"the navel of the earth"—there is not anywhere a better sounding-board to London rumours than the English *quartier* between the Boulevards des Italiennes and the Tuileries; here, at all events, he should soonest learn the worst; and every day, as he took up the English newspapers, a sick feeling of apprehension and fear came over him. No! till the seal was set upon the bond, till the rubicon was passed, till Miss Cameron was the wife of Lord Vargrave, he could neither return to the home that was so eloquent with the recollections of Evelyn, nor, by removing farther from England, delay the receipt of an intelligence which he vainly told himself he was prepared to meet.

He continued to seek such distractions from thought as were within his reach; and, as his heart was too occupied for pleasures which had, indeed, long since palled, those distractions were of the grave and noble character which it is a prerogative of the intellect to afford to the passions.

De Montaigne was neither a doctrinaire nor a republican; and yet, perhaps, he was a little of both. He was one who thought that the tendency of all European states is towards democracy; but he by no means looked upon democracy as a panacea for all legislative evils. He thought that, while a writer should be in advance of his time, a statesman should content himself with marching by its side; that a nation could not be ripened, like an exotic, by artificial means; that it must be developed only by natural influences. He believed that forms of government are never universal in their effects. Thus, De Montaigne conceived that we were wrong in attaching more importance to legislative than to social reforms. He considered, for instance, that the surest sign of our progressive civilization is in our growing distaste for capital punishments. He believed, not in the ultimate *perfection* of mankind, but in their progressive *perfectibility*. He thought that improvement was indefinite; but he did not place its advance more under republican than under monarchical forms. "Provided," he was wont to say, "all our checks to power are of the right kind, it matters little to what hands the power itself is confided."

"Ægina and Athens," said he, "were republics, commercial and maritime, placed under the same sky, surrounded by the same neighbours, and rent by the same struggles between oligarchy and democracy. Yet while one left the world an immortal heirloom of genius, where are the poets, the philosophers, the statesmen of the other? Arrian tells us of republics in India—still supposed to exist by modern investigators—but they are not more productive of liberty of thought or ferment of intellect than the principalities. In Italy there were commonwealths as liberal as the republic of Florence; but they did not produce a Machiavelli or a Dante. What daring thought, what gigantic speculation, what democracy of wisdom and genius have sprung up among the despotisms of Germany! You cannot educate two individuals so as to produce the same results from both; you cannot, by similar constitutions (which are the education of nations), produce the same results from different communities. The proper object of statesmen should be to give every facility to the people to develop themselves, and every facility to philosophy to dispute and discuss as to the ultimate objects to be obtained. But you cannot, as a practical legislator, place your country under a melon-frame; it must grow of its own accord."

I do not say whether or not De Montaigne was wrong; but Maltravers saw at least that he was faithful to his theories; that all his motives were sincere, all his practice pure. He could not but allow, too, that, in his occupations and labours, De Montaigne appeared to feel a sublime enjoyment; that, in linking all the powers of his mind to active and useful objects, De Montaigne was infinitely happier than the philosophy of indifference, the scorn of ambition, had made Maltravers. The influence exercised by the large-souled and practical Frenchman over the fate and the history of Maltravers was very peculiar. He had not, apparently and directly, operated upon his outward destinies; but he had done so indirectly by operating on his mind. Perhaps it was he who had consolidated the first wavering and uncertain impulses of Maltravers towards literary exertion; it was he who had consoled him for the mortifications at the early part of his career; and now, perhaps, he might serve, in the full vigour of his intellect, permanently to reconcile the Englishman to the claims of life.

There were, indeed, certain conversations which Maltravers held with De Montaigne, the germe and pith of which it is necessary that I should place before the reader, for I write the inner as well as the outer history of a man; and the great incidents

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of life are not brought about only by the dramatic agencies of others, but also by our own reasonings and habits of thought. What I am now about to set down may be wearisome, but it is not episodical; and I promise that it shall be the last didactic conversation in the work.

One day Maltravers was relating to De Montaigne all that he had been planning at Burleigh for the improvement of his peasantry, and all his theories respecting labour-schools and poor-rates, when De Montaigne abruptly turned round and said,

"You have, then, really found that in your own little village your exertions—exertions not very arduous, not demanding a tenth part of your time—have done practical good?"

"Certainly, I think so," replied Maltravers, in some surprise.

"And yet it was but yesterday that you declared 'that all the labours of philosophy and legislation were labours vain; their benefits equivocal and uncertain; that, as the sea, where it loses in one place, gains in another, so civilization only partially profits us, stealing away one virtue while it yields another, and leaving the large proportions of good and evil eternally the same.'"

"True; but I never said that man might not relieve individuals by individual exertion; though he cannot by abstract theories, nay, even by practical action in the wide circle, benefit the mass."

"Do you not employ on behalf of individuals the same moral agencies that wise legislation or sound philosophy would adopt towards the multitude? For example, you find that the children of your village are happier, more orderly, more obedient, promise to be wiser and better men in their own station of life, from the new, and, I grant, excellent system of school discipline and teaching that you have established. What you have done in one village, why should not legislation do throughout a kingdom? Again, you find that, by simply holding out hope and emulation to industry; by making stern distinctions between the energetic and the idle—the independent exertion and the pauper-mendicancy—you have found a lever by which you have literally moved and shifted the little world around you. But what is the difference here between the rules of a village lord and the laws of a wise legislature? The moral feelings you have appealed to exist universally; the moral remedies you have practised are as open to legislation as to the individual proprietor."

"Yes; but when you apply to a nation the same principles which regenerate a village, new counterbalancing principles arise. If I give education to my peasants, I send them into the world with advantages *superior* to their fellows; advantages which, not being common to their class, enable them to *outstrip* their fellows. But if this education were universal to the whole tribe, no man would have an advantage superior to the others; the knowledge they would have acquired being shared by all, would leave all, as they now are, hewers of wood and drawers of water: the principle of individual hope which springs from knowledge would soon be baffled by the vast competition that *universal* knowledge would produce. Thus by the universal improvement would be engendered a universal discontent.

"Take a broader view of the subject. Advantages given to the *few* around me—superior wages, lighter toils, a greater sense of the dignity of man—are not productive of any change in society. Give these advantages to the *whole mass* of the labouring classes, and what in the small orbit is the desire of the *individual* to rise becomes in the large circumference the desire of the *class* to rise; hence social restlessness, social change, revolution and its hazards; for revolutions are produced but by the aspirations of one order and the resistance of the other. Consequently, legislative improvement differs widely from individual amelioration; the same principle, the same agency that purifies the small body becomes destructive when applied to the large one; apply the flame to the log on the hearth, or apply it to the forest, is there no distinction in the result? the breeze that freshens the fountain passes to the ocean, current impels current, wave urges wave, and the breeze becomes a storm!"

"Were there truth in this train of argument," replied De Montaigne; "had we ever abstained from communicating to the multitude the enjoyments and advantages of the few; had we shrunk from the good because the good is a parent of the change and its partial ills, what now would be society? Is there no difference in collective happiness and virtue between the painted Picts and the Druid worship, and the glorious harmony, light, and order of the great English nation?"

"The question is popular," said Maltravers, with a smile, "and, were you my opponent in an election, would be cheered on any hustings in the kingdom. But I have lived among savage tribes, savage, perhaps, as the race that resisted Cæsar; and their happiness seems to me, not, perhaps, the same as that of the few whose sources of enjoyment are numerous, refined, and, save by their own passions, unalloyed, but equal to that of the mass of men in states the most civilized and advanced. The artisans, crowded together in the fetid air of factories, with physical ills gnawing at the core of the constitution, from the cradle to the grave; drudging on from dawn to sunset, and flying for recreation to the dread excitement of the dramshop or the wild and vain hopes of political fanaticism, are not in my eyes happier than the wild Indians with hardy frames and calm tempers, seasoned to the privations for which you pity them, and uncursed with desires of that better state never to be theirs. The Arab in his desert has seen all the luxuries of the pacha in his harem; but he envies them not. He is contented with his barb, his tent, his desolate sands, and his spring of refreshing water.

"Are we not daily told, do not our priests preach it from their pulpits, that the cottage shelters happiness equal to that within a palace? Yet what the distinction between the peasant and the prince, differing from that between the peasant and the savage? there are more enjoyments and more privations in the one than in the other; but if, in the latter case, the enjoyments, though fewer, be more keenly felt; if the privations, though apparently sharper, fall upon duller sensibilities and hardier frames, your gauge of proportion loses all its value. Nay, in civilization, there is for the multitude an evil that exists not in the savage state. The poor man sees daily and hourly all the vast disparities produced by civilized society; and, reversing the divine parable, it is Lazarus who from afar, and from the despondent pit, looks upon Dives in the lap of Paradise; therefore his privations, his sufferings, are made more keen by comparison with the luxuries of others. Not so in the desert and the forest. There, but small distinctions, and those

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softened by immemorial and hereditary usage—that has in it the sanctity of religion—separate the savage from his chief! The fact is, that in civilization we behold a splendid aggregate: literature and science, wealth and luxury, commerce and glory; but we see not the million victims crushed beneath the wheels of the machine, the health sacrificed, the board breadless, the jails filled, the hospitals reeking, the human life poisoned in every spring, and poured forth like water! Neither do we remember all the steps, marked by desolation, crime, and bloodshed, by which this barren summit has been reached. Take the history of any civilized state, England, France, Spain before she rotted back into second childhood; the Italian republics; the Greek commonwealths; the crowned harlot of the Seven Hills, what struggles, what persecutions, what crimes, what massacres! Where, in the page of history, shall we look back and say, 'here improvement has diminished the sum of evil!' Extend, too, your scope beyond the state itself: each state has won its acquisitions by the woes of others. Spain springs above the Old World on the blood-stained ruins of the New; and the groans and the gold of Mexico produce the splendours of the Fifth Charles!

"Behold England, the wise, the liberal, the free England, through what struggles she has passed; and is she yet contented? The sullen oligarchy of the Normans; our own criminal invasions of Scotland and France; the plundered people; the butchered kings; the persecutions of the Lollards; the wars of Lancaster and York; the new dynasty of the Tudors, that at once put back liberty and put forward civilization! the reformation, cradled in the lap of a hideous despot, and nursed by violence and rapine; the stakes and fires of Mary, and the craftier cruelties of Elizabeth; England, strengthened by the desolation of Ireland; the civil wars; the reign of hypocrisy followed by the reign of naked vice; the nation that beheaded the graceful Charles gaping idly on the scaffold of the lofty Sidney; the vain revolution of 1688, which, if a jubilee in England, was a massacre in Ireland; the bootless glories of Marlborough; the organized corruption of Walpole; the frantic war with our own American sons; the exhausting struggle with Napoleon!

"Well, we close the page; we say, Lo! a thousand years of incessant struggles and afflictions! millions have perished, but art has survived; our boors wear stockings, our women drink tea, our poets read Shakspeare, and our astronomers improve on Newton! Are we now contented? No! more restless than ever. New classes are called into power; new forms of government insisted on. Still the same catch-words; liberty here, religion there; order with one faction, amelioration with the other. Where is the goal, and what have we gained? Books are written, silks are woven, palaces are built, mighty acquisitions for the few; but the peasant is a peasant still! The crowd are yet at the bottom of the wheel; better off, you say. No, for they are not more contented! The artisan is as anxious for change as ever the serf was; and the steam-engine has its victims as well as the sword.

"Talk of legislation; all isolated laws pave the way to wholesome changes in the form of government! Emancipate Catholics, and you open the door to the democratic principle that opinion should be free. If free with the sectarian, it should be free with the elector. The ballot is a corollary from the Catholic relief bill. Grant the ballot and the new corollary of enlarged suffrage. Suffrage enlarged is divided but by a yielding surface (a circle widening in the waters) from universal suffrage. Universal suffrage is democracy. Is democracy better than the aristocratic commonwealth? Look at the Greeks who knew both forms, are they agreed which is the best? Plato, Thucydides, Xenophon, Aristophanes—the dreamer, the historian, the philosophic man of action, the penetrating wit—have no ideals in democracy! Algernon Sidney, the martyr of liberty, allows no government to the multitude. Brutus died for a republic, but a republic of patricians! What form of government is, then, the best? All dispute; the wisest cannot agree. The many still say 'a republic;' yet, as you yourself will allow, Prussia, the despotism, does all that republics do. Yes, but a good despot is a lucky accident; true, but a just and benevolent republic is as yet a monster equally short lived. When the people have no other tyrant, their own public opinion becomes one. No secret espionage is more intolerable to a free spirit than the broad glare of the American eye.

"A rural republic is but a patriarchal tribe; no emulation, no glory; peace and stagnor. What Englishman, what Frenchman would wish to be a Swiss? A commercial republic is but an admirable machine for making money. Is man created for nothing nobler than freighting ships and speculating on silk and sugar? In fact, there is no certain goal in legislation; we go on colonizing Utopia and fighting phantoms in the clouds. Let us content ourselves with injuring no man, and doing good only in our own little sphere. Let us leave states and senates to fill the sieve of the Danaides and roll up the stone of Sisyphus."

"My dear friend," said De Montaigne, "you have certainly made the most of an argument which, if granted, would consign government to fools and knaves, and plunge the communities of mankind into the Slough of Despond. But a very commonplace view of the question might suffice to shake your system. Is life, mere animal life, on the whole, a curse or a blessing?"

"The generality of men in all countries," answered Maltravers, "enjoy existence and apprehend death; were it otherwise, the world had been made by a fiend, and not a God!"

"Well, then, observe how the progress of society cheats the grave! In great cities, where the effect of civilization must be the most visible, the diminution of mortality in a corresponding ratio with the increase of civilization is most remarkable. In Berlin, from the year 1747 to 1755, the annual mortality was as one to twenty-eight; but from 1816 to 1822 it was as one to thirty-four! You ask what England has gained by her progress in the arts? I will answer you by her bills of mortality. In London, Birmingham, and Liverpool, deaths have decreased in less than a century from one to twenty to one to forty (precisely one half!). Again, whenever a community, nay, a single city, decreases in civilization, and in its concomitants, activity and commerce, its mortality instantly increases. But if civilization be favourable to the prolongation of life, must it not be favourable to all that blesses life; to bodily health, to mental cheerfulness, to the capacities for enjoyment? and how much more

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grand, how much more sublime, becomes the prospect of gain, if we reflect that, to each life thus called forth, there is a soul, a destiny beyond the grave; multiplied immortalities! What an apology for the continued progress of states! But you say that, however we advance, we continue impatient and dissatisfied: can you really suppose that, because man in every state is discontented with his lot, there is no difference in the *degree* and *quality* of his discontent; no distinction between pining for bread and longing for the moon? Desire is implanted within us as the very principle of existence; the physical desire fills the world and the moral desire improves it; where there is desire there must be discontent; if we are satisfied with all things, desire is extinct. But a certain degree of discontent is not incompatible with happiness, nay, it has happiness of its own; what happiness like hope; what is hope but desire? The European serf, whose seigneur could command his life or insist as a right on the chastity of his daughter, desires to better his condition. God has compassion on his state; Providence calls into action the ambition of leaders, the contests of faction, the movement of men's aims and passions: a change passes through society and legislation, and the serf becomes free! He desires still, but what? no longer personal security, no longer the privileges of life and health; but higher wages, greater comfort, easier justice for diminished wrongs. Is there no difference in the quality of that desire? Was one a greater torment than the other is? Rise a scale higher: A new class is created, the middle class, the express creature of civilization. Behold the burgher and the citizen still struggling, still contending, still desiring, and, therefore, still discontented. But the discontent does not prey upon the springs of life; it is the discontent of *hope*, not of *despair*; it calls forth faculties, energies, and passions, in which there is more joy than sorrow. It is this desire which makes the citizen in private life an anxious father, a careful master, an *active*, and, therefore, not an unhappy man. You allow that individuals can effect individual good: this very restlessness, this very discontent with the exact place that he occupies, makes the citizen a benefactor in his narrow circle. Commerce, better than charity, feeds the hungry and clothes the naked. Ambition, better than brute affection, gives education to our children, and teaches them the love of industry, the pride of independence, the respect for others and themselves!"

"In other words, a deference to such qualities as can best fit them to get on in the world and make the most money!"

"Take that view if you will; but the wiser, the more civilized the state, the worse chances for the rogue to get on! there may be some art, some hypocrisy, some avarice, nay, some hardness of heart, in paternal example and professional tuition. But what are such sober infirmities to the vices that arise from defiance and despair? Your savage has his virtues, but they are mostly physical, fortitude, abstinence, patience: mental and moral virtues must be numerous or few in proportion to the range of ideas and the exigences of social life. With the savage, therefore, they must be fewer than with civilized men; and they are consequently limited to those simple and rude elements which the safety of his state renders necessary to him. He is usually hospitable; sometimes honest. But vices are necessary to his existence as well as virtues: he is at war with a tribe that may destroy his own; and treachery without scruple, cruelty without remorse, are essential to him; he feels their necessity, and calls them *virtues!* Even the half-civilized man, the Arab, whom you praise, imagines he has a necessity for your money; and his robberies become virtues to him. But in civilized states, vices are at least not necessary to the existence of the majority; they are not, therefore, worshipped as virtues. Society unites against them; treachery, robbery, massacre are not essential to the strength or safety of the community; they exist, it is true, but they are not cultivated, but punished. The thief in St. Giles's has the virtues of your savage: he is true to his companions, he is brave in danger, he is patient in privation; he practices the virtues necessary to the bonds of his calling and the tacit laws of his vocation. He might have made an amiable savage; but surely the mass of civilized men are better than the thief?"

Maltravers was struck, and paused a little before he replied; and then he shifted his ground. "But at least all our laws, all our efforts, must leave the multitude in every state condemned to a labour that deadens intellect and a poverty that imbitters life."

"Supposing this were true, still there are multitudes besides *the* multitude. In each state, civilization produces a middle class, more numerous today than the whole peasantry of a thousand years ago. Would movement and progress be without their divine uses, even if they limited their effect to the production of such a class? Look, also, to the effect of art, and refinement, and just laws in the wealthier and higher classes. See how their very habits of life tend to increase the sum of enjoyment; see the mighty activity that their very luxury, the very frivolity of their pursuits, create! Without an aristocracy, would there have been a middle class? without a middle class, would there ever have been an interposition between lord and slave? Before commerce produces a middle class, religion creates one. The priesthood, whatever its errors, was the curb to power. But to return to the multitude: you say that in all times they are left the same. Is it so? I come to statistics again; I find that not only civilization, but liberty, has a prodigious effect upon human life. It is, as it were, by the instinct of self-preservation that liberty is so passionately desired by the multitude. A negro slave, for instance, dies annually as one to five or six, but a free African in the English service only as one to thirty-five! Freedom is not, therefore, a mere abstract dream, a beautiful name, a Platonic aspiration; it is interwoven with the most practical of all blessings, life itself! And can you say fairly that, by laws, labour cannot be lightened and poverty diminished? We have granted already that, since there are degrees in discontent, there is a difference between the peasant and the serf; how know you what the peasant a thousand years hence may be? Discontented you will say; still discontented. Yes; but if he had not been discontented he would have been a serf still! Far from quelling this desire to better himself, we ought to hail it as the source of his perpetual progress. That desire to him is often like imagination to the poet, it transports him into the future;

'Spes fovet agricolas
Crura sonant ferro, sed canit inter opus;'

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it is, indeed, the gradual transformation from the desire of despair to the desire of hope that makes the difference between man and man, between misery and bliss."

"And then comes the crisis. Hope ripens into deeds; the stormy revolution, perhaps the armed despotism; the relapse into the second infancy of states!"

"Can we, with new agencies at our command, new morality, new wisdom, predicate of the future by the past. In ancient states the mass were slaves; civilization and freedom rested with oligarchies; in Athens 20,000 citizens, 400,000 slaves? How easy decline, degeneracy, overthrow, in such states; a handful of soldiers and philosophers without a people! Now we have no longer barriers to the circulation of the blood of states. The absence of slavery, the existence of the press; the healthful proportions of kingdoms neither too confined nor too vast, have created new hopes, which history cannot destroy. As a proof, look to all late revolutions: in England, the civil wars, the reformation; in France, her awful saturnalia, her military despotism! Has either nation fallen back? The deluge passes, and behold, the face of things more glorious than before! Compare the French of today with the French of the old *regime*. You are silent; well, and if in all states there is ever some danger of evil in their activity, is that a reason why you are to lie down inactive? why you are to leave the crew to battle for the helm? How much may individuals, by the diffusion of their own thoughts, in letters or in action, regulate the order of vast events; now prevent, now soften, now animate, now guide! And is a man to whom Providence and fortune have imparted such prerogatives to stand aloof because he can neither foresee the future nor create perfection? And you talk of no certain and definite goal! How know we that there is a certain and definite goal, even in Heaven? how know we that excellence may not be illimitable? Enough that we improve, that we proceed: seeing in the great design of earth that benevolence is an attribute of the Designer, let us leave the rest to posterity and to God."

"You have disturbed many of my theories," said Maltravers, candidly, "and I will reflect on our conversation; but, after all, is every man to aspire to influence others? to throw his opinions into the great scales in which human destinies are weighed? Private life is not criminal. It is no virtue to write a book or to make a speech. Perhaps I should be as well engaged in returning to my country village, looking at my schools, and wrangling with the parish overseers—"

"Ah," interrupted the Frenchman, laughing, "if I have driven you to this point, I will go no farther. Every state of life has its duties; every man must be himself the judge of what he is most fit for. It is quite enough that he desires to be active and labours to be useful; that he acknowledges the precept, 'never to be weary in well-doing.' The divine appetite once fostered, let it select its own food. But the man, who, after fair trial of his capacities, and with all opportunity for their full development before him, is convinced that he has faculties which private life cannot wholly absorb, must not repine that human nature is not perfect when he refuses even to exercise the gifts he himself possesses."

Now these arguments have been very tedious; in some places they have been old and trite; in others they may appear too much to appertain to the abstract theory of first principles. Yet from such arguments, *pro* and *con*, unless I greatly mistake, are to be derived corollaries equally practical and sublime; the virtue of action, the obligations of genius, and the philosophy that teaches us to confide in the destinies and labour in the service of mankind.

CHAPTER VI.

"I'll tell you presently her very picture:
Stay—yes, it is so—Lelia."
The Captain, act v., scene 1.

Maltravers had not shrunk into a system of false philosophy from wayward and sickly dreams, from resolute self-delusion; on the contrary, his errors rested on his convictions; the convictions disturbed, the errors were rudely shaken.

But when his mind began restlessly to turn once more towards the duties of active life; when he recalled all the former drudgeries and toils of political conflict, or the wearing fatigues of literature, with all its small enmities, its false friendships, and its meager and capricious rewards; ah! then, indeed, he shrunk in dismay from the thoughts of the solitude at home! No lips to console in dejection, no heart to sympathize in triumph, no love within to counterbalance the hate without; and the best of man, his household affections, left to wither away, or to waste themselves on ideal images or melancholy remembrance.

It may, indeed, be generally remarked (contrary to a common notion), that the men who are most happy at home are the most active abroad. The animal spirits are necessary to healthful action; and dejection and the sense of solitude will turn the stoutest into dreamers. The hermit is the antipodes of the citizen; and no gods animate and inspire us like the Lares.

One evening, after an absence from Paris of nearly a fortnight at De Montaigne's villa, in the neighbourhood of St. Cloud, Maltravers, who, though he no longer practised the art, was not less fond than heretofore of music, was seated in Madame de St. Ventadour's box at the Italian Opera, and Valerie, who was above all woman's jealousy of beauty, was expatiating with great warmth of eulogium upon the charms of a young English lady whom she had met at Lady G——'s the preceding evening:

"She is just my *beau ideal* of the true English beauty," said Valerie; "it is not only the exquisite fairness of the complexion, nor the eyes so purely blue, which the dark lashes relieve from the coldness common to the light eyes of the Scotch and Germans, that are so beautifully national, but the simplicity of manner, the unconsciousness of admiration, the mingled modesty and sense of the expression. No, I have seen women more beautiful, but I never saw one more lovely; you are silent; I expected some burst of patriotism in return for my compliment to your countrywoman!"

"But I am so absorbed in that wonderful Pasta—"

"You are no such thing; your thoughts are far away. But can you tell me anything about my fair stranger and her friends? In the first place, there is a Lord Doltimore, whom I knew before, you need

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say nothing about him; in the next, there is his newly-married bride, handsome, dark—but you are not well!"

"It was the draught from the door; go on, I beseech you; the young lady—the friend, her name?"

"Her name I do not remember; but she was engaged to be married to one of your statesmen, Lord Vargrave; the marriage is broken off; I know not if that be the cause of a certain melancholy in her countenance, a melancholy I am sure not natural to its Hebelike expression. But who have just entered the opposite box? Ah, Mr. Maltravers, do look; there is the beautiful English girl!"

And Maltravers raised his eyes, and once more beheld the countenance of Evelyn Cameron!

BOOK THE SEVENTH.

"Δόκησις ἀγνὼς λόγων
ἦλθε."

SOPH.—*Œdip. Tyran.*, 681.

"Words of dark import gave suspicion birth."
POTTER.

CHAPTER I.

"LUCE. Is the wind there?
That makes for me.
ISAB. Come; I forget a business."
Wit without Money.

LORD VARGRAVE'S travelling carriage was at his door, and he himself was putting on his greatcoat in his library when Lord Saxingham entered.

"What! you are going into the country?"

"Yes—I wrote you word—to see Lisle Court."

"Ay, true; I had forgot. Somehow or other, my memory is not so good as it was."

"But, let me see, Lisle Court is in ——shire. Why, you will pass within ten miles of C*****."

"C*****! shall I? I am not much versed in the geography of England; never learned it at school. As for Poland, Kamschatka, Mexico, Madagascar, or any other place as to which knowledge would be *useful*, I have every inch of the way at my finger's end. But *à propos* of C*****, it is the town in which my late uncle made his fortune."

"Ah, so it is. I recollect you were to have stood for C*****, but gave it up to Staunch; very handsome in you. Have you any interest there still?"

"I think my ward has some tenants; a street or two, one called Richard-street and the other Templeton Place. I had intended some weeks ago to have gone down there, and seen what interest was still left to our family, but Staunch himself told me that C***** was a sure card."

"So he thought; but he has been with me this morning in great alarm; he now thinks he shall be thrown out. A Mr. Winsley, who has a great deal of interest there, and was a supporter of his, hangs back on account of the —— question. This is unlucky, as Staunch is quite with *us*; and if he were to rat now, it would be most unfortunate."

"Winsley—Winsley—my poor uncle's right-hand man. A great brewer—always chairman of the Templeton Committee. I know the name, though I never saw the man."

"If you could take C***** in your way?"

"To be sure. Staunch must not be lost. We cannot throw away a single vote, much more one of such weight—eighteen stone at the least! I'll stop at C***** on pretence of seeing after my ward's houses, and have a quiet conference with Mr. Winsley. Hem! Peers must not interfere in elections, eh? Well, good-by; take care of yourself. I shall be back in a week, I hope, perhaps less."

In a minute more, Lord Vargrave and Mr. George Frederic Augustus Howard—a slim young gentleman of high birth and connexions, but who having, as a portionless cadet, his own way to make in the world, condescended to be his lordship's private secretary—were rattling over the streets the first stage to C*****.

It was late at night when Lord Vargrave arrived at the head of the inn of that grave and respectable cathedral city, in which once Richard Templeton, Esq., saint, banker, and politician, had exercised his dictatorial sway. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* As he warmed his hands by the fire in the large wainscoted apartment into which he was shown, his eye met a full-length engraving of his uncle, with a roll of paper in his hands, meant for a Parliamentary bill for the turnpike trusts in the neighbourhood of C*****. The sight brought back his recollections of that pious and saturnine relation, and insensibly the minister's thoughts flew to his deathbed, and to that strange secret which in that last hour he had revealed to Lumley—a secret which had done much in deepening Lord Vargrave's contempt for the forms and conventionalities of decorous life. And here it may be mentioned—though in the course of these volumes a penetrating reader may have guessed as much—that, whatever that secret, it did not refer expressly or exclusively to the late lord's singular and ill-assorted marriage. Upon that point much was still left to arouse Lumley's curiosity had he been a man whose curiosity was very vivacious. But on this he felt but little interest. He knew enough to believe that no further information could benefit himself personally; why should he trouble his head with what would never fill his pockets?

An audible yawn from the slim secretary roused Lord Vargrave from his revery.

"I envy you, my young friend," said he, good-humouredly. "It is a pleasure we lose as we grow older—that of being sleepy. However, 'to bed,' as Lady Macbeth says. Faith, I don't wonder the poor devil of a thane was slow in going to bed with such a tigress. Good-night to you."

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CHAPTER II.

"Ma fortune va prendre une face nouvelle."
RACINE, *Androm.*, act. i., sc. 1.

THE next morning Vargrave inquired the way to Mr. Winsley's, and walked alone to the house of the brewer. The slim secretary went to inspect the cathedral.

Mr. Winsley was a little, thick-set man, with a civil but blunt electioneering manner. He started when he heard Lord Vargrave's name, and bowed with great stiffness. Vargrave saw at a glance that there was some cause of grudge in the mind of the worthy man; nor did Mr. Winsley long hesitate before he cleansed his bosom of its perilous stuff.

"This is an unexpected honour, my lord: I don't know how to account for it."

"Why, Mr. Winsley, your friendship with my late uncle can, perhaps, sufficiently explain and apologize for a visit from a nephew sincerely attached to his memory."

"Humph! I certainly did do all in my power to promote Mr. Templeton's interests. No man, I may say, did more; and yet I don't think it was much thought of, the moment he turned his back upon the electors of C*****. Not that I bear any malice; I am well to do, and value no man's favour—no man's, my lord!"

"You amaze me! I always heard my poor uncle speak of you in the highest terms."

"Oh! well, it's no matter; pray say no more of it. Can I offer your lordship a glass of wine?"

"No, I am much obliged to you; but we really must set this little matter right. You know that, after his marriage, my uncle never revisited C*****; and that, shortly before his death, he sold the greater part of his interest in this city. His young wife, I suppose, liked the neighbourhood of London; and, when elderly gentlemen *do* marry, you know they are no longer their own masters; but if you had come to Fulham—ah! then, indeed, my uncle would have rejoiced to see his old friend."

"Your lordship thinks so," said Mr. Winsley, with a sardonic smile. "You are mistaken; I did call at Fulham; and though I sent in my card, Lord Vargrave's servant (he was then my lord) brought back word that his lordship was not at home."

"But that must have been true; he was out, you may depend on it."

"I saw him at the window, my lord," said Mr. Winsley, taking a pinch of snuff.

(Oh, the deuse! I'm in for it, thought Lumley.)

"Very strange, indeed! But how can you account for it? Ah! perhaps the health of Lady Vargrave, she was so very delicate then, and my poor uncle lived for her; you know that he left all his fortune to Miss Cameron?"

"Miss Cameron! who is she, my lord?"

"Why, his daughter-in-law; Lady Vargrave was a widow, a Mrs. Cameron."

"Mrs. Cam—, I remember now; they put Cameron in the newspapers, but I thought it was a mistake; but, perhaps," added Winsley, with a sneer of peculiar malignity, "perhaps, when your worthy uncle thought of being a peer, he did not like to have it known that he married so much beneath him."

"You quite mistake, my dear sir; my uncle never denied that Mrs. Cameron was a lady of no fortune or connexions; widow to some poor Scotch gentleman, who died, I think, in India."

"He left her very ill off, poor thing; but she had a great deal of merit, and worked hard—she taught my girls to play—"

"Your girls! did Mrs. Cameron ever reside in C*****?"

"To be sure; but she was then called Mrs. Butler; just as pretty a name, to my fancy."

"You must make a mistake; my uncle married this lady in Devonshire."

"Very possibly," quoth the brewer, doggedly. "Mrs. Butler left the town with her little girl some time before Mr. Templeton married."

"Well, you are wiser than I am," said Lumley, forcing a smile; "but how can you be sure that Mrs. Butler and Mrs. Cameron are one and the same person? you did not go into the house; you could not have seen Lady Vargrave" (and here Lumley shrewdly guessed—if the tale were true—at the cause of his uncle's exclusion of his old acquaintance).

"No; but I saw her ladyship on the lawn," said Mr. Winsley, with another sardonic smile; "and I asked the porter at the lodge, as I went out, if that was Lady Vargrave, and he answered 'yes.' However, my lord, by-gones are by-gones; I bear no malice; your uncle was a good man; and if he had but said to me, 'Winsley, don't say a word about Mrs. Butler,' he might have reckoned on me just as much as when, in his elections, he used to put five thousand pounds in my hands, and say, 'Winsley, no bribery, it is wicked; let this be given in charity.' Did any one ever know how that money went! Was your uncle ever accused of corruption? But, my lord, surely you will take some refreshment?"

"No, indeed; but if you will let me dine with you to-morrow, you'll oblige me much; and, whatever my uncle's faults (and latterly, poor man, he was hardly in his senses; what a will he made!), let not the nephew suffer for them. Come, Mr. Winsley," and Lumley held out his hand with enchanting frankness, "you know my motives are disinterested; I have no parliamentary interest to serve; we have no constituents for our Hospital of Incurables; and—oh! that's right—we're friends, I see! Now I must go and look after my ward's houses; let me see, the agent's name is—is—"

"Perkins, I think, my lord," said Mr. Winsley, thoroughly softened by the charm of Vargrave's words and manner; "let me put on my hat and show you his house."

"Will you? that's very kind; give me all the election news by the way; you know I was once within an ace of being your member."

Vargrave learned from his new friend some further particulars relative to Mrs. Butler's humble habits and homely mode of life at C*****, which served completely to explain to him why his proud and worldly uncle had so carefully abstained from all intercourse with that city, and had prevented his nephew from standing for its vacant representation. It seemed, however, that Winsley—whose resentment was not of a very active or violent kind—had not communicated the discovery he had made to his fellow-townspeople, but had contented himself with hints and aphorisms, whenever he had heard the subject of Mr. Templeton's marriage discussed, which had led the gossips of the place to imagine that he had made a much worse selection than he really had. As to the accuracy of Winsley's assertion, Vargrave, though surprised at first, had but

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little doubt on consideration, especially when he heard that Mrs. Butler's principal patroness had been the Mrs. Leslie, now the intimate friend of Lady Vargrave. But what had been the career, what the earlier condition and struggles of this simple and interesting creature? with her appearance at C***** commenced all that surmise could invent. Not greater was the mystery that wrapped the apparition of Manco Capac by the Lake Titiaca, than that which shrouded the places and the trials whence the lowly teacher of music had emerged amid the streets of C*****.

Weary, and somewhat careless of conjecture, Lord Vargrave, in dining with Mr. Winsley, turned the conversation upon the business on which he had principally undertaken his journey, viz., the meditated purchase of Lisle Court.

"I myself am not a very good judge of landed property," said Vargrave; "I wish I knew of an experienced surveyor to look over the farms and timber; can you help me to such a one?"

Mr. Winsley smiled, and glanced at a rosy-cheeked young lady, who simpered and turned away. "I think my daughter could recommend one to your lordship, if she dared."

"Oh, pa!"

"I see. Well, Miss Winsley, I will take no recommendation but yours."

Miss Winsley made an effort.

"Indeed, my lord, I have always heard Mr. Robert Hobbs considered very clever in his profession."

"Mr. Robert Hobbs is my man! His good health, and a fair wife to him."

Miss Winsley glanced at mamma, and then at a younger sister, and then there was a titter, and then a fluttering, and then a rising; and Mr. Winsley, Lord Vargrave, and the slim secretary were left alone.

"Really, my lord," said the host, resettling himself, and pushing the wine, "though you have guessed our little family arrangement, and I have some interest in the recommendation, since Margaret will be Mrs. Robert Hobbs in a few weeks, yet I do not know a more acute, intelligent young man anywhere. Highly respectable, with an independent fortune: his father is lately dead, and made at least thirty thousand pounds in trade. His brother Edward is also dead, so he has the bulk of the property, and he follows his profession merely for amusement. He would consider it a great honour."

"And where does he live?"

"Oh, not in this county; a long way off; close to ——; but it is all in your lordship's road. A very nice house he has, too. I have known his family since I was a boy: it is astonishing how his father improved the place; it was a poor little lath-and-plaster cottage when he bought it, and it is now a very excellent family house."

"Well, you shall give me the address and a letter of introduction, and so much for that matter. But to return to politics;" and here Lord Vargrave ran eloquently on, till Mr. Winsley thought him the only man in the world who could save the country from that utter annihilation, the possibility of which he had never even suspected before.

It may be as well to add, that on wishing Lord Vargrave good-night, Mr. Winsley whispered in his ear, "Your lordship's friend, Lord Staunch, need be under no apprehension. We are all right!"

CHAPTER III.

"This is the house, sir."
Love's Pilgrimage, act IV., sc. 2

"Redeunt Saturnia regna."
VIRGIL.

THE next morning Lumley and his slender companion were rolling rapidly over the same road on which, sixteen years ago, wayworn and weary, Alice Darvil had first met with Mrs. Leslie; they were talking about a new opera-dancer as they whirled by the very spot.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon the next day when the carriage stopped at a cast-iron gate, on which was inscribed this epigraph, "Hobbs's Lodge—Ring the Bell."

"A snug place enough," said Lord Vargrave, as they were waiting the arrival of the footman to unbar the gate.

"Yes," said Mr. Howard. "If a retired cit could be transformed into a house, such is the house he would be."

Poor Dale Cottage! the home of poetry and passion! But change visits the commonplace as well as the romantic. Since Alice had pressed to that cold grating her wistful eyes, time had wrought its allotted revolutions; the old had died, the young grown up. Of the children playing on the lawn, death had claimed some and marriage others; and the holyday of youth was gone for all.

The servant opened the gate. Mr. Robert Hobbs *was* at home; he had friends with him, he was engaged. Lord Vargrave sent in his card and the introductory letter from Mr. Winsley. In two seconds these missives brought to the gate Mr. Robert Hobbs himself; a smart young man, with a black stock, red whiskers, and an eyeglass, pendant to a hair chain, which was possibly a *gage d'amour* from Miss Margaret Winsley.

A profusion of bows, compliments, apologies, &c.; the carriage drove up the sweep, and Lord Vargrave descended, and was immediately ushered into Mr. Hobbs's private room. The slim secretary followed, and sat silent, melancholy, and upright, while the peer affably explained his wants and wishes to the surveyor.

Mr. Hobbs was well acquainted with the locality of Lisle Court, which was little more than thirty miles distant. He should be proud to accompany Lord Vargrave thither the next morning. But, might he venture, might he dare, might he presume, a gentleman who lived at the town of —— was to dine with him that day; a gentleman of the most profound knowledge of agricultural affairs; a gentleman who knew every farm, almost every acre, belonging to Colonel Maltravers; if his lordship could be induced to waive ceremony, and dine with Mr. Hobbs, it might be really useful to meet this gentleman. The slim secretary, who was very hungry, and who thought he sniffed an uncommonly savoury smell, looked up from his boots; Lord Vargrave smiled.

"My young friend here is too great an admirer of Mrs. Hobbs, who is to be, not to feel anxious to make the acquaintance of any members of the family she is to enter."

Mr. George Frederic Augustus Howard blushed indignant refutation of the calumnious charge. Vargrave continued.

"As for me, I shall be delighted to meet any friends of yours, and am greatly obliged for your

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consideration. We may dismiss the postboys, Howard; and what time shall we summon them? ten o'clock?"

"If your lordship would condescend to accept a bed, we can accommodate your lordship and this gentleman, and start at any hour in the morning that—"

"So be it," interrupted Vargrave. "You speak like a man of business. Howard, be so kind as to order the horses for six o'clock to-morrow. We'll breakfast at Lisle Court."

This matter settled, Lord Vargrave and Mr. Howard were shown into their respective apartments. Travelling dresses were changed, the dinner put back, and the fish overboiled; but what mattered common fish when Mr. Hobbs had just caught such a big one! Of what consequence he should be henceforth and ever! A peer, a minister, a stranger to the county, to come all this way to consult *him!* to be *his* guest! to be shown off, and patted, and trotted out before all the rest of the company! Mr. Hobbs was a made man! Careless of all this, ever at home with any one, and delighted, perhaps, to escape a *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Howard in a strange inn, Vargrave lounged into the drawing-room, and was formally presented to the expectant family and the famishing guests.

During the expiring bachelorship of Mr. Robert Hobbs, his sister, Mrs. Tiddy (to whom the reader was first introduced as a bride, gathering the wisdom of economy and large joints from the frugal lips of her mamma), officiated as lady of the house—a comely matron, and well-preserved, except that she had lost a front tooth—in a jaundiced satinet gown, with a fall of British blonde, and a tucker of the same: Mr. Tiddy being a starch man, and not willing that the luxuriant charms of Mrs. T. should be too temptingly exposed! There was also Mr. Tiddy, whom his wife had married for love, and who was now well to do; a fine-looking man, with large whiskers and a Roman nose, a little awry. Moreover, there was a Miss Biddy or Bridget Hobbs, a young lady of four or five-and-twenty, who was considering whether she might ask Lord Vargrave to write something in her album, and who cast a bashful look of admiration at the slim secretary, as he now sauntered into the room in a black coat, black waistcoat, black trousers, and black neckcloth, with a black pin, looking much like an ebony cane split half way up. Miss Biddy was a fair young lady, a *leetle* faded, with uncommonly thin arms, and white satin shoes, on which the slim secretary cast his eyes and—shuddered!

In addition to the family group were the Rector of ——, an agreeable man, who published sermons and poetry; also Sir William Jekyll, who was employing Mr. Hobbs to make a map of an estate he had just purchased; also two country squires and their two wives; moreover, the physician of the neighbouring town, a remarkably tall man, who wore spectacles and told anecdotes; and, lastly, Mr. Onslow, the gentleman to whom Mr. Hobbs had referred, an elderly man of prepossessing exterior, of high repute as the most efficient magistrate, the best farmer, and the most sensible person in the neighbourhood. This made the party, to each individual of which the great man bowed and smiled, and the great man's secretary bent, condescendingly, three joints of his back bone.

The bell was now rung, dinner announced. Sir William Jekyll led the way with one of the she squires, and Lord Vargrave offered his arm to the portly Mrs. Tiddy.

Vargrave, as usual, was the life of the feast. Mr. Howard, who sat next to Miss Bridget, conversed with her between the courses "in dumb show." Mr. Onslow and the physician played second and third to Lord Vargrave. When the dinner was over and the ladies had retired, Vargrave found himself seated next to Mr. Onslow, and discovered in his neighbour a most agreeable companion. They talked principally about Lisle Court, and from Colonel Maltravers the conversation turned naturally upon Ernest. Vargrave proclaimed his early intimacy with the latter gentleman; complained, feelingly, that politics had divided them of late; and told two or three anecdotes of their youthful adventures in the East. Mr. Onslow listened to him with much attention.

"I made the acquaintance of Mr. Ernest Maltravers many years ago," said he, "and upon a very delicate occasion. I was greatly interested in him; I never saw one so young (for he was then but a boy) manifest feelings so deep. By the dates you have referred to, your acquaintance with him must have commenced very shortly after mine. Was he at that time cheerful, in good spirits?"

"No, indeed; hypochondriacal to the greatest degree."

"Your lordship's intimacy with him, and the confidence that generally exists between young men, induce me to suppose that he may have told you a little romance connected with his early years."

Lumley paused to consider; and this conversation, which had been carried on apart, was suddenly broken into by the tall doctor, who wanted to know whether his lordship had ever heard the anecdote about Lord Thurlow and the late king. The anecdote was as long as the doctor himself; and, when it was over, the gentlemen adjourned to the drawing-room, and all conversation was immediately drowned by "Row, brothers, row," which had only been suspended till the arrival of Mr. Tiddy, who had a fine bass voice.

Alas! eighteen years ago, in that spot of earth, Alice Darvil had first caught the soul of music from the lips of genius and of love! But better as it is, less romantic but more proper, as Hobbs's Lodge was less pretty but more safe from the winds and rains than Dale Cottage.

Miss Bridget ventured to ask the good-humoured Lord Vargrave if he sang. "Not I, Miss Hobbs; but Howard, there, ah, if you heard *him!*" The consequence of this hint was, that the unhappy secretary, who, alone, in a distant corner, was unconsciously refreshing his fancy with some cool weak coffee, was instantly beset with applications from Miss Bridget, Mrs. Tiddy, Mr. Tiddy, and the tall doctor, to favour the company with a specimen of his talents. Mr. Howard could sing, he could even play the guitar. But to sing at Hobbs's Lodge; to sing to the accompaniment of Mrs. Tiddy; to have his gentle tenour crushed to death in a glee by the heavy splayfoot of Mr. Tiddy's manly bass; the thought was insufferable! He faltered forth assurances of his ignorance, and hastened to bury his resentment in the retirement of a remote sofa. Vargrave, who had forgotten the significant question of Mr. Onslow, renewed in a whisper his conversation with that gentleman relative to the meditated investment; while Mr. and Mrs. Tiddy sang "Come dwell with me;" and Onslow was so pleased with

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his new acquaintance that he volunteered to make a fourth in Lumley's carriage the next morning, and accompany him to Lisle Court. This settled, the party soon afterward broke up. At midnight Lord Vargrave was fast asleep; and Mr. Howard, tossing restlessly to and fro on his melancholy couch, was revolving all the hardships that await a native of St. James's who ventures forth among

"The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders!"

CHAPTER IV.

"But how are these doubts to be changed into absolute certainty?"—EDGAR HUNTLEY.

THE next morning, while it was yet dark, Lord Vargrave's carriage picked up Mr. Onslow at the door of a large oldfashioned house at the entrance of the manufacturing town of ——. The party were silent and sleepy till they arrived at Lisle Court; the sun had then appeared, the morning was clear, the air frosty and bracing. And as, after traversing a noble park, a superb quadrangular pile of brick, flanked by huge square turrets, coped with stone, broke upon the gaze of Lord Vargrave, his worldly heart swelled within him, and the image of Evelyn became inexpressibly lovely and seductive.

Though the housekeeper was not prepared for Vargrave's arrival at so early an hour, yet he had been daily expected; the logs soon burned bright in the ample hearth of the breakfast-room; the urn hissed, the cutlets smoked, and while the rest of the party gathered round the fire, and unmuffled themselves of cloaks and shawl-handkerchiefs, Vargrave, seizing upon the housekeeper, traversed with delighted steps the magnificent suite of rooms, gazed on the pictures, admired the state bedchambers, peeped into the offices, and recognised in all a mansion worthy of a peer of England, but which a more prudent man would have thought, with a sigh, required careful management of the rentroll raised from the property adequately to equip and maintain. Such an idea did not cross the mind of Vargrave; he only thought how much he should be honoured and envied when, as secretary of state, he should yearly fill those feudal chambers with the pride and rank of England! It was characteristic of the extraordinary sanguineness and self-confidence of Vargrave, that he entirely overlooked one slight obstacle to this prospect in the determined refusal of Evelyn to accept that passionate homage which he offered to her fortune!

When breakfast was over the steward was called in, and the party, mounted upon ponies, set out to reconnoitre. After spending the short day most agreeably in looking over the gardens, pleasure-grounds, park, and home-farm, and settling to visit the more distant parts of the property the next day, the party were returning home to dine, when Vargrave's eye caught the glittering *whim* of Sir Gregory Gubbins.

He pointed it out to Mr. Onslow, and laughed much at hearing of the annoyance it occasioned to Colonel Maltravers. "Thus," said Lumley, "do we all crumple the roseleaf under us, and quarrel with couches the most luxuriant! As for me, I will wager that, were this property mine or my ward's, in three weeks we should have won the heart of Sir Gregory, made him pull down his *whim*, and coaxed him out of his interest in the city of ——. A good seat for you, Howard, some day or other."

"Sir Gregory has prodigiously bad taste," said Mr. Hobbs; "for my part, I think that there ought to be a certain modest simplicity in the display of wealth got in business; that was my poor father's maxim."

"Ah," said Vargrave, "Hobbs's Lodge is a specimen; 'neat and not gaudy,' as the devil said when he painted his tail peagreen. Who was your predecessor in that charming retreat?"

"Why the place, then called Dale Cottage, belonged to a Mr. Berners, a rich bachelor in business, who was rich enough not to mind what people said of him, and kept a lady there. She ran off from him, and he then let it to some young man, a stranger, very eccentric, I hear—a Mr.—Mr. Butler; and he too gave the place an unlawful attraction; a most beautiful girl, I have heard."

"Butler," echoed Vargrave; "Butler, Butler!" Lumley recollected that such had been the real name of Mrs. Cameron.

Onslow looked hard at Vargrave. "You recognise the name, my lord," said he, in a whisper, as Hobbs had turned to address himself to Mr. Howard; "I thought you very discreet when I asked you last night if you remembered the early follies of your friend." A suspicion at once flashed upon the quick mind of Vargrave: Butler was a name on the mother's side in the family of Maltravers: the gloom of Ernest when he first knew him; the boy's hints that the gloom was connected with the affections; the extraordinary and single accomplishment of Lady Vargrave in the art of which Maltravers was so consummate a master; the similarity of name; all, taken in conjunction with the meaning question of Mr. Onslow, were enough to suggest to Vargrave that he might be on the verge of a family secret, the knowledge of which could be turned to advantage. He took care not to confess his ignorance, but artfully proceeded to draw out Mr. Onslow's communications.

"Why, it is true," said he, "that Maltravers and I had no secrets. Ah! we were wild fellows then; the name of Butler is in his family, eh?"

"It is. I see you know all."

"Yes; he told me the story, but it is eighteen years ago. Do refresh my memory; Howard, my good fellow, just ride on and expedite dinner: Mr. Hobbs, will you go with Mr. What's-his-name, the steward, and look over the maps, outgoings, &c. Now, Mr. Onslow: so Maltravers took the cottage, and a lady with it? ay, I remember."

Mr. Onslow (who was, in fact, that magistrate to whom Ernest had confided his name and committed the search after Alice, and who was really anxious to know if any tidings of the poor girl had ever been ascertained) here related that history with which the reader is acquainted; the robbery of the cottage, the disappearance of Alice, the suspicions that connected that disappearance with her ruffian father, the despair and search of Maltravers. He added that Ernest, both before his departure from England and on his return, had written to him to learn if Alice had ever been heard of; the replies of the magistrate were unsatisfactory.

"And do you think, my lord, that Mr. Maltravers never to this day has ascertained what became of the poor young woman?"

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"Why, let me see, what was her name?"

The magistrate thought a moment, and replied, "Alice Darvil."

"Alice!" exclaimed Vargrave, "Alice!" aware that such was the Christian name of his uncle's wife, and now almost convinced of the truth of his first vague suspicion.

"You seem to know the name."

"I! yes; but it does not belong to any one Maltravers has ever seen. I believe he has never heard of the girl to this hour. Nor you either?"

"No. One little circumstance related to me by Mr. Hobbs, your surveyor's father, gave me some uneasiness. About two years after the young woman disappeared, a girl of very humble dress and appearance stopped at the gate of Hobbs's Lodge and asked earnestly for Mr. Butler. On hearing he was gone, she turned away and was seen no more. It seems that this girl had an infant in her arms, which rather shocked the propriety of Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs. The old gentleman told me the circumstance a few days after it happened, and I caused inquiry to be made for the stranger; but she could not be discovered. I thought at first this possibly might be the lost Alice; but I learned that, during his stay at the cottage, your friend, despite his error, which we will not stop to excuse, had exercised so generous and wide a charity among the poor in the town and neighbourhood, that it was a more probable supposition of the two that the girl belonged to some family he had formerly relieved, and her visit was that of a mendicant, not a mistress. Accordingly, after much consideration, I resolved not to mention the circumstance to Mr. Maltravers when he wrote to me on his return from the Continent. A considerable time had then elapsed since the girl had applied to Mr. Hobbs: all trace of her was lost; the incident might open wounds that time must have nearly healed; might give false hopes, or, what was worse, occasion a fresh and unfounded remorse at the idea of Alice's destitution: it would, in fact, do no good, and might occasion much unnecessary pain. I therefore suppressed all mention of it."

"You did right: and so the poor girl had an infant in her arms? humph! What sort of looking person was this Alice Darvil? pretty, of course?"

"I never saw her; and none but the persons employed in the premises knew her by sight; they described her as remarkably lovely."

"Fair and slight, with blue eyes, I suppose? those are the orthodox requisites of a heroine."

"Upon my word I forget; indeed, I should never have remembered as much as I do if the celebrity of Mr. Maltravers and the consequence of his family in these parts, together with the sight of his own agony—the most painful I ever beheld—had not served to impress the whole affair very deeply on my mind."

"Was the girl who appeared at the gate of Hobbs's Lodge described to you?"

"No; they scarcely observed her countenance, except that her complexion was too fair for a gipsy's; yet, now I think of it, Mrs. Tiddy, who was with her father when he told me the adventure, dwelled particularly on her having (as you so pleasantly conjecture) fair hair and blue eyes. Mrs. Tiddy, being just married, was romantic at that day."

"Well, it's an odd tale. But life is full of odd tales. Here we are at the house; it really is a splendid old place!"

CHAPTER V.

"Pendent opera interrupta."
VIRGIL.

The history Vargrave had heard he revolved much when he retired to rest. He could not but allow that there was still little ground for more than conjecture that Alice Darvil and Alice Lady Vargrave were one and the same person. It might, however, be of great importance to him to trace this conjecture to certainty. The knowledge of a secret of early sin and degradation in one so pure, so spotless as Lady Vargrave, might be of immense service in giving him a power over her, which he could turn to account with Evelyn. How could he best prosecute further inquiry? By repairing at once to Brook Green, or—the thought struck him—by visiting and "pumping" Mrs. Leslie, the patroness of Mrs. Butler of C*****, the friend of Lady Vargrave? It was worth trying the latter; it was little out of his way back to London. His success in picking the brains of Mr. Onslow of a secret encouraged him in the hope of equal success with Mrs. Leslie. He decided accordingly, and fell asleep to dream of Christmas *battues*, royal visiters, the cabinet, the premiership! Well! no possession equals the dreams of it! Sleep on, my lord! you would be restless enough if you were to get all you want!

For the next three days Lord Vargrave was employed in examining the general outlines of the estate, and the result of his survey satisfied him as to the expediency of the purchase. On the third day he was several miles from the house when a heavy rain came on. Lord Vargrave was constitutionally hardy, and, not having been much exposed to the visitations of the weather of late years, was not practically aware that, when a man is past forty, he cannot endure with impunity all that falls innocuously on the head of twenty-six. He did not, therefore, heed the rain that drenched him to the skin, and neglected to change his dress till he had finished reading some letters and newspapers which awaited his return at Lisle Court. The consequence of this imprudence was, that the next morning when he woke Lord Vargrave found himself, for almost the first time in his life, seriously ill. His head ached violently; cold shiverings shook his frame like an ague; the very strength of the constitution, on which the fever had begun to fasten itself, augmented its danger. Lumley, the last man in the world to think of the possibility of dying, fought up against his own sensations, ordered his post-horses, as his visit of survey was now over, and scarcely even alluded to his indisposition. About an hour before he set off his letters arrived; one of these informed him that Caroline, accompanied by Evelyn, had already arrived in Paris; the other was from Colonel Legard, respectfully resigning his office, on the ground of an accession of fortune by the sudden death of the admiral, and his intention to spend the ensuing year in a Continental excursion. This last letter occasioned Vargrave considerable alarm; he had always felt a deep jealousy of the handsome ex-guardsman, and he at once suspected that Legard was about to repair to Paris as his rival. He sighed, and looked round the spacious apartment, and gazed on the wide prospects of grove and turf that extended from the window, and said to himself, "Is another to snatch these from my grasp?" His impatience to visit Mrs. Leslie; to gain the ascendency over Lady

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Vargrave; to repair to Paris; to scheme; to manœuvre; to triumph, accelerated the progress of the disease that was now burning in his veins; and the hand that he held out to Mr. Hobbs as he stepped into his carriage almost scorched the cold, plump, moist fingers of the surveyor. Before six o'clock in the evening Lord Vargrave confessed reluctantly to himself that he was too ill to proceed much farther. "Howard," said he then, breaking a silence that had lasted some hours, "don't be alarmed; I feel that I am about to have a severe attack; I shall stop at M——" (naming a large town they were approaching); "I shall send for the best physician the place affords; if I am delirious to-morrow, or unable to give my own orders, have the kindness to send express for Dr. Holland; but don't leave me yourself, my good fellow. At my age it is a hard thing to have no one in the world to care for me in illness; damn affection when I am well!"

After this strange burst, which very much frightened Mr. Howard, Lumley relapsed into silence, not broken till he reached M——. The best physician was sent for; and the next morning, as he had half foreseen and foretold, Lord Vargrave *was* delirious!

CHAPTER VI.

"Naught under Heaven so strongly doth allure
The sense of man, and all his mind possess,
As Beauty's love-bait."

SPENSER.

LEGARD was, as I have before intimated, a young man of generous and excellent dispositions, though somewhat spoiled by the tenour of his education and the gay and reckless society which had administered tonics to his vanity and opiates to his intellect. The effect which the beauty, the grace, the innocence of Evelyn had produced upon him had been most deep and most salutary. It had rendered dissipation tasteless and insipid; it had made him look more deeply into his own heart and into the rules of life. Though, partly from the irksomeness of dependance upon an uncle at once generous and ungracious, partly from a diffident and feeling sense of his own inadequate pretensions to the hand of Miss Cameron, and partly from the prior and acknowledged claims of Lord Vargrave, he had accepted, half in despair, the appointment offered to him, he still found it impossible to banish that image which had been the first to engrave upon ardent and fresh affections an indelible impression. He secretly chafed at the thought that it was to a fortunate rival that he owed the independence and the station he had acquired, and resolved to seize an early opportunity to free himself from obligations that he deeply regretted he had incurred. At length he learned that Lord Vargrave had been refused; that Evelyn was free; and, within a few days from that intelligence, the admiral was seized with apoplexy, and Legard suddenly found himself possessed, if not of wealth, at least of a competence sufficient to redeem his character as a suiter from the suspicion attached to a fortune-hunter and adventurer. Despite the new prospects opened to him by the death of his uncle, and despite the surly caprice which had mingled with and alloyed the old admiral's kindness, Legard was greatly shocked by his death; and his grateful and gentle nature was at first only sensible to grief for the loss he had sustained. But when, at last, recovering from his sorrow, he saw Evelyn disengaged and free, and himself in a position honourably to contest her hand, he could not resist the sweet and passionate hopes that broke upon him. He resigned, as we have seen, his official appointment, and set out for Paris. He reached that city a day or two after the arrival of Lord and Lady Doltimore. He found the former, who had not forgotten the cautions of Vargrave, at first cold and distant; but, partly from the indolent habit of submitting to Legard's dictates on matters of taste, partly from a liking to his society, and principally from the popular suffrages of fashion, which had always been accorded to Legard, and which were no ways diminished by the news of his accession of fortune, Lord Doltimore, weak and vain, speedily yielded to the influences of his old associate, and Legard became quietly installed as the *enfant de la maison*. Caroline was not in this instance a very faithful ally to Vargrave's views and policy. In his singular *liaison* with Lady Doltimore, the crafty manœuvrer had committed the vulgar fault of intriguers; he had overrefined, and had overreached himself. At the commencement of their strange and unprincipled intimacy, Vargrave had had, perhaps, no other thought than that of piquing Evelyn, consoling his vanity, amusing his ennui, and indulging rather his propensities as a gallant than promoting his more serious objects as a man of the world. By degrees, and especially at Knaresdean, Vargrave himself became deeply entangled by an affair that he had never before contemplated as more important than a passing diversion: instead of securing a friend to assist him in his designs on Evelyn, he suddenly found that he had obtained a mistress anxious for his love and jealous of his homage. With his usual promptitude and self-confidence, he was led at once to deliver himself of all the ill consequences of his rashness; to get rid of Caroline as a mistress, and to retain her as a tool by marrying her to Lord Doltimore. By the great ascendency which his character acquired over her, and by her own worldly ambition, he succeeded in inducing her to sacrifice all romance to a union that gave her rank and fortune; and Vargrave then rested satisfied that the clever wife would not only secure him a permanent power over the political influence and private fortune of the weak husband, but also abet his designs in securing an alliance equally desirable for himself. Here it was that Vargrave's incapacity to understand the refinements and scruples of a woman's nature, however guilty the one and however worldly the other, foiled and deceived him. Caroline, though the wife of another, could not contemplate without anguish a similar bondage for her lover; and, having something of the better qualities of her sex still left to her, she recoiled from being an accomplice in arts that were to drive the young, inexperienced, and guileless creature who called her "friend," into the arms of a man who openly avowed the most mercenary motives, and who took gods and men to witness that his heart was sacred to another. Only in Vargrave's presence were these scruples overmastered; but the moment he was gone they returned in full force; she had yielded, from positive fear, to his commands that she should convey Evelyn to Paris; but she trembled to think of the vague hints and dark menaces that Vargrave had let fall as to ulterior proceedings, and was dis-

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tracted at the thought of being implicated in some villanous or rash design. When, therefore, the man whose rivalry Vargrave most feared was almost established at her house, she made but a feeble resistance; she thought that, if Legard should become a welcome and accepted suiter before Lumley arrived, the latter would be forced to forego whatever hopes he yet cherished, and that she should be delivered from a dilemma, the prospect of which daunted and appalled her. Added to this, Caroline was now, alas! sensible that a fool is not so easily governed; her resistance to an intimacy with Legard would have been of little avail. Doltimore, in these matters, had an obstinate will of his own; and, whatever might once have been Caroline's influence over her liege, certain it is that such influence had been greatly impaired of late by the indulgence of a temper, always irritable, and now daily more soured by regret, remorse, contempt for her husband, and the melancholy discovery that fortune, youth, beauty, and station are no talismans against misery.

It was the gayest season in Paris; and, to escape from herself, Caroline plunged eagerly into the vortex of its dissipations. If Doltimore's heart was disappointed, his vanity was pleased at the admiration Caroline excited; and he himself was of an age and temper to share in the pursuits and amusements of his wife. Into these gayeties, new to their fascination, dazzled by their splendour, the young Evelyn entered with her hostess; and ever by her side was the unequalled form of Legard. Each of them in the bloom of youth, each of them at once formed to please and to be pleased by that fair Armida which we call the world, there was, necessarily, a certain congeniality in their views and sentiments, their occupations and their objects; nor was there, in all that brilliant city, one more calculated to captivate the eye and fancy than George Legard. But still, to a certain degree diffident and fearful, Legard never yet spoke of love; nor did their intimacy, at this time, ripen to that point in which Evelyn could have asked herself if there were danger in the society of Legard or serious meaning in his obvious admiration. Whether that melancholy, to which Lady Vargrave had alluded in her correspondence with Lumley, were occasioned by thoughts connected with Maltravers, or unacknowledged recollections of Legard, it remains for the acute reader himself to ascertain.

The Doltimores had been about three weeks in Paris; and, for a fortnight of that time, Legard had been their constant guest, and half the inmate of their hotel; when, on that night which has been commemorated in our last book, Maltravers suddenly once more beheld the face of Evelyn, and in the same hour learned that she was free: he left Valerie's box; with a burning pulse and a beating heart, joy, and surprise, and hope sparkling in his eyes and brightening his whole aspect, he hastened to Evelyn's side.

It was at this time that Legard, who sat behind Miss Cameron, unconscious of the approach of a rival, happened, by one of those chances which occur in conversation, to mention the name of Maltravers. He asked Evelyn if she had yet met him.

"What! is he, then, in Paris?" asked Evelyn, quickly. "I heard, indeed," she continued, "that he left Burleigh for Paris, but imagined he had gone to Italy."

"No, he is still here; but he goes, I believe, little into the society Lady Doltimore chiefly visits. Is he one of your favourites, Miss Cameron?"

There was a slight increase of colour in Evelyn's beautiful cheek as she answered,

"Is it possible not to admire and be interested in one so gifted?"

"He has certainly noble and fine qualities," returned Legard; "but I cannot feel at ease with him; a coldness, a hauteur, a measured distance of manner, seem to forbid even esteem. Yet I ought not to say so," he added, with a pang of self-reproach.

"No, indeed you ought not to say so," said Evelyn, shaking her head with a pretty affectation of anger, "for I know that you pretend to like what I like and admire what I admire; and I am an enthusiast for Mr. Maltravers!"

"I know that I would wish to see all things in life through Miss Cameron's eyes," whispered Legard, softly; and this was the most meaning speech he had ever yet made.

Evelyn turned away, and seemed absorbed in the opera; and at that instant the door of the box opened, and Maltravers entered.

In her open, undisguised, youthful delight at seeing him again, Maltravers felt, indeed, "as if Paradise were opened in her face." In his own agitated emotion, he scarcely noticed that Legard had risen and resigned his seat to him: he availed himself of the civility, and greeted his old acquaintance with a smile and bow, and in a few minutes he was in deep converse with Evelyn.

Never had he so successfully exerted the singular, the master-fascination that he could command at will, the more powerful from its contrast to his ordinary coldness; in the very expression of his eyes, the very tone of his voice, there was that, in his happier moments, in Maltravers, which irresistibly interested and absorbed your attention; he could make you forget everything but himself, and the rich, easy, yet earnest eloquence which gave colour to his language and melody to his voice. In that hour of renewed intercourse with one who had at first awakened, if not her heart, at least her imagination and her deeper thoughts, certain it is that even Legard was not missed. As she smiled and listened, Evelyn dreamed not of the anguish she inflicted. Leaning against the back of the box, Legard surveyed the absorbed attention of Evelyn, the adoring eyes of Maltravers, with that utter and crushing wretchedness which no passion but jealousy, and that only while it is yet a virgin agony, can bestow! He had never before even dreamed of rivalry in such a quarter; but there was that ineffable instinct which lovers have, and which so seldom errs, that told him at once that Maltravers was the greatest obstacle and peril his passion could encounter. He waited in hopes that Evelyn would take the occasion to turn to him at least when the fourth act closed. She did not; and, unable to restrain his emotions and reply to the *fade* remarks of Lord Doltimore, he abruptly left the box.

When the opera was over, Maltravers offered his arm to Evelyn; she accepted it, and then she looked round for Legard. He was gone, and she felt pained and sad, she scarce knew why.

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BOOK THE EIGHTH.

"Ὦ Ζεῦ τί μου δρᾶσαι βεβόλευσαι πέρι;"

"Oh fate! oh Heaven! what have ye then decreed?"

SOPH.—*Œd. Tyr.*, 789

"Ὕβρις * * *
* * * * *
ἀκροτάταν εἰσαναβᾶσ' ἀπότομον
ὄρονσέν νιν εἰς ἀνάγκαν."

Ibid., 874.

"Insolent pride * * *
* * * * * *.
The topmost crag of the great precipice
Surmounts—to rush to ruin!"

CHAPTER I.

"She is young, wise, fair,
In these to Nature she's immediate heir.
* * * * * *
Honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers!"

All's Well that Ends Well.

LETTER FROM ERNEST MALTRAVERS TO THE HON. FREDERIC CLEVELAND.

"EVELYN is free; she is in Paris; I have seen her; I see her daily.

"How true it is that we cannot make a philosophy of indifference! The affections are stronger than all our reasonings. We must take them into our alliance, or they will destroy all our theories of self-government. Such fools of fate are we, passing from system to system, from scheme to scheme, vainly seeking to shut out passion and sorrow, forgetting that they are born within us, and return to the soul as the seasons to the earth! Yet years, many years ago, when I first looked gravely into my own nature and being here; when I first awakened to the dignity and solemn responsibilities of human life, I had resolved to curb and tame myself into a thing of rule and measure. Bearing within me the wound scarred over, but never healed; the consciousness of wrong to the heart that had leaned upon me; haunted by the mournful memory of my lost Alice, I shuddered at new affections bequeathing new griefs. Wrapped in a haughty egotism, I wished not to extend my empire over a wider circuit than my own intellect and passions. I turned from the trader-covetousness of bliss, that would freight the wealth of life upon barks exposed to every wind upon the seas of fate; I was contented with the hope to pass life alone, honoured, though unloved. Slowly and reluctantly I yielded to the fascinations of Florence Lascelles. The hour that sealed the compact between us was one of regret and alarm. In vain I sought to deceive myself; I felt that I did not love. And then I imagined that love was no longer in my nature; that I had exhausted its treasures before my time, and left my heart a bankrupt. Not till the last; not till that glorious soul broke out in all its brightness, the nearer it approached the source to which it has returned, did I feel of what tenderness she was worthy and I was capable. She died, and the world was darkened! Energy, ambition, my former aims and objects, were all sacrificed at her tomb. But amid ruins and through all the darkness my soul yet supported me; I could no longer hope, but I could endure. I resolved that I would not be subdued, and that the world should not hear me groan. Amid strange and far-distant scenes; amid hordes to whom my very language was unknown; in wastes and forests which the step of civilized man, with his sorrows and his dreams, had never trodden, I wrestled with my soul, as the patriarch of old wrestled with the angel, and the angel was at last the victor! You do not mistake me; you know that it was not the death of Florence alone that worked in me that awful revolution, but that death seemed the crown and crisis of a deep disgust to things that had seemed to me beautiful and noble in the old time. Hers was a love that accompanied and dignified the schemes and aspirations of manhood, a love that was an incarnation of ambition itself; and all the evils and disappointments that belong to ambition seemed to crowd around my heart like vultures to a feast, allured and invited by the dead. But this at length was over; the barbarous state restored me to the civilized. I returned to my equals, prepared no more to be an actor in the strife, but a calm spectator of the turbulent arena. I once more laid my head beneath the roof of my fathers; and, if without any clear and definite object, I at least hoped to find amid 'my old hereditary trees' the charm of contemplation and repose. And scarce, in the first hours of my arrival, had I indulged that dream, when a fair face, a sweet voice, that had once before left deep and unobliterated impressions on my heart, scattered all my philosophy to the winds; I saw Evelyn! and if ever there was love at first sight, it was that which I felt for her; I lived in her presence, and forgot the future! or, rather, I was with the past; in the bowers of my springtide of life and hope! It was an afterbirth of youth, my love for that young heart!

"It is, indeed, only in maturity that we know how lovely were our earliest years! What depth of wisdom in the old Greek mythi, that allotted Hebe as the prize to the god who had been the arch-labourer of life! and whom the satiety of all that results from the experience had made enamoured of all that belongs to the hopeful and the new!

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"This enchanting child, this delightful Evelyn, this ray of undreamed-of sunshine, smiled away all my palaces of ice! I loved, Cleveland, I loved more ardently, more passionately, more wildly than ever I did of old! But suddenly I learned that she was affianced to another, and felt that it was not for me to question, to seek the annulment of the bond. I had been unworthy to love Evelyn if I had not loved honour more! I fled from her presence, honestly and resolutely; I sought to conquer a forbidden passion; I believed that I had not won affection in return; I believed, from certain expressions that I overheard Evelyn utter to another, that her heart, as well as her hand, was given to Vargrave. I came hither! you know how sternly and resolutely I strove to eradicate a weakness, that seemed without even the justification of hope! If I suffered, I betrayed it not. Suddenly Evelyn appeared again before me! Oh, the rapture of that moment! could you have seen her bright face, her enchanting smile when we met again! Her ingenuous innocence did not conceal her gladness at seeing me! What hopes broke upon me! Despite the difference of our years, I think she loves me! that, in that love, I am about at last to learn what blessings there are in life!

"Evelyn has the simplicity, the tenderness of Alice, with the refinement and culture of Florence herself; not the genius, not the daring spirit, not the almost fearful brilliancy of that ill-fated being; but with a taste as true to the beautiful, with a soul as sensitive to the sublime! In Evelyn's presence I feel a sense of peace, of security, of home! Happy! thrice happy! he who will take her to his breast! Of late she has assumed a new charm in my eyes; a certain pensivenesss and abstraction have succeeded to her wonted gayety. Ah! love is pensive, is it not, Cleveland? How often I ask myself that question! And yet, amid all my hopes, there are hours when I tremble and despond! How can that innocent and joyous spirit sympathize with all that mine has endured and known? How, even were her imagination dazzled by some prestige around my name, how can I believe that I have awakened her heart to that deep and real love of which it is capable, and which youth excites in youth? When we meet at her home, or amid the quiet yet brilliant society which is gathered round Madame de St. Ventadour or the De Montaignes, with whom she is an especial favourite; when we converse; when I sit by her, and her soft eyes meet mine, I feel not the disparity of years; my heart speaks to her, and *that* is youthful still! But in the more gay and crowded haunts to which her presence allures me; when I see that fairy form surrounded by those who have not outlived the pleasures that so naturally dazzle and captivate her, then, indeed, I feel that my tastes, my habits, my pursuits belong to another season of life, and ask myself anxiously if my nature and my years are those that can make *her* happy. Then, indeed, I recognise the wide interval that time and trial place between one whom the world has wearied and one for whom the world is new. If she should discover hereafter that youth should love only youth, my bitterest anguish would be that of remorse! I know how deeply I love, by knowing how immeasurably dearer her happiness is than my own! I will wait, then, yet a while; I will examine, I will watch well that I do not deceive myself. As yet, I think that I have no rivals whom I need fear: surrounded as she is by the youngest and the gayest, she still turns with evident delight to me, whom she calls her friend. She will forego even the amusements she most loves for society in which we can converse more at ease. You remember, for instance, young Legard? He is here, and, before I met Evelyn, was much at Lady Doltimore's house. I cannot be blind to his superior advantages of youth and person; and there is something striking and prepossessing in the gentle yet manly frankness of his manner; and yet no fear of his rivalship ever haunts me. True, that of late he has been little in Evelyn's society; nor do I think, in the frivolity of his pursuits, he can have educated his mind to appreciate Evelyn, or be possessed of those qualities which would render him worthy of her. But there is something good in the young man despite his foibles, something that wins upon me; and you will be surprised to learn that he has even surprised from *me*—usually so reserved on such matters—the confession of my attachment and hopes! Evelyn talks to me of her mother, and describes her in colours so glowing, that I feel the greatest interest in one who has helped to form so beautiful and pure a mind. Can you learn who Lady Vargrave was? there is evidently some mystery thrown over her birth and connexions; and, from what I can hear, this arises from their lowliness. You know that, though I have been accused of family pride, it is a pride of a peculiar sort. I am proud, not of the length of a mouldering pedigree, but of some historical quarterings in my escutcheon; of some blood of scholars and of heroes that rolls in my veins; it is the same kind of pride that an Englishman may feel in belonging to a country that has produced Shakspeare and Bacon. I have never, I hope, felt the vulgar pride that disdains want of birth in others; and I care not three straws whether my friend or my wife be descended from a king or a peasant. It is myself, and not my connexions, who alone can disgrace my lineage; therefore, however humble Lady Vargrave's parentage, do not scruple to inform me, should you learn any intelligence that bears upon it.

"I had a conversation last night with Evelyn that delighted me. By some accident we spoke of Lord Vargrave; and she told me, with an enchanting candour, of the position in which she stood with him, and the conscientious and noble scruples she felt as to the enjoyment of a fortune which her benefactor and stepfather had evidently intended to be shared with his nearest relative. In these scruples I cordially concurred; and if I marry Evelyn, my first care will be to carry them into effect, by securing to Vargrave, as far as the law would permit, the monopoly of the income, at least till Evelyn's children would have the right to claim it; a right not to be enforced during her own, and, therefore, probably not during Vargrave's life. I own that this would be no sacrifice, for I am proud enough to recoil from the thought of being indebted for fortune to the woman I love. It was that kind of pride which gave coldness and constraint to my regard for Florence; and for the rest, my own property (much increased by the simplicity of my habits of life for the last few years) will suffice for all Evelyn or myself could require. Ah! madman that I am! I calculate already on marriage, even while I have so much cause for anxiety as to love. But my heart beats; my heart has grown a dial, that keeps the account of time; by its movements I

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calculate the moments; in an hour I shall see her!

"Oh! never! never! in my wildest and earliest visions, could I have fancied that I should love as I love now! Adieu, my oldest and kindest friend! If I am happy at last, it will be something to feel that at last I shall have satisfied your expectations of my youth.

"Affectionately yours,
"E. MALTRAVERS.

"*Rue de ——, Paris, January —, 18—.*"

CHAPTER II.

"In her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men—"
Measure for Measure.

"*Abbess.* Haply in private—
Adriana. And in assemblies too."
Comedy of Errors.

IT was true, as Maltravers had stated, that Legard had of late been little at Lady Doltimore's, or in the same society as Evelyn. With the vehemence of an ardent and passionate nature, he yielded to the jealous rage and grief that devoured him. He saw too clearly, and from the first, that Maltravers adored Evelyn; and, in the familiar kindness of manner towards him, in the unlimited veneration in which she appeared to hold his gifts and qualities, he thought that that love might become reciprocal. He became gloomy and almost morose; he shunned Evelyn, he forbore to enter the lists against his rival. Perhaps the intellectual superiority of Maltravers; the extraordinary conversational brilliancy that he could display when he pleased; the commanding dignity of his manners; even the matured authority of his reputation and years, might have served to awe the hopes as well as wound the vanity of a man accustomed himself to be the oracle of a circle. These might have strongly influenced Legard in withdrawing himself from Evelyn's society; but there was one circumstance, connected with motives much more generous, that mainly determined his conduct. It happened that Maltravers, shortly after his first interview with Evelyn, was riding alone one day in the more sequestered part of the *Bois de Boulogne*, when he encountered Legard, also alone and on horseback. The latter, on acceding to his uncle's fortune, had taken care to repay his debt to Maltravers; he had done so in a short, but feeling and grateful letter, which had been forwarded to Maltravers at Paris, and which pleased and touched him. Since that time he had taken a liking to the young man; and now, meeting him at Paris, he sought, to a certain extent, Legard's more intimate acquaintance. Maltravers was in that happy mood when we are inclined to be friends with all men. It is true, however, that, though unknown to himself, that pride of bearing which often gave to the virtues of Maltravers an unamiable aspect, occasionally irritated one who felt he had incurred to him an obligation of honour and of life never to be effaced; it made the sense of this obligation more intolerable to Legard; it made him more desirous to acquit himself of the charge. But, on this day, there was so much cordiality in the greeting of Maltravers, and he pressed Legard in so friendly a manner to join him in his ride, that the young man's heart was softened, and they rode together, conversing familiarly on such topics as were in common between them. At last the conversation fell on Lord and Lady Doltimore; and thence Maltravers, whose soul was full of one thought, turned it indirectly towards Evelyn.

"Did you ever see Lady Vargrave?"

"Never," replied Legard, looking another way, "but Lady Doltimore says she is as beautiful as Evelyn herself, if that be possible, and still so young in form and countenance that she looks rather like her sister than her mother!"

"How I should like to know her!" said Maltravers, with a sudden energy.

Legard changed the subject. He spoke of the carnival, of balls, of masquerades, of operas, of reigning beauties!

"Ah!" said Maltravers, with a half sigh, "yours is the age for those dazzling pleasures; to me they are 'the twice-told tale.'"

Maltravers meant it not, but this remark chafed Legard. He thought that it conveyed a sarcasm on the childishness of his own mind or the levity of his pursuits; his colour mounted as he replied,

"It is not, I fear, the slight difference of years between us; it is the difference of intellect you would insinuate; but you should remember, all men have not your resources; all men cannot pretend to genius!"

"My dear Legard," said Maltravers, kindly, "do not fancy that I could have designed any insinuation half so presumptuous and impertinent. Believe me, I envy you, sincerely and sadly, for all those faculties of enjoyment which I have worn away. Oh, how I envy you! for, were they still mine, then, then, indeed, I might hope to mould myself into greater congeniality with the beautiful and the young!"

Maltravers paused a moment, and resumed with a grave smile: "I trust, Legard, that you will be wiser than I have been; that you will gather your roses while it is yet May; and that you will not live to thirty-six, pining for happiness and home, a disappointed and desolate man; till, when your ideal is at last found, you shrink back appalled to discover that you have lost none of the tendencies to love, but many of the graces by which love is to be allured!"

There was so much serious and earnest feeling in these words that they went home at once to Legard's sympathies. He felt irresistibly impelled to learn the worst.

"Maltravers!" said he, in a hurried tone, "it would be an idle compliment to say that you are not likely to love in vain; perhaps it is indelicate in me to apply a general remark; and yet, yet I cannot but fancy that I have discovered your secret, and that you are not insensible to the charms of Miss Cameron!"

"Legard!" said Maltravers, and so strong was his fervent attachment to Evelyn that it swept away all his natural coldness and reserve, "I tell you, plainly and frankly, that in my love for Evelyn Cameron lie the last hopes I have in life. I have no thought, no ambition, no sentiment that is not vowed to her. If my love should be unreturned! I may strive to endure the blow; I may mix with the world; I may seem to occupy myself in the aims of others, but my heart will be broken! Let us talk of this no more; you have surprised my secret, though it must have betrayed itself. Learn from me how preternaturally strong, how generally fatal is love deferred to that day when, in the stern

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growth of all the feelings, love writes itself on granite!"

Maltravers, as if impatient of his own weakness, put spurs to his horse, and they rode on rapidly for some time without speaking.

That silence was employed by Legard in meditating over all he had heard and seen, in recalling all that he owed to Maltravers; and, before that silence was broken, the young man nobly resolved not even to attempt, not even to hope, a rivalry with Maltravers; to forego all the expectations he had so fondly nursed; to absent himself from the company of Evelyn; to requite faithfully and firmly that act of generosity to which he owed the preservation of his life, the redemption of his name!

Agreeably to this determination, he abstained from visiting those haunts in which Evelyn shone; and, if accident brought them together, his manner was embarrassed and abrupt. She wondered; at last, perhaps, she resented; it may be that she grieved; for certain it is that Maltravers was right in thinking that her manner had lost the gayety that distinguished it at Merton Rectory. But still it may be doubted whether Evelyn had seen enough of Legard, and whether her fancy and romance was still sufficiently free from the magical influences of the genius that called them forth in the eloquent homage of Maltravers, to trace, herself, to any causes connected with her younger lover, the listless melancholy that crept over her. In very young women, new alike to the world and the knowledge of themselves, many vague and undefined feelings herald the dawn of love; shade after shade and light upon light succeeds, before the sun breaks forth, and the earth awakens to his presence.

It was one evening that Legard had suffered himself to be led into a party at the —— ambassador's, and there, as he stood at the door, he saw, at a little distance, Maltravers conversing with Evelyn. Again he writhed beneath the tortures of his jealous anguish; and there, as he gazed and suffered, he resolved (as Maltravers had done before him) to fly from the place that had a little while ago seemed to him Elysium! He would leave Paris, he would travel, he would not see Evelyn again till the irrevocable barrier was passed, and she was the wife of Maltravers! In the first heat of this determination, he turned towards some young men standing near him, one of whom was about to visit Vienna. He gayly proposed to join him—a proposal readily accepted—and began conversing on the journey, the city, its splendid and proud society, with all that cruel exhilaration which the forced spirits of a stricken heart can alone display, when Evelyn (whose conference with Maltravers was ended) passed close by him. She was leaning on Lady Doltimore's arm, and the admiring murmur of his companions caused Legard to turn suddenly round.

"You are not dancing to-night, Colonel Legard," said Caroline, glancing towards Evelyn. "The more the season for balls advances, the more indolent you become."

Legard muttered a confused reply, one half of which seemed petulant, while the other half was inaudible.

"Not so indolent as you suppose," said his friend; "Legard meditates an excursion sufficient, I hope, to redeem his character in your eyes. It is a long journey, and, what is worse, a very cold journey to Vienna."

"Vienna! do you think of going to Vienna?" cried Caroline.

"Yes," said Legard. "I hate Paris; any place better than this odious city," and he moved away.

Evelyn's eyes followed him sadly and gravely. She remained by Lady Doltimore's side, abstracted and silent for several minutes.

Meanwhile Caroline, turning to Lord Devonport (the friend who had proposed the Viennese excursion), said, "It is cruel in you to go to Vienna; it is doubly cruel to rob Lord Doltimore of his best friend, and Paris of its best waltzer."

"Oh, it is a voluntary offer of Legard's, Lady Doltimore; believe me, I have used no persuasive arts. But the fact is, that we have been talking of Madame ——, the beauty of Austria, and as proud and as unassailable as Ehrenbreitstein itself. Legard's vanity is piqued, and so, as a professed lady-killer, he intends to see what can be effected by the handsomest Englishman of his time."

Caroline laughed, and new claimants on her notice succeeded to Lord Devonport. It was not till the ladies were waiting their carriage in the shawl-room that Lady Doltimore noticed the pale and thoughtful brow of Evelyn.

"Are you fatigued or unwell, dear?" she said.

"No," answered Evelyn, forcing a smile; and at that moment they were joined by Maltravers, with the intelligence that it would be some minutes before the carriage could draw up. Caroline amused herself in the interval by shrewd criticisms on the dresses and characters of her numerous friends. Caroline had grown an amazing prude in her judgment of others!

"What a turban! prudent for Mrs. A—— to wear bright red; it puts out her face, as the sun puts out the fire. Mr. Maltravers, do observe Lady B—— with that *very* young gentleman. After all her experience in angling, it is odd that she should still only throw in for small fish. Pray why is the marriage between Lady C—— D—— and Mr. F—— broken off? Is it true that he is so much in debt? and is so very, very profligate! They say she is heartbroken."

"Really, Lady Doltimore," said Maltravers, smiling, "I am but a bad scandalmonger. But poor F——, is not, I believe, much worse than others. How do we know whose fault it is when a marriage is broken off? Lady C—— D—— heartbroken! what an idea! Nowadays there is never any affection in compacts of that sort; and the chain that binds the frivolous nature is but a gossamer thread. Fine gentlemen and fine ladies! their loves and their marriages

> "'May flourish and may fade;
> A breath may make them, as a breath has made.'

Never believe that a heart long accustomed to beat only in good society can be broken; it is rarely even touched!"

Evelyn listened attentively, and seemed struck. She sighed, and said in a low voice, as to herself, "It is true; how could I think otherwise?"

For the next few days Evelyn was unwell, and did not leave her room. Maltravers was in despair. The flowers, the books, the music he sent; his anxious inquiries; his earnest and respectful notes, touched with that ineffable charm which heart and intellect breathe into the most trifling coinage from their mint, all affected Evelyn sensibly; perhaps she contrasted them with Legard's indifference and apparent caprice; perhaps in that contrast Maltrav-

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ers gained more than by all his brilliant qualities. Meanwhile, without visit, without message, without farewell, unconscious, it is true, of Evelyn's illness, Legard departed for Vienna.

CHAPTER III.

"A pleasing land
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky."
THOMSON.

DAILY, hourly increased the influence of Evelyn over Maltravers. Oh, what a dupe is a man's pride! what a fool his wisdom! That a girl, a mere child, one who scarce knew her own heart, beautiful as it was; whose deeper feelings still lay coiled up in their sweet buds, that she should thus master this proud, wise man! But as thou, our universal teacher; as thou, oh Shakspeare! haply speaking from the hints of thine own experience, hast declared,

"None are so truly caught when they are catch'd
As wit turn'd fool; folly in wisdom hatch'd
Hath wisdom's warrant."

Still methinks that, in that surpassing and dangerously-indulged affection which levelled thee, Maltravers, with the weakest, which overturned all thy fine philosophy of stoicism, and made thee the veriest slave of the "Rose-garden," still, Maltravers, thou mightst, at least, have seen that thou hadst lost for ever all right to pride, all privilege to disdain the herd! But thou wert proud of thine own infirmity! And far sharper must be that lesson which can teach thee that pride, thine angel, is ever predoomed to fall!

What a mistake to suppose that the passions are strongest in youth! The passions are not stronger, but the control over them is weaker. They are more easily excited, they are more violent and more apparent; but they have less energy, less durability, less intense and concentrated power than in maturer life. In youth, passion succeeds to passion, and one breaks upon the other as waves upon a rock, till the heart frets itself to repose. In manhood, the great deep flows on more calm, but more profound, its serenity the proof of the might and terror of its course, were the wind to blow and the storm to rise.

A young man's ambition is but vanity; it has no definite aim; it plays with a thousand toys. As with one passion, so with the rest. In youth, love is ever on the wing, but, like the birds in April, it hath not yet built its nest. With so long a career of summer and hope before it, the disappointment of to-day is succeeded by the novelty of to-morrow, and the sun that advances to the noon but dries up its fervent tears. But when we have arrived at that epoch of life when, if the light fail us, if the last rose wither, we feel that the loss cannot be retrieved, and that the frost and the darkness are at hand, love becomes to us a treasure that we watch over and hoard with a miser's care. Our youngest-born affection is our darling and our idol, the fondest pledge of the past, the most cherished of our hopes for the future. A certain melancholy that mingles with our joy at the possession only enhances its charm. We feel ourselves so dependant on it for all that is yet to come. Our other barks, our gay galleys of pleasure, our stately argosies of pride, have been swallowed up by the remorseless wave. On this last vessel we freight our all; to its frail tenement we commit ourselves. The star that guides it is our guide, and in the tempest that menaces we behold our own doom!

Still Maltravers shrank from the confession that trembled on his lips: still he adhered to the course he had prescribed to himself. If ever (as he had implied in his letter to Cleveland), if ever Evelyn should discover that they were not suited to each other! The possibility of such an affliction impressed his judgment, the dread of it chilled his heart! With all his pride, there was a certain humility in Maltravers that was, perhaps, one cause of his reserve. He knew what a beautiful possession is youth; its sanguine hopes, its elastic spirit, its inexhaustible resources! What to the eyes of woman were the acquisitions which manhood had brought him? the vast, but the sad experience, the arid wisdom, the philosophy based on disappointment? He might be loved but for the vain glitter of name and reputation, and love might vanish as custom dimmed the illusion. Men of strong affections are jealous of their own genius. They know how separate a thing from the household character genius often is; they fear lest they should be loved for a quality, not for themselves.

Thus communed he with himself; thus, as the path had become clear to his hopes, did new fears arise; and thus did love bring, as it ever does, in its burning wake,

"The pang, the agony, the doubt!"

Maltravers then confirmed himself in the resolution he had formed; he would cautiously examine Evelyn and himself; he would weigh in the balance every straw that the wind should turn up; he would not aspire to the treasure unless he could feel secure that the coffer could preserve the gem. This was not only a prudent, it was a just and a generous determination. It was one which we all ought to form if the fervour of our passions will permit us. We have no right to sacrifice years to moments, and to melt the pearl that has no price in a single draught! But can Maltravers adhere to his wise precautions? The truth must be spoken; it was, perhaps, the first time in his life that Maltravers had been really *in* love.

As the reader will remember, he had not been in love with the haughty Florence; admiration, gratitude, the affection of the head, not that of the feelings, had been the links that bound him to the enthusiastic correspondent revealed in the gifted beauty, and the gloomy circumstances connected with her early fate had left deep furrows in his memory. Time and vicissitude had effaced the wounds, and the light of the beautiful dawned once on the face of Evelyn. Valerie de St. Ventadour had been but the fancy of a roving breast, in which the principle had not yet succeeded to the impulse. Alice, the sweet Alice! her, indeed, in the first flower of youth, he had loved with a boy's romance. He had loved her deeply, fondly, but perhaps he had never been *in* love with her; he had mourned her loss for years; insensibly to himself, her loss had altered his character, and cast a melancholy gloom over all the colours of his life. But she whose range of ideas was so confined; she who had but broke into knowledge, as the chrysalis into the butterfly, how much in that prodigal and gifted nature, bounding on the broad plains of life, must

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the peasant girl have failed to fill! They had had nothing in common but their youth and their love. It was a dream that had hovered over the poet-boy in the morning twilight; a dream he had often wished to recall; a dream that had haunted him in the noonday, but had, as all boyish visions ever have done, left the heart unexpanded and the passions unconsumed! Years, long years since then had rolled away, and yet, perhaps, one unconscious attraction that drew Maltravers so suddenly towards Evelyn was a something, indistinct and undefinable, that reminded him of Alice. There was no similarity in their features; but, at times, a tone in Evelyn's voice, a "trick of the manner," an air, a gesture, recalled him over the gulfs of time to poetry, and hope, and Alice.

In the youth of each—the absent and the present one—there was resemblance; resemblance in their simplicity, their grace. Perhaps Alice, of the two, had in her nature more real depth, more ardour of feeling, more sublimity of sentiment than Evelyn. But in her primitive ignorance, half her noblest qualities were imbedded and unknown. And Evelyn, his equal in rank; Evelyn, well cultivated; Evelyn, so long courted, so deeply studied, had such advantages over the poor peasant girl! Still the poor peasant girl often seemed to smile on him from that fair face; and in Evelyn he half loved Alice again!

So these two persons now met daily; their intercourse was even more familiar than before; their several minds grew hourly more developed and transparent to each other. But of love Maltravers still forbore to speak; they were friends, no more; such friends as the disparity in their years and their experience might warrant them to be. And in that young and innocent nature, with its rectitude, its enthusiasm, and its pious and cheerful tendencies, Maltravers found freshness in the desert, as the camel-driver lingering at the well. Insensibly his heart warmed again to his kind; and as the harp of David to the ear of Saul was the soft voice that lulled remembrance and awakened hope to the lonely man.

Meanwhile, what was the effect that the presence, the attentions of Maltravers produced on Evelyn? Perhaps it was of that kind which most flatters us and most deceives. She never dreamed of comparing him with others. To her thoughts, he stood aloof and alone from all his kind. It may seem a paradox, but it might be that she admired and venerated him almost too much for love. Still her pleasure in his society was so evident and unequivocal, her deference to his opinion so marked; she sympathized in so many of his objects; she had so much blindness or forbearance for his faults (and he never sought to mask them), that the most diffident of men might have drawn from so many symptoms hopes the most auspicious. Since the departure of Legard, the gayeties of Paris lost their charm for Evelyn, and more than ever she could appreciate the society of her friend. He thus gradually lost his earlier fears of her forming too keen an attachment to the great world; and as nothing could be more apparent than Evelyn's indifference to the crowd of flatterers and suiters that hovered round her, Maltravers no longer dreaded a rival. He began to feel assured that they had both gone through the ordeal, and that he might ask for love without a doubt of its immutability and faith. At this period they were both invited, with the Doltimores, to spend a few days at the villa of De Montaigne, near St. Cloud. And there it was that Maltravers determined to know his fate!

CHAPTER IV.

"Chaos of thought and passion all confused.
POPE.

It is to the contemplation of a very different scene that the course of our story now conducts us.

Between St. Cloud and Versailles there was at that time—perhaps there still is—a lone and melancholy house appropriated to the insane. Melancholy, not from its site, but the purpose to which it is devoted. Placed on an eminence, the windows of the mansion command, beyond the gloomy walls that gird the garden ground, one of those enchanting prospects which win for France her title to *La Belle*. There the glorious Seine is seen in the distance, broad and winding through the varied plains, and beside the gleaming villages and villas. There, too, beneath the clear blue sky of France, the forest-lands of Versailles and St. Germains stretch in dark luxuriance around and afar. There you may see, sleeping on the verge of the landscape, the mighty city, crowned with the thousand spires from which, proud above the rest, rises the eyrie of Napoleon's eagle, the pinnacle of Notre Dame.

Remote, sequestered, the Place still commands the survey of the turbulent world below; and Madness gazes upon prospects that might well charm the thoughtful eyes of Imagination or of Wisdom! In one of the rooms of this house sat Castruccio Cæsarini. The apartment was furnished even with elegance; a variety of books strewed the tables; nothing for comfort or for solace, that the care and providence of affection could dictate, was omitted. Cæsarini was alone; leaning his cheek upon his hand, he gazed on the beautiful and tranquil view we have described. "And am I never to set a free foot on that soil again?" he muttered indignantly, as he broke from his revery.

The door opened, and the keeper of the sad abode (a surgeon of humanity and eminence) entered, followed by De Montaigne. Cæsarini turned round and scowled upon the latter; the surgeon, after a few words of salutation, withdrew to a corner of the room, and appeared absorbed in a book. De Montaigne approached his brother-in-law. "I have brought you some poems just published at Milan, my dear Castruccio; they will please you."

"Give me my liberty!" cried Cæsarini, clinching his hands. "Why am I to be detained here? Why are my nights to be broken by the groans of maniacs, and my days devoured in a solitude that loathes the aspect of things around me? Am *I* mad? You know I am not! It is an old trick to say that poets are mad; you mistake our agonies for insanity. See, I am calm; I can reason; give me any test of sound mind, no matter how rigid, I will pass it. I am not mad, I swear I am not!"

"No, my dear Castruccio," said De Montaigne, soothingly, "but you are still unwell; you have still fever; when next I see you, perhaps you may be recovered sufficiently to dismiss the doctor and change the air. Meanwhile, is there anything you would have added or altered?"

Cæsarini had listened to this speech with a mocking sarcasm on his lip, but an expression of such hopeless wretchedness in his eyes as they alone

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can comprehend who have beheld madness in its lucid intervals. He sunk down, and his head drooped gloomily on his breast. "No," said he, "I want nothing but free air or death, no matter which."

De Montaigne stayed some time with the unhappy man, and sought to sooth him; but it was in vain. Yet, when he rose to depart, Cæsarini started up, and, fixing on him his large wistful eyes, exclaimed, "Ah! do not leave me yet. It is so dreadful to be alone with the dead and the worse than dead!"

The Frenchman turned aside to wipe his eyes and stifle the rising at his heart; and again he sat, and again he sought to sooth. At length Cæsarini, seemingly more calm, gave him leave to depart. "Go," said he, "go; tell Teresa I am better; that I love her tenderly; that I shall live to tell her children not to be poets. Stay; you asked if there was aught I wished changed; yes, this room; it is too still; I hear my own pulse beat so loudly in the silence, it is horrible! there is a room below, by the window of which there is a tree, and the winds rocks its boughs to and fro, and it sighs and groans like a living thing: it will be pleasant to look at that tree, and see the birds come home to it; yet that tree is wintry and blasted too! it will be pleasant to hear it fret and chafe in the stormy nights; it will be a friend to me, that old tree! let me have that room. Nay, look not at each other; it is not so high as this; but the window is barred, I cannot escape!" and Cæsarini smiled.

"Certainly," said the surgeon, "if you prefer that room; but it has not so fine a view."

"I hate the view of the world that has cast me off; when may I change?"

"This very evening."

"Thank you; it will be a great revolution in my life."

And Cæsarini's eyes brightened and he looked happy. De Montaigne, thoroughly unmanned, tore himself away.

The promise was kept, and Cæsarini was transferred that night to the chamber he had selected.

As soon as it was deep night, the last visit of the keeper paid, and, save now and then by some sharp cry in the more distant quarter of the house, all was still, Cæsarini rose from his bed; a partial light came from the stars that streamed through the frosty and keen air, and cast a sickly gleam through the heavy bars of the casement. It was then that Cæsarini drew from under his pillow a long-cherished and carefully-concealed treasure. Oh, with what rapture had he first possessed himself of it! with what anxiety had it been watched and guarded! how many cunning stratagems and profound inventions had gone towards the baffling the jealous search of the keeper and his myrmidons! The abandoned and wandering mother never clasped her child more fondly to her bosom, nor gazed upon its features with more passionate visions for the future. And what had so enchanted the poor prisoner, so deluded the poor maniac? A large nail! He had found it accidentally in the garden; he had hoarded it for weeks; it had inspired him with the hope of liberty. Often, in the days far gone, he had read of the wonders that had been effected; of the stones removed, and the bars filed, by the selfsame kind of implement. He remembered that the most celebrated of those bold unfortunates who live a life against law had said, "Choose my prison, and give me but a rusty nail, and I laugh at your jailers and your walls!" He crept to the window; he examined his relic by the dim starlight; he kissed it passionately, and the tears stood in his eyes.

Ah! who shall determine the worth of things? No king that night so prized his crown as the madman prized that rusty inch of wire, the proper prey of the rubbish-cart and dunghill. Little didst thou think, old blacksmith, when thou drewest the dull metal from the fire, of what precious price it was to become!

Cæsarini, with the astuteness of his malady, had long marked out this chamber for the scene of his operations; he had observed that the framework in which the bars were set seemed old and wormeaten; that the window was but a few feet from the ground; that the noise made in the winter nights by the sighing branches of the old tree without would deaden the sound of the lone workman. Now, then, his hopes were to be crowned. Poor fool! and even *thou* hast hope still! All that night he toiled and toiled, and wrought to work his iron into a file; now he tried the bars, and now the framework. Alas! he had not learned the skill in such tools possessed by his renowned model and inspirer; the flesh was worn from his fingers; the cold drops stood on his brow; and morning surprised him, advanced not a hair's breadth in his labour.

He crept back to his bed, and again hid the useless implement, and at last he slept. Sleep, thou blessed God of the earth! thou alone never despisest us in our woes! no abyss too profound for thy wings to overshadow!

And, night after night, the same task, the same results! But at length, one day, when Cæsarini returned from his moody walk in the garden (*pleasure*-grounds they were called by the owner), he found better workmen than he at the window; they were repairing the framework, they were strengthening the bars; all hope was now gone! The unfortunate said nothing; too cunning to show his despair, he eyed them silently, and cursed them; but the old tree was left still, and that was something—company and music!

A day or two after this barbarous counterplot, Cæsarini was walking in the gardens towards the latter part of the afternoon (just when, in the short days, the darkness begins to steal apace over the chill and westering sun), when he was accosted by a fellow-captive who had often before sought his acquaintance; for they try to have friends, those poor people. Even *we* do the same, though *we* say we are *not* mad! This man had been a warrior; had served with Napoleon; had received honours and ribands; might, for aught we know, have dreamed of being a marshal! But the demon smote him in the hour of his pride. It was his disease to fancy himself a monarch. He believed, for he forgot chronology, that he was at once the Iron Mask, and the true sovereign of France and Navarre, confined in state by the usurpers of his crown. On other points he was generally sane; a tall, strong man, with fierce features and stern lines, wherein could be read many a bloody tale of violence and wrong; of lawless passions, of terrible excesses, for which madness might be at once the consummation and the curse. This man had taken a fancy to Cæsarini, and in some hours Cæsarini had shunned him less than others; for they could alike rail against all living things. The lunatic approached Cæsarini with an air of dignity and condescension—

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"It is a cold night, sir, and there will be no moon. Has it never occurred to you that the winter is the season for escape?"

Cæsarini started, the ex-officer continued.

"Ay, I see by your manner that you too chafe at our ignominious confinement. I think that, together, we might brave the worst. You probably are confined on some state offence. I give you full pardon if you assist me. For myself, I have but to appear in my capital; old Louis le Grand must be near his last hour."

"This madman my best companion!" thought Cæsarini, revolted at his own infirmity, as Gulliver started from the Yahoo; "no matter, he talks of escape."

"And how think you," said the Italian, aloud, "how think you that we have any chance of deliverance?"

"Hush; speak lower," said the soldier. "In the inner garden I have observed for the last two days that a man is employed in nailing some figtrees and vines to the wall. Between this garden and these grounds there is but a paling; that we can easily scale. He works till dusk; at the latest hour we can, lemus climb noiselessly over the paling, and creep along the vegetable beds till we reach the man. He uses a ladder for his purpose; the rest is clear; we must fell and gag him; twist his neck, if necessary; I have twisted a neck before," quoth the maniac, with a horrid smile. "The ladder will help us over the wall, and the night soon grows dark at this season."

Cæsarini listened, and his heart beat quick. "Will it be too late to try to-night?" said he, in a whisper.

"Perhaps not," said the soldier, who retained all his military acuteness. "But are you prepared? don't you require time to man yourself?"

"No, no, I have had time enough! I am ready."

"Well, then—hist! We are watched; one of the jailers! Talk easily, smile, laugh. This way." They passed by one of the watch of the place; and, just as they were in his hearing, the soldier turned to Cæsarini, "Sir, will you favour me with your snuff box?"

"I have none."

"None; what a pity! My good friend," and he turned to the scout, "may I request you to look in my room for my snuff box? it is on the chimney-piece; it will not take you a minute."

The soldier was one of those whose insanity was deemed most harmless; and his relations, who were rich and well born, had requested every indulgence to be shown to him. The watch suspected nothing, and repaired to the house. As soon as the trees hid him, "Now," said the soldier, "stoop almost on all fours, and run quick."

So saying, the maniac crouched low, and glided along with a rapidity which did not distance Cæsarini. They reached the paling that separated the vegetable garden from the pleasure-ground; the soldier vaulted over it with ease; Cæsarini, with more difficulty, followed; they crept along; the herbs, and vegetable-beds with their long bare stalks, concealed their movements; the man was still on the ladder. "*La bonne Esperance!*" said the soldier, through his ground teeth, muttering some old watchword of the wars; and (while Cæsarini, below, held the ladder steadfast) he rushed up the steps, and with a sudden effort of his muscular arm hurled the gardener to the ground. The man, surprised, half-stunned, and wholly terrified, did not attempt to wrestle with the two madmen; he uttered loud cries for help! But help came too late; these strange and fearful comrades had already scaled the wall, had dropped on the other side, and were fast making across the dusky fields to the neighbouring forest.

CHAPTER V.

"Hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? a fathomless abyss?"
YOUNG.

MIDNIGHT and intense frost! there they were, houseless and breadless, the two fugitives, in the heart of that beautiful forest which has rung to the horns of many a royal chase. The soldier, whose youth had been inured to hardships, and to the conquest which our mother-wit wrings from the step-dame Nature, had made a fire by the friction of two pieces of dry wood; such wood was hard to be found, for the snow whitened the level ground and lay deep in the hollows; and, when it was discovered, the fuel was slow to burn; however, the fire blazed red at last. On a little mound, shaded by a semicircle of huge trees, sat the Outlaws of Human Reason. They cowered over the blaze opposite to each other, the glare crimsoning their features. And each in his heart longed to rid himself of his mad neighbour; and each felt the awe of solitude, the dread of sleep beside a comrade whose soul had lost God's light.

"Ho!" said the warrior, breaking a silence that had been long kept, "this is cold work at the best, and hunger pinches me; I almost regret the prison."

"I do not feel the cold," said Cæsarini, "and I do not care for hunger; I am revelling only in the sense of liberty!"

"Try and sleep," quoth the soldier, with a coaxing and sinister softness of voice; "we will take it by turns to watch."

"I cannot sleep; take you the first turn."

"Harkye, sir!" said the soldier, sullenly, "I must not have my commands disputed; now we are free we are no longer equal; I am heir to the crowns of France and Navarre; sleep, I say!"

"And what prince or potentate, king or kaisar," cried Cæsarini, catching the quick contagion of the fit that had seized his comrade, "can dictate to the monarch of earth and air, the elements and the music-breathing stars? I am Cæsarini the Bard! and the huntsman Orion halts in his chase above to listen to my lyre! Be stilled, rude man! thou scarest away the angels, whose breath even now was rushing through my hair!"

"It is too terrible!" cried the grim man of blood, shivering; "my enemies are relentless, and give me a madman for a jailer!"

"Ha! a madman!" exclaimed Cæsarini, springing to his feet, and glaring at the soldier with eyes that caught and rivalled the blaze of the fire. "And who are you? what devil from the deep hell that art leagued with my persecutors against me?"

With the instinct of his old calling and valour, the soldier also rose when he saw the movement of his companion and his fierce features worked with rage and

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"Avaunt!" said he, waving his arm; "we banish thee from our presence! this is our palace, and our guards are at hand!" pointing to the still and skeleton trees that grouped round in ghastly bareness. "Begone!"

At that moment they heard at a distance the deep barking of a dog, and each cried simultaneously, "They are after me! betrayed!" The soldier sprung at the throat of Cæsarini; but the Italian at the same instant caught a half-burned brand from the fire, and dashed the blazing end in the face of his assailant. The soldier uttered a cry of pain, and recoiled back, blinded and dismayed. Cæsarini, whose madness, when fairly roused, was of the most deadly nature, again raised his weapon, and, probably, nothing but death could have separated the foes; but again the bay of the dog was heard, and Cæsarini, answering the sound by a wild yell, threw down the brand, and fled away through the forest with inconceivable swiftness. He hurried on through bush and dell, and the boughs tore his garments and mangled his flesh, but stopped not his progress till he fell at last to the ground, breathless and exhausted, and heard from some far-off clock the second hour of morning. He had left the forest; a farmhouse stood before him; and the whitened roofs of scattered cottages sloped to the tranquil sky. The witness of man, the social tranquil sky and the reasoning man, operated like a charm upon the senses which recent excitement had more than usually disturbed. The unhappy wretch gazed at the peaceful abodes and sighed heavily; then, rising from the earth, he crept into one of the sheds that adjoined the farmhouse, and, throwing himself on some straw, slept soundly and tranquilly till daylight, and the voices of peasants in the shed awakened him.

He rose refreshed, calm, and, for ordinary purposes, sufficiently sane to prevent suspicion of his disease. He approached the startled peasants, and, representing himself as a traveller who had lost his way in the night and amid the forest, begged for food and water. Though his garments were torn, they were new and of good fashion; his voice was mild; his whole appearance and address those of one of some station; and the French peasant is a hospitable fellow. Cæsarini refreshed and rested himself an hour or two at the farm, and then resumed his wanderings; he offered no money, for the rules of the asylum forbade money to its inmates; he had none with him, and none was expected from him; and they bade him farewell as kindly as if he had bought their blessings. He then began to consider where he was to take refuge, and how provide for himself; the feeling of liberty braced, and, for a time, restored his intellect. Fortunately, he had on his person, besides some rings of trifling cost, a watch of no inconsiderable value, the sale of which might support him, in such obscure and humble quarter as he could alone venture in quest of a home, for several weeks, perhaps months. This thought made him cheerful and elated; he walked lustily on, shunning the high road; the day was clear, the sun bright, the air full of racy health. Oh! what soft raptures swelled the heart of the wanderer as he gazed around him! The poet and the freeman alike stirred within his shattered heart! He paused to contemplate the berries of the icy trees, to listen to the sharp glee of the blackbird; and once, when he found beneath a hedge a cold, scentless group of hardy violets, he laughed aloud in his joy. In that laughter there was no madness, no danger; but when, as he journeyed on, he passed through a little hamlet, and saw the children at play upon the ground, and heard from the open door of a cabin the sound of rustic music, then, indeed, he paused abruptly; the past gathered over him: *he knew that which he had been, that which he was now!* an awful memory! a dread revelation! And, covering his face with his hands, he wept aloud. In those tears were the peril and the method of madness. He woke from them to think of his youth, his hopes, of Florence, of revenge! Lumley, Lord Vargrave! better from that hour to encounter the tiger in his lair, than find thy self alone with that miserable man!

CHAPTER VI.

"It seem'd the laurel chaste and stubborn oak,
And all the gentle trees on earth that grew;
It seem'd the land, the sea, and heaven above,
All breathed out fancy sweet, and sigh'd out love."
FAIRFAX'S *Tasso.*

At De Montaigne's villa Evelyn for the first time gathered from the looks, the manners of Maltravers, that she was beloved. It was no longer possible to mistake the evidences of affection. Formerly he had availed himself of his advantage of years and experience, and would warn, admonish, dispute, even reprove; formerly there had been so much of seeming caprice, of cold distance, of sudden and wayward haughtiness in his bearing; but now, the whole man was changed; the mentor had vanished in the lover; he held his being on her breath. Her lightest pleasure seemed to have grown his law; no coldness ever alternated the deep devotion of his manner; an anxious, a timid, a watchful softness replaced all his stately self-possession. Evelyn saw that she was loved, and she then looked into her own heart.

I have said in the first of these volumes that Evelyn was gentle even to *yieldingness;* that her susceptibility made her shrink from the thought of pain to another; and so thoroughly did she revere Maltravers, so grateful did she feel for a love that could not but flatter pride, and raise her in her self-esteem, that she felt it impossible that she could reject his suit. "Then, do I love him as I dreamed I could love?" she asked herself; and her heart gave no intelligible reply. "Yes! it must be so! in his presence I feel a tranquil and eloquent charm; his praise delights me; his esteem is my most high ambition; and yet—and yet—" she sighed, and thought of Legard. "But *he* loved me not!" and she turned restlessly from that image. "He thinks but of the world, of pleasure; Maltravers is right; the spoiled children of society cannot love; why should I think of him?" Yet she did think, and the thought dimmed her eyes and depressed her spirits.

There were no guests at the villa except Maltravers, Evelyn, and Lord and Lady Doltimore. Evelyn was much captivated by the graceful vivacity of Teresa, though that vivacity was not what it had been before her brother's affliction; their children, some of whom were grown up, constituted an amiable and intelligent family; and De Montaigne himself was agreeable and winning, despite his sober manners and his love of philosophical dispute. Evelyn often listened thoughtfully to Teresa's

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praises of her husband; to her account of the happiness she had known in a marriage where there had been so great a disparity of years; Evelyn began to question the truth of her early visions of romance.

Caroline saw the unequivocal attachment of Maltravers with the same indifference with which she had anticipated the suit of Legard. It was the same to her what hand delivered Evelyn and herself from the designs of Vargrave; but Vargrave occupied nearly all her thoughts. The newspapers had reported him as seriously ill; at one time in great danger. He was now recovering, but still unable to leave his room. He had written to her once lamenting his ill-fortune, trusting soon to be at Paris; and touching, with evident pleasure, upon Legard's departure for Vienna, which he had seen in the "Morning Post." But he was afar, alone, ill, untended; and though Caroline's guilty love had been much abated by Vargrave's icy selfishness, by absence and remorse, still she had the heart of a woman, and Vargrave was the only one that had ever touched it. She felt for him, and grieved in silence; she did not dare to utter sympathy aloud, for Doltimore had already given evidence of a suspicious and jealous temper.

Evelyn was also deeply affected by the account of her guardian's illness. As I before said, the moment he ceased to be her lover, her childish affection for him returned. She even permitted herself to write to him; and a tone of melancholy depression, which artfully pervaded his reply, struck her with something like remorse. He told her in that letter that he had much to say to her relative to an investment, in conformity with her stepfather's wishes, and he should hasten to Paris even before the doctor would sanction his removal. Vargrave forbore to mention what the meditated investment was. The last public accounts of the minister had, however, been so favourable, that his arrival might be almost daily expected, and both Caroline and Evelyn felt relieved.

To De Montaigne Maltravers confided his attachment, and both the Frenchman and Teresa sanctioned and encouraged it. Evelyn enchanted them; and they had passed that age when they could have imagined it possible that the man they had known almost as a boy was separated by years from the lively feelings and extreme youth of Evelyn. They could not believe that the sentiments he had inspired were colder than those that animated himself.

One day, Maltravers had been absent for some hours on his solitary rambles, and De Montaigne had not yet returned from Paris, which he visited almost daily. It was so late in the noon as almost to border on evening, when Maltravers, on his return, entered the grounds by a gate that separated them from an extensive wood. He saw Evelyn, Teresa, and two of her children walking on a kind of terrace almost immediatey before him. He joined them; and, somehow or other, it soon chanced that Teresa and himself loitered behind the rest, a little distance out of hearing. "Ah, Mr. Maltravers," said the former, "we miss the soft skies of Italy and the beautiful hues of Como."

"And, for my part, I miss the youth that gave 'glory to the grass and splendour to the flower.'"

"Nay; we are happier now, believe me; or, at least, I should be if—but I must not think of my poor brother. Ah! if his guilt deprived you of one who was worthy of you, it would be some comfort to his sister to think at last that the loss was repaired. And you still have scruples?"

"Who that loves truly has not? How young, how lovely, how worthy of lighter hearts and fairer forms than mine! Give me back the years that have passed since we last met at Como, and I might hope!"

"And this to me, who have enjoyed such happiness with one older, when we married, by ten years than you are now!"

"But you, Teresa, were born to see life through the Claude glass."

"Ah, you provoke me with these refinements; you turn from a happiness you have but to demand."

"Do not, do not raise my hopes too high," cried Maltravers, with great emotion; "I have been schooling myself all day. But if I *am* deceived!"

"Trust me, you are not. See, even now she turns round to look for you; she loves you, loves you as you deserve. This difference of years that you so lament does but deepen and elevate her attachment!"

Teresa turned to Maltravers, surprised at his silence. How joyous sat his heart upon his looks; no gloom on his brow, no doubt in his sparkling eyes! He was mortal, and he yielded to the delight of believing himself beloved. He pressed Teresa's hand in silence, and, leaving her abruptly, gained the side of Evelyn. Madame de Montaigne comprehended all that passed within him; and, as she followed, she soon contrived to detach her children, and returned with them to the house on a whispered pretence of seeing if their father had yet arrived. Evelyn and Maltravers continued to walk on, not aware, at first, that the rest of the party were not close behind.

The sun had set, and they were in a part of the grounds which, by way of contrast to the rest, was laid out in the English fashion; the walk wound, serpentlike, among a profusion of evergreens irregularly planted; the scene was shut in and bounded, except where, at an opening of the trees, you caught the spire of a distant church, over which glimmered, faint and fair, the smile of the evening star.

"This reminds me of home," said Evelyn, gently.

"And hereafter it will remind me of you," said Maltravers, in whispered accents. He fixed his eyes on her as he spoke. Never had his look been so true to his heart, never had his voice so undisguisedly expressed the profound and passionate sentiment which had sprung up within him, to constitute, as he then believed, the latest bliss or the crowning misery of his life! At that moment it was a sort of instinct that told him they were *alone*; for who has not felt, in those few and memorable hours of life when love long suppressed overflows the fountain, and seems to pervade the whole frame and the whole spirit, that there is a magic around and within us that hath a keener intelligence than intellect itself? Alone at such an hour with the one we love, the whole world beside seems to vanish, and our feet to have entered the soil, and our lips to have caught the air of Fairy Land.

They were alone. And why did Evelyn tremble? Why did she feel that a crisis of existence was at hand?

"Miss Cameron—Evelyn," said Maltravers, after they had walked some moments in silence, "hear me, and let your reason as well as your heart reply. From the first moment we met, you became dear to me. Yes, even when a child, your sweetness and

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your fortitude foretold so well what you would be in womanhood—even then you left upon my memory a delightful and mysterious shadow, too prophetic of the light that now hallows and wraps your image! We met again, and the attraction that had drawn me towards you years before was suddenly renewed. I love you, Evelyn! I love you better than all words can tell! Your future fate, your welfare, your happiness, contain and imbody all the hopes left to me in life! But our years are different, Evelyn. I have known sorrows; and the disappointments and the experience that have severed me from the common world have robbed me of more than time itself has done. They have robbed me of that zest for the ordinary toys and pleasures of our race, which may it be yours, sweet Evelyn, ever to retain. To me, the time foretold by the preacher as the lot of age has already arrived; when the sun and the moon are darkened, and when, save in you and through you, I have no pleasure in anything. Judge if such a being you can love! Judge, if my very confession does not revolt and chill, if it does not present to you a gloomy and cheerless future, were it possible that you could unite your lot to mine! Answer not from friendship or from pity; the love I feel for you can have a reply from love alone, and from that reasoning which love, in its enduring power, in its healthful confidence, in its prophetic foresight, alone supplies! I can resign you without a murmur, but I could not live with you and even fancy that you had one care I could not sooth, though you might have happiness I could not share. And fate does not present to me any vision so dark and terrible; no, not your loss itself; no, not your indifference; no, not your aversion, as your discovery, after time should make regret in vain, that you had mistaken fancy or friendship for affection; a sentiment for love. Evelyn, I have confided to you all, all this wild heart, now and evermore your own. My destiny is with you!"

Evelyn was silent; he took her hand, and her tears fell warm and fast upon it. Alarmed and anxious, he drew her towards him, and gazed upon her face.

"You fear to wound me," he said, with pale lips and trembling voice. "Speak on; I can bear all."

"No, no," said Evelyn, falteringly, "I have no fear but not to deserve you."

"You love me, then! you love me!" cried Maltravers, wildly, and clasping her to his heart.

The moon rose at that instant, and the wintry sward and the dark trees were bathed in the sudden light. The time, the light, so exquisite to all, even in loneliness and in sorrow, how divine in such companionship! in such overflowing and ineffable sense of bliss! There and then for the first time did Maltravers press upon that modest and blushing cheek the kiss of love, of hope; the seal of a union he fondly hoped the grave itself could not dissolve!

CHAPTER VII.

"QUEEN. Whereon do you look?
HAMLET. On him; on him; look you how pale he glares!"
Hamlet.

PERHAPS to Maltravers those few minutes which ensued, as they walked slowly on, compensated for all the troubles and cares of years; for natures like his feel joy even yet more intensely than sorrow. It might be that the transport, the delirium of passionate and grateful thoughts that he poured forth, when at last he could summon words, expressed feelings the young Evelyn could not comprehend, and which less delighted than terrified her with the new responsibility she had incurred. But love so honest, so generous, so intense, dazzled, and bewildered, and carried her whole soul away. Certainly at that hour she felt no regret, no thought but that one in whom she had so long recognised something nobler than is found in the common world, was thus happy, and thus made happy by a word, a look from her! Such a thought is woman's dearest triumph; and one so thoroughly unselfish, so yielding, and so soft, could not be insensible to the rapture she had caused.

"And oh!" said Maltravers, as he clasped again and again the hand that he believed he had won for ever, "now, at length, have I learned how beautiful is life! For this, for this I have been reserved! Heaven is merciful to me, and the waking world is brighter than all my dreams!"

He ceased abruptly. At that instant they were once more on the terrace where he had first joined Teresa, facing the wood, which was divided by a slight and low palisade from the spot where they stood. He ceased abruptly, for his eyes encountered a terrible and ominous opposition; a form connected with dreary associations of fate and wo. The figure had raised itself upon a pile of firewood on the other side the fence, and hence it seemed almost gigantic in its stature. It gazed upon the pair with eyes that burned with a preternatural blaze; and a voice which Maltravers too well remembered shrieked out, "Love—love! What, *thou* love again? Where is the dead? Ha! ha! Where is the dead?"

Evelyn, startled by the words, looked up, and clung in speechless terror to Maltravers. He remained rooted to the spot.

"Unhappy man," said he at length, and soothingly, "how came you hither? Fly not, you are with friends."

"Friends!" said the maniac, with a scornful laugh. "I know thee, Ernest Maltravers, I know thee; but it is not thou who hast locked me up in darkness and in hell, side by side with the mocking fiend! Friends! ah, but no friends shall catch me now! I am free, I am free! air and wave are not more free!" and the madman laughed with horrible glee. "She is fair, fair," he said, abruptly checking himself, and with a changed voice, "but not so fair as the dead. Faithless that thou art—and yet she loved *thee!* Wo to thee! wo, Maltravers, the perfidious! Wo to thee, and remorse, and shame!"

"Fear not, Evelyn, fear not," whispered Maltravers, gently, and placing her behind him; "support your courage; nothing shall harm you."

Evelyn, though very pale, and trembling from head to foot, retained her senses. Maltravers advanced towards the madman. But no sooner did the quick eye of the last perceive the movement, than, with the fear that belongs to that dread disease, the fear of losing liberty, he turned, and, with a loud cry, fled into the wood. Maltravers leaped over the fence and pursued him some way in vain. The thick copses of the wood snatched every trace of the fugitive from his eye.

Breathless and exhausted, Maltravers returned to the spot where he had left Evelyn. As he reached it he saw Teresa and her husband approaching towards him, and Teresa's merry laugh sounded clear and

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musical in the racy air. The sound appalled him; he hastened his steps to Evelyn.

"Say nothing of what we have seen to Madame de Montaigne, I beseech you," said he; "I will explain why hereafter."

Evelyn, too overcome to speak, nodded her acquiescence. They joined the De Montaignes, and Maltravers took the Frenchman aside.

But, before he could address him, De Montaigne said,

"Hush! do not alarm my wife; she knows nothing; but I have just heard at Paris that—that he has escaped; you know whom I mean?"

"I do; he is at hand; send in search of him! I have seen him! once more I have seen Castruccio Cæsarini!"

BOOK THE NINTH.

"αἰ αἰ· ταδ' ἤδη διαφανῆ."

SOPH.—*Œdip. Tyran.*, 754.

"Wo, wo: all things are clear."

CHAPTER I.

"The privilege that statesmen ever claim
Who private interest never yet pursued,
But still pretended 'twas for others' good.
* * * * * * * *
From hence on every humorous wind that veer'd,
With shifted sails a several course you steer'd."
Absalom and Achitophel, Part II.

LORD VARGRAVE had for more than a fortnight remained at the inn at M——, too ill to be removed with safety in a season so severe. Even when at last, by easy stages, he reached London, he was subjected to a relapse, and his recovery was slow and gradual. Hitherto unused to sickness, he bore his confinement with extreme impatience; and, against the commands of his physician, insisted on continuing to transact his official business, and consult with his political friends in his sick-room; for Lumley knew well that it is most pernicious to public men to be considered failing in health; turkeys are not more unfeeling to a sick brother than politicians to an ailing statesman; they give out that his head is touched, and see consumption and epilepsy in every speech and every despatch. The time, too, nearly ripe for his great schemes, made it doubly necessary that he should exert himself, and prevent being shelved with a plausible excuse of tender compassion for his infirmities. As soon, therefore, as he learned that Legard had left Paris, he thought himself safe for a while in that quarter, and surrendered his thoughts wholly to his ambitious projects. Perhaps, too, with the susceptible vanity of a middle-aged man, who has had his *bonnes fortunes*, Lumley deemed, with Rousseau, that a lover, pale and haggard, just raised from the bed of suffering, is more interesting to friendship than attractive to love. He and Rousseau were, I believe, both mistaken; but that is a matter of opinion: they both thought very coarsely of women; one from having no sentiment, and the other from having a sentiment that was but a disease. At length, just as Lumley was sufficiently recovered to leave his house, to appear at his office, and declare that his illness had wonderfully improved his constitution, intelligence from Paris, the more startling from being wholly unexpected, reached him. From Caroline he learned that Maltravers had proposed to Evelyn and been accepted. From Maltravers himself he heard the confirmation of the news. The last letter was short, but kind and manly. He addressed Lord Vargrave as Evelyn's guardian; slightly alluded to the scruples he had entertained till Lord Vargrave's suit was broken off; and, feeling the subject too delicate for a letter, expressed a desire to confer with Lumley respecting Evelyn's wishes as to certain arrangements in her property.

And for this was it that Lumley had toiled! for this had he visited Lisle Court! and for this had he been stricken down to the bed of pain! Was it only to make his old rival the purchaser, if he so pleased it, of the possessions of his own family? Lumley thought at that moment less of Evelyn than of Lisle Court. As he woke from the stupor and the first fit of rage into which these epistles cast him, the recollection of the story he had heard from Mr. Onslow flashed across him. Were his suspicions true, what a secret he would possess! How Fate might yet befriend him! Not a moment was to be lost. Weak, suffering as he still was, he ordered his carriage and hastened down to Mrs. Leslie.

In the interview that took place he was careful not to alarm her into discretion. He managed the conference with his usual consummate dexterity. He did not appear to suppose that there had been any criminal connexion between Alice and the supposed Butler. He began by simply asking whether Alice had ever, in early life, been acquainted with a person of that name, and when residing in the neighbourhood of ——. The change of countenance, the surprised start of Mrs. Leslie, convinced him that his suspicions were true.

"And why do you ask, my lord?" said the old lady. "Is it to ascertain this point that you have done me the honour to visit me?"

"Not exactly, my dear madam," said Lumley, smiling. "But I am going to C***** on business; and, besides that, I wished to give an account of your health to Evelyn, whom I shall shortly see at Paris. I certainly did desire to know whether it would be any gratification to Lady Vargrave, for whom I have the deepest regard, to renew her acquaintance with the said Mr. Butler!"

"What does your lordship know of him? What is he? who is he?"

"Ah, my dear lady, you turn the tables on me, I see; for my one question you would give me fifty. But, seriously, before I answer you, you must tell me whether Lady Vargrave does know a gentleman

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of that name; yet, indeed, to save trouble, I may as well inform you that I know it was under that name that she resided at C***** when my poor uncle first made her acquaintance. What I ought to ask is this. supposing Mr. Butler be still alive, and a gentleman of character and fortune, would it please Lady Vargrave to meet with him once more?"

"I cannot tell you," said Mrs. Leslie, sinking back in her chair much embarrassed.

"Enough; I shall not stir further in the matter. Glad to see you looking so well. Fine place, beautiful trees. Any commands at C*****, or any message for Evelyn?"

Lumley rose to depart.

"Stay," said Mrs. Leslie, recalling all the pining, restless, untiring love that Lady Vargrave had manifested towards the lost, and feeling that she ought not to sacrifice to slight scruples the chance of happiness for her friend's future years, "stay; I think this question you should address to Lady Vargrave, or shall I?"

"As you will; perhaps *I* had better write. Good-day," and Vargrave hurried away.

He had satisfied himself, but he had another yet to satisfy; and that, from certain reasons known but to himself, without bringing the third person in contact with Lady Vargrave. On arriving at C***** he wrote, therefore, to Lady Vargrave as follows:—

"My dear Friend,

"Do not think me impertinent or intrusive—but you know me too well for that. A gentleman of the name of Butler is exceedingly anxious to ascertain if you once lived near ——, in a pretty little cottage—Dove, or Dale, or Dell Cottage (some such appellation)—and if you remember a person of his name? Should you care to give a reply to these queries, send me a line addressed to London, which I shall get on my way to Paris.

"Yours most truly,

"Vargrave."

As soon as he had concluded and despatched this letter, Vargrave wrote to Mr. Winsley as follows:—

"My dear Sir,

"I am so unwell as to be unable to call on you, or even to see any one, however agreeable (nay, the more agreeable the more exciting!). I hope, however, to renew our personal acquaintance before leaving C*****. Meanwhile, oblige me with a line to say if I did not understand you to signify that you could, if necessary, prove that Lady Vargrave once resided in this town as Mrs. Butler, a very short time before she married my uncle, under the name of Cameron, in Devonshire; and had she not also at that time a little girl—an infant or nearly so—who must necessarily be the young lady who is my uncle's heiress, Miss Evelyn Cameron? My reason for thus troubling you is obvious. As Miss Cameron's guardian, I have very shortly to wind up certain affairs connected with my uncle's will; and, what is more, there is some property bequeathed by the late Mr. Butler, which *may* make it necessary to prove identity.

"Truly yours,

"Vargrave."

The answer to the latter communication ran thus:—

"My Lord,

"I am very sorry to hear your ordship is so un well, and will pay my respects to-morrow. I certainly can swear that the present Lady Vargrave was the Mrs. Butler who resided at C*****, and taught music. And as the child with her was of the same sex, and about the same age as Miss Cameron, there can, I should think, be no difficulty in establishing the identity between that young lady and the child Lady Vargrave had by her first husband, Mr. Butler; but of this, of course, I cannot speak.

"I have the honour,

"&c., &c."

The next morning Vargrave despatched a note to Mr. Winsley, saying that his health required him to return to town immediately; and to town, in fact, he hastened. The day after his arrival he received, in a hurried hand, strangely blurred and blotted, perhaps by tears, this short letter:—

"For Heaven's sake, tell me what you mean! Yes, yes, I did once reside at Dale Cottage; I did know one of the name of Butler! Has *he* discovered the name *I* bear? Where is he! I implore you to write, or let me see you before you leave England!

"Alice Vargrave."

Lumley smiled triumphantly when he read, and carefully put up this letter.

"I must now amuse and put her off; at all events, for the present."

In answer to Lady Vargrave's letter, he wrote a few lines to say that he had only heard through a third person (a lawyer) of a Mr. Butler, residing somewhere abroad, who had wished these inquiries to be made; that he believed it only related to some disposition of property; that *perhaps* the Mr. Butler who made the inquiry was heir to the Mr. Butler she had known; that he could learn nothing else at present, as the purport of her reply must be sent abroad; the lawyer would or could say nothing more; that, directly he received a further communication, it should be despatched to her; that he was most affectionately and truly hers.

The rest of that morning Vargrave devoted to Lord Saxingham and his allies; and declaring and believing that he should not be long absent at Paris, he took an early dinner, and was about once more to commit himself to the risks of travel, when, as he crossed the hall, Mr. Douce came hastily upon him.

"My lord—my lord—I must have a word with your l—l—lordship; you are going to—that is—" (and the little man looked frightened) "you intend to—to go to—that is—ab—ab—ab—"

"Not abscond, Mr. Douce; come into the library: I am in a great hurry, but I have always time for *you*; what's the matter?"

"Why, then, my lord—I—I have heard nothing m—m—more from your lordship about the pur—pur—"

"Purchase? I am going to Paris to settle all particulars with Miss Cameron; tell the lawyers so."

"May—may—we draw out the money to—to—show—that—that we are in earnest? otherwise I fear—that is, I suspect—I mean I know, that Colonel Maltravers will be off the bargain."

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"Why, Mr. Douce, really I must just see my ward first; but you shall hear from me in a day or two; and the ten thousand pounds I owe you!"

"Yes, indeed, the ten—ten—ten—my partner is very—"

"Anxious for it, no doubt! my compliments to him; God bless you! take care of yourself; must be off to save the packet;" and Vargrave hurried away, muttering, "Heaven sends money, and the devil sends duns!"

Douce gasped like a fish for breath as his eyes followed the rapid steps of Vargrave, and there was an angry scowl of disappointment on his small features. Lumley, by this time seated in his carriage and wrapped up in his cloak, had forgotten the creditor's existence, and whispered to his aristocratic secretary, as he bent his head out of the carriage window, "I have told Lord Saxingham to despatch you to me if there is any—the least—necessity for me in London. I leave you behind, Howard, because your sister being at court, and your cousin with our notable premier, you will find out every change in the wind, you understand; and, I say, Howard, don't think I forget your kindness! you know that no man ever served me in vain! Oh, there's that horrid little Douce behind you! tell them to drive on!"

CHAPTER II.

"Heard you that?
What prodigy of horror is disclosing?"
LILLO.—*Fatal Curiosity.*

THE unhappy companion of Cæsarini's flight was soon discovered and recaptured; but all search for Cæsarini himself proved ineffectual, not only in the neighbourhood of St. Cloud, but in the surrounding country and in Paris. The only comfort was in thinking that his watch would at least preserve him for some time from the horrors of want; and that, by the sale of the trinket, he might be traced. The police, too, were set at work; the vigilant police of Paris! Still day rolled on day, and no tidings. The secret of the escape was carefully concealed from Teresa; and public cares were a sufficient excuse for the gloom on De Montaigne's brow.

Evelyn heard from Maltravers, with mingled emotions of compassion, grief, and awe, the gloomy tale connected with the history of the maniac. She wept for the fate of Florence, she shuddered at the curse that had fallen on Cæsarini; and perhaps Maltravers grew dearer to her from the thought that there was so much in the memories of the past that needed a comforter and a soother.

They returned to Paris, affianced and plighted lovers; and then it was that Evelyn sought carefully and resolutely to banish from her mind all recollection, all regret, of the absent Legard; she felt the solemnity of the trust confided in her, and she resolved that no thought of hers should ever be of a nature to gall the generous and tender spirit that had confided its life of life to her care. The influence of Maltravers over her increased in their new and more familiar position; and yet still it partook too much of veneration, too little of passion; but that might be her innocence and youth. He, at least, was sensible of no want; she had chosen him from the world; and, fastidious as he deemed himself, he reposed, without a doubt, on the security of her faith. None of those presentiments which had haunted him when first betrothed to Florence disturbed him now. The affection of one so young and so guileless seemed to bring back to him all his own youth: we are ever young while the young can love us! Suddenly, too, the world took, to his eyes, a brighter and fairer aspect; hope, born again, reconciled him to his career and to his race! The more he listened to Evelyn, the more he watched every evidence of her docile but generous nature, the more he felt assured that he had found, at last, a heart suited to his own. Her beautiful serenity of temper, cheerful, yet never fitful or unquiet, gladdened him with its insensible contagion. To be with Evelyn was like basking in the sunshine of some happy sky! It was an inexpressible charm to one wearied with "the hack sights and sounds" of this world, to watch the ever fresh and sparkling thoughts and fancies which came from a soul so new to all that wearies us of life! It enchanted one, painfully fastidious in what relates to the true nobility of character, that, however various the themes discussed, no low or mean thought ever sullied those beautiful lips. It was not the mere innocence of inexperience, but the moral incapability of guile, that charmed him in the companion he had chosen on his path to eternity! He was also delighted to notice Evelyn's readiness of resources: she had that faculty, without which woman has no independence from the world, no pledge that domestic retirement will not soon languish into wearisome monotony; the faculty of making trifles contribute to occupation or amusement; she was easily pleased, and yet she so soon reconciled herself to disappointment. He felt, and chid his own dulness for not feeling it before, that, young and surpassingly lovely as she was, she required no stimulant from the heated pursuits and the hollow admiration of the crowd.

"Such," thought he, "are the natures that alone can preserve through years the poetry of the first passionate illusion; that can alone render wedlock the seal that confirms affection, and not the mocking ceremonial that vainly consecrates its grave!"

Maltravers, as we have seen, formally wrote to Lumley some days after their return to Paris. He would have written also to Lady Vargrave, but Evelyn thought it best to prepare her mother by a letter from herself.

Miss Cameron now wanted but a few weeks to the age of eighteen, at which she was to be the sole mistress of her own destiny. On arriving at that age the marriage was to take place. Valerie heard with sincere delight of the new engagement her friend had formed. She eagerly sought every opportunity to increase her intimacy with Evelyn, who was completely won by her graceful kindness; the result of Valerie's examination was, that she did not wonder at the passionate love of Maltravers, but that her deep knowledge of the human heart (that knowledge so remarkable in the women of her country!) made her doubt how far it was adequately returned, how far Evelyn deceived herself. Her first satisfaction became mingled with anxiety, and she relied more for the future felicity of her friend on Evelyn's purity of thought and general tenderness of heart, than on the exclusiveness and ardour of her love. Alas! few at eighteen are not too young for the irrevocable step; and Evelyn was younger than her years! One evening, at Madame de St. Ventadour's, Maltravers asked Evelyn if she

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had yet heard from Lady Vargrave. Evelyn expressed her surprise that she had not, and the conversation fell, as was natural, upon Lady Vargrave herself. "Is she as fond of music as you are?" asked Maltravers.

"Yes, indeed, I think so, and of the songs of a certain person in particular; they always had for her an indescribable charm. Often have I heard her say, that to read your writings was like talking to an early friend. Your name and genius seemed to make her solitary connexion with the great world. Nay—but you will not be angry—I half think it was her enthusiasm, so strange and rare, that first taught me interest in yourself."

"I have a double reason, then, for loving your mother," said Maltravers, much pleased and flattered. "And does she not like Italian music?"

"Not much; she prefers some rather old-fashioned German airs, very simple, but very touching."

"My own early passion," said Maltravers, more and more interested.

"But there are also one or two English songs which I have occasionally, but very seldom, heard her sing. One, in especial, affects her so deeply, even when she plays the air, that I have always attached to it a certain mysterious sanctity. I should not like to sing it before a crowd; but to-morrow, when you call on me, and we are alone—"

"Ah, to-morrow I will not fail to remind you."

Their conversation ceased; yet somehow or other, that night, when he retired to rest, the recollection of it haunted Maltravers. He felt a vague, unaccountable curiosity respecting this secluded and solitary mother; all concerning her early fate seemed so wrapped in mystery. Cleveland, in reply to his letter, had informed him that all inquiries respecting the birth and first marriage of Lady Vargrave had failed. Evelyn evidently knew but little of either; and he felt a certain delicacy in pressing questions which might be ascribed to the inquisitiveness of a vulgar family pride. Moreover, lovers have so much to say to each other, that he had not yet found time to talk at length to Evelyn about third persons. He slept ill that night; dark and ill-boding dreams disturbed his slumber. He rose late and dejected by presentiments he could not master: his morning meal was scarcely over, and he had already taken his hat to go to Evelyn's for comfort and sunshine, when the door opened, and he was surprised by the entrance of Lord Vargrave.

Lumley seated himself with a formal gravity very unusual to him; and, as if anxious to waive unnecessary explanations, began as follows, with a serious and impressive voice and aspect:

'Maltravers, of late years we have been estranged from each other: I do not presume to dictate to you your friendships or your dislikes. Why this estrangement has happened, you alone can determine. For my part, I am conscious of no offence; that which I was I am still. It is you who have changed. Whether it be the difference of our political opinions, or any other and more secret cause, I know not. I lament, but it is now too late to attempt to remove it. If you suspect me of ever seeking, or even wishing to sow dissension between yourself and my ill-fated cousin, now no more, you are mistaken. I ever sought the happiness and the union of you both. And yet, Maltravers, you then came between me and an early and cherished dream. But I suffered in silence; my course was at least disinterested, perhaps generous; let it pass. A second time you cross my path; you win from me a heart I had long learned to consider mine. You have no scruple of early friendship, you have no forbearance towards acknowledged and affianced ties. You are my rival with Evelyn Cameron, and your suit has prospered."

"Vargrave," said Maltravers, "you have spoken frankly, and I will reply with an equal candour. A difference of tastes, tempers, and opinions led us long since into opposite paths. I am one who cannot disunite public morality from private virtue. From motives best known to you, but which I say openly I hold to have been those of interest or ambition, you cast off opinions long and deliberately expressed, and played with the liberties and well-being of mankind as if they were but counters to mark a mercenary game. This led me to examine your character with more searching eyes, and I found it one I could no longer trust. With respect to the dead—let the pall drop over that early grave—I acquit you of all blame. He who sinned has suffered more than would atone the crime! You charge me with my love to Evelyn. Pardon me, but I seduced no affection, I have broken no tie! Not till she was free in heart and in hand to choose between us, did I hint at love. Let me think that a way may be found to soften one portion at least of the disappointment you cannot but feel acutely."

"Stay!" said Lord Vargrave, who, plunged in a gloomy revery, had scarcely seemed to hear the last few sentences of his rival; "stay, Maltravers. Speak not of love to Evelyn! a horrible foreboding tells me that, a few hours hence, you would rather pluck out your tongue by the roots than couple the words of love with the thought of that unfortunate girl. Oh, if I were vindictive, what awful triumph would await me now! What retaliation on your harsh judgment, your cold contempt, your momentary and wretched victory over me! Heaven is my witness that my only sentiment is that of terror and wo! Maltravers, in your earliest youth did you form connexion with one whom they called Alice Darvil?"

"Alice! merciful Heaven! what of her?"

"Did you never know that the Christian name of Evelyn's mother is Alice?"

"I never asked, I never knew; but it is a common name," faltered Maltravers.

"Listen to me," resumed Vargrave: "with Alice Darvil you lived in the neighbourhood of ——, did you not?"

"Go on, go on!"

"You took the name of Butler; by that name Alice Darvil was afterward known in the town in which my uncle resided (there are gaps in the history that I cannot of my own knowledge fill up) she taught music; my uncle became enamoured of her; but he was vain and worldly. She removed into Devonshire, and he married her there under the name of Cameron, by which name he hoped to conceal from the world the lowness of her origin and the humble calling she had followed—hold! do not interrupt me. Alice had one daughter, as was supposed, by a former marriage; that daughter was the offspring of him whose name she bore; yes, of the false Butler! that daughter is Evelyn Cameron!"

"Liar—devil!" cried Maltravers, springing to his feet as if a shot had pierced his heart. "Proofs—proofs!"

"Will these suffice?" said Vargrave; and he

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placed the letters of Winsley and Lady Vargrave before Maltravers. He caught them up, but for some moments he could not dare to read them. He supported himself with difficulty from falling to the ground; there was a gurgle in his throat like the sound of the deathrattle: at last he read and dropped the letters from his hand.

"Wait me here," he said very faintly, and moved mechanically to the door.

"Hold!" said Lord Vargrave, laying his hand upon Ernest's arm. "Listen to me for Evelyn's sake, for her mother's. You are about to seek Evelyn: be it so! I know that you possess the godlike gift of self-control. You will not suffer her to learn that her mother has done that which dishonours alike mother and child? You will not consummate your wrong to Alice Darvil by robbing her of the fruit of a life of penitence and remorse? You will not unveil her shame to her own daughter? Convince yourself, and master yourself while you do so!"

"Fear me not," said Maltravers, with a terrible smile; "I will not afflict my conscience with a double curse. As I have sowed, so must I reap. Wait me here!"

CHAPTER III.

"Misery,
That gathers force each moment as it rolls,
And must, at last, o'erwhelm me."
LILLO.—*Fatal Curiosity.*

MALTRAVERS found Evelyn alone: she turned towards him with her usual sweet smile of welcome; but the smile vanished at once as her eyes met his changed and working countenance; cold drops stood upon the rigid and marble brow; the lips writhed as if in bodily torture; the muscles of the face had fallen, and there was a wildness which appalled her in the fixed and feverish brightness of the eyes.

"You are ill, Ernest; dear Ernest, you are ill; your look freezes me!"

"Nay, Evelyn," said Maltravers, recovering himself by one of those efforts, of which men who have *suffered without sympathy* are alone capable; "nay, I am better now; I have been ill, very ill, but I am better!"

"Ill! and I not to know of it!" She attempted to take his hand as she spoke. Maltravers recoiled.

"It is fire! it burns! avaunt!" he cried, frantically. "Oh God! spare me, spare me!"

Evelyn was now seriously alarmed; she gazed on him with the tenderest compassion. Was this one of those moody and overwhelming paroxysms to which it had been whispered abroad that he was subject? Strange as it may seem, despite her terror, he was dearer to her in that hour, as she believed, of gloom and darkness, than in all the glory of his majestic intellect, or all the blandishments of his soft address.

"What has happened to you?" she said, approaching him again; "have you seen Lord Vargrave? I know that he has arrived, for his servant has been here to say so; has he uttered anything to distress you? or has" (she added, falteringly and timidly), "has poor Evelyn offended you? Speak to me, only speak!"

Maltravers turned, and his face was now calm and serene; save its extreme and almost ghastly paleness, no trace of the hell within him could be discovered.

"Pardon me," said he, gently; "I know not this morning what I say or do; think not of it; think not of me; it will pass away when I hear your voice."

"Shall I sing to you the words I spoke of last night? See, I have them ready; I know them by heart, but I thought you might like to read them, they are so full of simple but deep feeling."

Maltravers took the song from her hands and bent over the paper; at first the letters seemed dim and indistinct, for there was a mist before his eyes; but at last a chord of memory was struck; he recalled the words; they were some of those he had composed for Alice in the first days of their delicious intercourse; links of the golden chain in which he had sought to bind the spirit of knowledge to that of love.

"And from whom," said he, in a faint voice, as he calmly put down the verses, "from whom did your mother learn these words?"

"I know not; some dear friend, years ago, composed and gave them to her. It must have been very dear to her, to judge by the effect they still produce."

"Think you," said Maltravers, in a hollow voice, "think you IT WAS YOUR FATHER?"

"My father! she never speaks of him! I have been early taught to shun all allusion to his memory. My father! it is probable; yes! it may have been my father; whom else could she have loved so fondly?"

There was a long silence; Evelyn was the first to break it.

"I have heard from my mother to-day, Ernest; her letter alarms me; I scarce know why!"

"Ay! and how—"

"It is hurried and incoherent; almost wild; she says she has learned some intelligence that has unsettled and unstrung her mind; she has requested me to inquire if any one I am acquainted with has heard of, or met abroad, some person of the name of Butler; you start! have you known one of that name!"

"I! did your mother never allude to that name before?"

"Never! and yet, once I remember—"

"What?"

"That I was reading an account in the papers of the sudden death of some Mr. Butler; and her agitation made a powerful and strange impression upon me; in fact, she fainted, and seemed almost delirious when she recovered; she would not rest till I had completed the account; and when I came to the particulars of his age, &c. (he was old, I think), she clasped her hands and wept, but they seemed tears of joy. The name is so common; whom of that name have you known?"

"It is no matter! is that your mother's letter? is that her handwriting?"

"Yes;" and Evelyn gave the letter to Maltravers. He glanced over the characters; he had once or twice seen Lady Vargrave's handwriting before, and had recognised no likeness between that handwriting and such early specimens of Alice's art as he had seen so many years ago; but now, "trifles light as air" had grown "confirmation strong as proof of Holy Writ," he thought he detected Alice

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in every line of the hurried and blotted scroll; and when his eye rested on the words, "Your affectionate MOTHER, *Alice!*" his blood curdled in his veins.

"It is strange!" said he, still struggling for self-composure; "strange, that I never thought of asking her name before; Alice! her name is Alice?"

"A sweet name, is it not? it accords so well with her simple character; how you would love her!"

As she said this, Evelyn turned to Maltravers with enthusiasm, and again she was startled by his aspect, for again it was haggard, distorted, and convulsed.

"Oh! if you love me," she cried, "do send immediately for advice! And yet, is it illness, Ernest, or is it some grief that you hide from me?"

"It is illness, Evelyn," said Maltravers, rising; and his knees knocked together. "I am not fit even for your companionship; I will go home."

"And send instantly for advice."

"Ay! it waits me there already."

"Thank Heaven! and you will write to me one little word to relieve me? I am so uneasy!"

"I will write to you."

"This evening—"

"Ay!"

"Now go; I will not detain you."

He walked slowly to the door, but when he reached it he turned, and, catching her anxious gaze, he opened his arms; overpowered with strange fear and affectionate sympathy, she burst into passionate tears; and, surprised out of the timidity and reserve which had hitherto characterized her pure and meek attachment to him, she fell on his breast and sobbed aloud. Maltravers raised his hands, and, placing them solemnly on her young head, his lips muttered as if in prayer. He paused, and strained her to his heart; but he shunned that parting kiss which hitherto he had so fondly sought. That embrace was one of agony, and not of rapture; and yet Evelyn dreamed not that he designed it for the last!

Maltravers re-entered the room in which he had left Lord Vargrave, who still awaited his return.

He walked up to Lumley and held out his hand. "You have saved me from a dreadful crime, from an everlasting remorse; I thank you!"

Hardened and frigid as his nature was, Lumley was touched; the movement of Maltravers took him by surprise. "It has been a dreadful duty, Ernest," said he, pressing the hand he held; "but to come, too, from *me*, your rival!"

"Proceed, proceed, I pray you; explain all this. Yet explanation! what do I want to know? Evelyn is my daughter, Alice's child! For God's sake, give me hope; say it is not so; say that she is Alice's child, but not *mine!* Father, father! and they call it a holy name; it is a horrible one!"

"Compose yourself, my dear friend; recollect what you have escaped! You will recover this shock; time, travel—"

"Peace, man, peace. Now, then, I am calm! When Alice left me she had no child. I knew not that she bore within her the pledge of our ill-omened and erring love. Verily, the sins of my youth have risen against me, and the curse has come home to roost!"

"I cannot explain to you all details."

"But why not have told me of this? Why not have warned me, why not have said to me, when my heart could have been satisfied by so sweet a tie, 'Thou hast a daughter: thou art not desolate?' Why reserve the knowledge of the blessing until it has turned to poison? Fiend that you are! you have waited this hour to gloat over the agony from which a word from you, a year, nay, a month ago, a little month ago, might have saved me and her!"

Maltravers, as he spoke, approached Vargrave with eyes sparkling with fierce passion; his hands clinched, his form dilated, the veins on his forehead swelled like cords. It was a fearful spectacle; for the frame of Maltravers was one that, from its perfect symmetry, was endowed with extraordinary power and strength; and now the governing intellect seemed benumbed and laid asleep; and all the fierceness, and might, and wrath of the animal man alone were visibly aroused. Lumley, brave as he was, recoiled.

"I knew not of this secret," said he, deprecatingly, "till a few days before I came hither; and I came hither at once to disclose it to you. Will you listen to me? I knew that my uncle had married a person much beneath him in rank; but he was guarded and cautious, and I knew no more, except that by a first husband that lady had one daughter, Evelyn. A chain of accidents suddenly acquainted me with the rest." Here Vargrave pretty faithfully repeated what he had learned from the brewer at C***** and from Mr. Onslow; but when he came to the tacit confirmation of all his suspicions received from Mrs. Leslie, he greatly exaggerated and greatly distorted the account. "Judge, then," continued Lumley, "of the horror with which I heard that you had declared an attachment to Evelyn, and that it was returned! Ill as I was, I hastened hither; you know the rest: are you satisfied?"

"I will go to Alice; I will learn from her own lips; yet how can I meet her again? How say to her, 'I have taken from thee thy last hope; I have broken thy child's heart?'"

"Forgive me, but I should confess to you that, from all I can learn from Mrs. Leslie, Lady Vargrave has but one prayer, one hope in life, that she may never again meet with her betrayer. You may, indeed, in her own letter, perceive how much she is terrified by the thought of your discovering her. She has at length recovered peace of mind and tranquillity of conscience. She shrinks with dread from the prospect of ever again encountering one once so dear, now associated in her mind with recollections of guilt and sorrow. More than this, she is sensitively alive to the fear of shame, the dread of detection. If ever her daughter were to know her sin, it would be to her as a deathblow. Yet, in her nervous state of health, her ever quick and uncontrollable feelings, if you were to meet her, she would disguise nothing, conceal nothing. The veil would be torn aside; the menials in her own house would tell the tale, and curiosity circulate and scandal blacken the story of her early errors. No, Maltravers, at least wait a while before you see her; wait till her mind can be prepared for such an interview, till precautions can be taken, till you yourself are in a calmer state of mind."

Maltravers fixed his piercing eyes on Lumley while he thus spoke, and listened in deep attention.

"It matters not," said he, after a long pause, "whether these be your real reasons for wishing to defer or prevent a meeting between Alice and myself. The affliction that has come upon me bursts with too clear and scorching a blaze of light for me

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to see any chance of escape or mitigation. Even if she were the daughter of Alice by another, she would be for ever separated from me. The mother and the child! pah! there is a kind of incest even in that thought! But such an alleviation of my anguish is forbidden to my reason. No, poor Alice, I will not disturb the repose thou hast won at last! Thou shalt never have the grief to know that our error has brought upon thy lover so black a doom! All is over! the world never shall find me again. Nothing is left for me but the desert and the grave!"

"Speak not so, Ernest," said Lord Vargrave, soothingly: "a little while, and you will recover this blow: your control over passion has, even in youth, inspired me with admiration and surprise; and now, in calmer years, and with such incentives to self-mastery, your triumph will come sooner than you think. Evelyn, too, is so young; she has not known you long; perhaps her love, after all, is that caused by some mystic, but innocent working of nature, and she would rejoice to call you 'father.' Happy years are yet in store for you."

Maltravers did not listen to these vain and hollow consolations. With his head drooping on his bosom, his whole form unnerved, the large tears rolling unheeded down his cheeks, he seemed the very picture of the brokenhearted man, whom Fate never again could raise from despair. He who had for years so cased himself in pride, on whose very front was engraved the victory over passion and misfortune, whose step had trod the earth in the royalty of a kingly nature, the veriest slave that crawls bore not a spirit more humbled, fallen, and subdued! He who had looked with haughty eyes on the infirmities of others, who had disdained to serve his race because of their human follies and partial frailties; *he*, even *he*, the pharisee of genius, had but escaped by a chance, and by the hand of the man he suspected and despised, from a crime at which Nature herself recoils; which all law, social and divine, stigmatizes as inexpiable; which the sternest imagination of the very heathen had invented as the gloomiest catastrophe that can befall the wisdom and the pride of mortals! But one step more, and the fabulous Œdipus had not been more accursed!

Such thoughts as these, unformed, confused, but strong enough to bow him to the dust, passed through the mind of this wretched man. He had been familiar with grief, he had been dull to enjoyment; sad and bitter memories had consumed his manhood; but pride had been left him still! and he had dared in his secret heart to say, "I can defy fate!" Now the bolt had fallen; pride was shattered into fragments; self-abasement was his companion; shame sat upon his prostrate soul. The future had no hope left in store. Nothing was left for him but to die!

Lord Vargrave gazed at him in real pain, in sincere compassion; for his nature, wily, deceitful, perfidious though it was, had cruelty only so far as was necessary to the unrelenting execution of his schemes. No pity could swerve him from a purpose; but he had enough of the *man* within him to feel pity not the less, even for his own victim. At length Maltravers lifted his head, and waved his hand gently to Lord Vargrave.

"All is now explained," said he, in a feeble voice; "our interview is over. I must be alone; I have yet to collect my reason, to commune calmly and deliberately with myself; I have to write to her; to invent; to lie; I who believed I could never utter, even to an enemy, what was false! And I must not soften the blow to her. I must not utter a word of love; love, it is incest! I must endeavour brutally to crush out the very affection I created! She must hate me; oh, *teach* her to hate me! Blacken my name, traduce my motives, let her believe them levity or perfidy, what you will. So will she forget me the sooner; so will she the easier bear the sorrow which the father brings upon the child. And *she* has not sinned! Oh, Heaven, the sin was mine! Let my punishment be a sacrifice that thou wilt accept for her!"

Lord Vargrave attempted again to console; but this time the words died upon his lips. His arts failed him, Maltravers turned impatiently away, and pointed to the door.

"I will see you again," said he, "before I leave Paris; leave your address below."

Vargrave was not, perhaps, unwilling to terminate a scene so painful: he muttered a few incoherent words and abruptly withdrew. He heard the door locked behind him as he departed. Ernest Maltravers was alone! what a solitude!

CHAPTER IV.

"Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold."

Hamlet.

LETTER FROM ERNEST MALTRAVERS TO EVELYN CAMERON.

"EVELYN!

"ALL that you have read of faithlessness and perfidy will seem tame to you when compared with that conduct which you are doomed to meet from me. We must part, and for ever. We have seen each other for the last time. It is bootless even to ask the cause. Believe that I am fickle, false, heartless; that a whim has changed me, if you will. My resolve is unalterable. We meet no more, even as friends. I do not ask you either to forgive or to remember me. Look on me as one wholly unworthy even of resentment! Do not fancy that I write this in madness, or in fever, or excitement. Judge me not by my seeming illness this morning. I invent no excuse, no extenuation for my broken faith and perjured vows. Calmly, coldly, and deliberately I write; and, thus writing, I renounce your love.

"This language is wanton cruelty; it is fiendish insult; is it not, Evelyn? Am I not a villain? Are you not grateful for your escape? Do you not look on the past with a shudder at the precipice on which you stood?

"I have done with this subject, I turn to another. We are parted, Evelyn, and for ever. Do not fancy; I repeat, do not fancy that there is any error, any strange infatuation on my mind; that there is any possibility that the sentence can be annulled. It were almost easier to call the dead from the grave than bring us again together, as we were and as we hoped to be. Now that you are convinced of that truth, learn, as soon as you have recovered the first shock of knowing, how much wickedness there is on earth; learn to turn to the future for happier and more suitable ties than those you could

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have formed with me You are very young; in youth our first impressions are lively, but evanescent; you will wonder hereafter at having fancied you loved me. Another and a fairer image will replace mine. This is what I desire and pray for. *As soon as I learn that you love another, that you are wedded to another, I will reappear in the world; till then, I am a wanderer and an exile. Your hand alone can efface from my brow the brand of Cain!* When I am gone Lord Vargrave will probably renew his suit. I would rather you married one of your own years; one whom you could love fondly; one who would chase away every remembrance of the wretch who now forsakes you. But perhaps I have mistaken Lord Vargrave's character; perhaps he may be worthier of you than I deemed (*I* who set up for the censor of other men!); perhaps he may both win and deserve your affection.

"Evelyn, farewell; God, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, will watch over you!

"ERNEST MALTRAVERS."

CHAPTER V.

"Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
The fatal shadows that walk by us still."
JOHN FLETCHER.

THE next morning came; the carriage was at the door of Maltravers to bear him away, he cared not whither. Where could he fly from memory? He had just sent the letter to Evelyn; a letter studiously written for the object of destroying all the affection to which he had so fondly looked as the last charm of life. He was now only waiting for Vargrave, to whom he had sent, and who hastened to obey the summons.

When Lumley arrived he was shocked at the alteration which a single night had effected in the appearance of Maltravers: but he was surprised and relieved to find him calm and self-possessed.

"Vargrave," said Maltravers, "whatever our past coldness, henceforth I owe to you an eternal gratitude; and henceforth this awful secret makes between us an indissoluble bond. If I have understood you rightly, neither Alice nor other living being than yourself know that in me, Ernest Maltravers, stands the guilty object of Alice's first love. Let that secret still be kept; relieve Alice's mind from the apprehension of learning that the man who betrayed her yet lives: he will not live long! I leave time and method of explanation to your own judgment and acuteness. Now for Evelyn." Here Maltravers stated generally the tone of the letter he had written; Vargrave listened thoughtfully.

"Maltravers," said he, "it is right to try first the effect of your letter. But if it fail; if it only serve to inflame the imagination and excite the interest; if Evelyn still continue to love you; if that love preys upon her; if it should undermine health and spirit; if it should destroy her—"

Maltravers groaned; Lumley proceeded: "I say this not to wound you, but to provide against all circumstances. I, too, have spent the night in revolving what is best to be done in such a case, and this is the plan I have formed. Let us, if need be, tell the truth to Evelyn, robbing the truth only of its shame. Nay, nay, listen; why not say that, under a borrowed name and in the romance of early youth, you knew and loved Alice (though in innocence and honour); your tender age, the difference of rank, forbade your union. Her father, discovering your clandestine correspondence, suddenly removed her from the country, and destroyed all clew for your inquiries. You lost sight of each other; each was taught to believe the other dead. Alice was compelled by her father to marry Mr. Cameron, and, after his death, her poverty and her love for her only child induced her to accept my uncle. You have now learned all; have learned that Evelyn is the daughter of your first love; the daughter of one who adores you still, and whose life your remembrance has for so many years imbittered. Evelyn herself will at once comprehend all the scruples of a delicate mind; Evelyn herself will recoil from the thought of making the child the rival to the mother. She will understand why you have flown from her; she will sympathize with your struggles; she will recall the constant melancholy of Alice; she will hope that the ancient love may be renewed and efface all grief; generosity and duty alike will urge her to conquer her own affection! And hereafter, when time has restored you both, father and child may meet with such sentiments as father and child may own!"

Maltravers was silent for some minutes; at length he said, abruptly, "And you really loved her, Vargrave? you love her still? your dearest care must be her welfare."

"It is! indeed it is!"

"Then I must trust to your discretion; I can have no other confidant; I myself am not fit to judge. My mind is darkened; you may be right; I think so."

"One word more; she may discredit my tale if unsupported; will you write one line to me to say that I am authorized to reveal the secret, and that it is known only to me? I will not use it unless I should think it absolutely required."

Hastily and mechanically Maltravers wrote a few words to the effect of what Lumley had suggested. "I will inform you," he said to Vargrave, as he gave him the paper, "of whatever spot may become my asylum, and you can communicate to me all that I dread and long to hear; but let no man know the refuge of despair!"

There was positively a tear in Vargrave's cold eye, the only tear that had glistened there for many years; he paused irresolute, then advanced, again halted, muttered to himself, and turned aside.

"As for the world," Lumley resumed, after a pause, "your engagement has been public; some public account of its breach must be invented; you have always been considered a proud man; we will say that it was low birth on the side of both mother and father (the last only just discovered) that broke off the alliance!"

Vargrave was talking to the deaf: what cared Maltravers for the world? He hastened from the room, threw himself into his carriage, and Vargrave was left to plot, to hope, and to aspire!

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BOOK THE TENTH.

"οὖλον Ὄνειρον."
HOMER, l. 2.

"A dream!"

CHAPTER I.

"Qualis ubi in lucem coluber
——Mala gramina pastus."
VIRGIL.

"Pars minima est ipsa puella sui."
OVID.

IT would be a superfluous, and, perhaps, a sickening task to detail at length the mode and manner in which Vargrave coiled his snares round the unfortunate girl whom his destiny had marked out for his prey. He was right in foreseeing that, after the first amazement caused by the letter of Maltravers, Evelyn would feel resentment crushed beneath her certainty of his affection; her incredulity at his self-accusations, and her secret conviction that some reverse, some misfortune he was unwilling she should share, was the occasion of his farewell and flight. Vargrave, therefore, very soon communicated to Evelyn the tale he had suggested to Maltravers. He reminded her of the habitual sorrow, the evidence of which was so visible in Lady Vargrave; of her indifference to the pleasures of the world; of her sensitive shrinking from all recurrence to her early fate. "The secret of this," said he, "is in a youthful and most fervent attachment; your mother loved a young stranger above her in rank, who (his head being full of German romance) was then roaming about the country on pedestrian and adventurous excursions under the assumed name of Butler. By him she was most ardently beloved in return. Her father, perhaps, suspected the rank of her lover, and was fearful of her honour being compromised. He was a strange man, that father! and I know not his real character and motives! but he suddenly withdrew his daughter from the suit and search of her lover; they saw each other no more; her lover mourned her as one dead. In process of time, your mother was constrained by her father to marry Mr. Cameron, and was left a widow with an only child, yourself; she was poor, very poor! and her love and anxiety for you at last induced her to listen to the addresses of my late uncle; for your sake she married again; again death dissolved the tie! But still, unceasingly and faithfully, she recalled that first love, the memory of which darkened and imbittered all her life; and still she lived upon the hope to meet with the lost again. At last, and most recently, it was my fate to discover that the object of this unconquerable affection lived; was still free in hand, if not in heart: you behold the lover of your mother in Ernest Maltravers! It devolved on me (an invidious, a reluctant duty) to inform Maltravers of the identity of Lady Vargrave with the Alice of his boyish passion; to prove to him her suffering, patient, unsubdued affection; to convince him that the sole hope left to her in life was that of one day or other beholding him once again. You know Maltravers' his highwrought, sensitive, noble character; he recoiled in terror from the thought of making his love to the daughter the last and bitterest affliction to the mother he had so loved; knowing, too, how completely that mother had intwined herself round your affections, he shuddered at the pain and self-reproach that would be yours when you should discover to whom you had been the rival, and whose the fond hopes and dreams that your fatal beauty had destroyed. Tortured, despairing, and half beside himself, he has fled from this ill-omened passion, and in solitude he now seeks to subdue that passion. Touched by the wo, the grief of the Alice of his youth, it is his intention, as soon as he can know you restored to happiness and content, to hasten to your mother, and offer his future devotion as the fulfilment of former vows. On you, and you alone, it depends to restore Maltravers to the world; on you alone it depends to bless the remaining years of the mother who so dearly loved you!"

It may be easily conceived with what sentiments of wonder, compassion, and dismay Evelyn listened to this tale, the progress of which her exclamations, her sobs, often interrupted. She would write instantly to her mother, to Maltravers. Oh! how gladly she could relinquish his suit! How cheerfully promise to rejoice in that desertion which brought happiness to the mother she had so loved!

"Nay," said Vargrave, "your mother must not know, till the intelligence can be breathed by his lips and softened by his protestations of returning affection, that the mysterious object of her early romance is that Maltravers whose vows have been so lately offered to her own child. Would not such intelligence shock all pride and destroy all hope? How could she then consent to the sacrifice which Maltravers is prepared to make? No! not till you are another's, not (to use the words of Maltravers) till you are a happy and beloved wife, must your mother receive the returning homage of Maltravers; not till then can she know where that homage has been recently rendered; not till then can Maltravers feel justified in the atonement he meditates. He is willing to sacrifice himself; he trembles at the thought of sacrificing you! Say nothing to your mother till, from her own lips, she tells you that she has learned all."

Could Evelyn hesitate? could Evelyn doubt? To allay the fears, to fulfil the prayers of the man whose conduct appeared so generous; to restore him to peace and the world; above all, to pluck from the heart of that beloved and gentle mother the rankling dart; to shed happiness over her fate, to reunite her with the loved and lost; what sacrifice too great for this?

Ah! why was Legard absent? Why did she believe him capricious, light, and false? Why had

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she shut her softest thoughts from her soul? But he, the true lover, was afar, and his true love unknown! and Vargrave, the watchful serpent, was at hand.

In a fatal hour, and in the transport of that enthusiasm which inspires alike our more rash and our more sublime deeds, which makes us alike dupes and martyrs, the enthusiasm that tramples upon self, that forfeits all things to a highwrought zeal for others, Evelyn consented to become the wife of Vargrave! Nor was she at first sensible of the sacrifice, sensible of anything but the glow of a noble spirit and an approving conscience. Yes, thus, and thus alone, did she obey both duties; that, which she had wellnigh abandoned, to her dead benefactor, and that to the living mother. Afterward came a dread reaction; and then, at last, that passive and sleeplike resignation, which is despair under a milder name. Yes; such a lot had been predestined from the first; in vain had she sought to fly it; fate had overtaken her, and she must submit to the decree!

She was most anxious that the intelligence of the new bond might be transmitted instantly to Maltravers. Vargrave promised, but took care not to perform. He was too acute not to know that, in so sudden a step, Evelyn's motives would be apparent, and his own suit indelicate and ungenerous. He was desirous that Maltravers should learn nothing till the vows had been spoken and the indissoluble chain forged. Afraid to leave Evelyn even for a day, afraid to trust her in England to an interview with her mother, he remained at Paris, and hurried on all the requisite preparations. He sent to Douce, who came in person, with the deeds necessary for the transfer of the money for the purchase of Lisle Court, which was now to be immediately completed. The money was to be lodged in Mr. Douce's bank till the lawyers had concluded their operations; and in a few weeks, when Evelyn had attained the allotted age, Vargrave trusted to see himself lord alike of the betrothed bride and the hereditary lands of the crushed Maltravers. He refrained from stating to Evelyn who was the present proprietor of the estate to become hers; he foresaw all the objections she would form; and, indeed, she was unable to think, to talk of such matters. One favour she had asked, and it had been granted: that she was to be left unmolested to her solitude till the fatal day. Shut up in her lonely room, condemned not to confide her thoughts, to seek for sympathy even in her mother, the poor girl in vain endeavoured to keep up to the tenour of her first enthusiasm, and reconcile herself to a step, which, however, she was heroine enough not to retract or to repent, even while she recoiled from its contemplation.

Lady Doltimore, amazed at what had passed; at the flight of Maltravers; the success of Lumley; unable to account for it, to extort explanation from Vargrave or from Evelyn, was distracted by the fear of some villanous deceit which she could not fathom: to escape herself, she plunged yet more eagerly into the gay vortex. Vargrave, suspicious, and fearful of trusting to what she might say in her nervous and excited temper if removed from his watchful eye, deemed himself compelled to hover round her. His manner, his conduct, were most guarded; but Caroline herself, jealous, irritated, unsettled, evinced at times a right both to familiarity and anger, which drew upon her and himself the sly vigilance of slander. Meanwhile Lord Doltimore, though too cold and proud openly to notice what passed around him, seemed disturbed and anxious. His manner to Vargrave was distant; he shunned all *tête-à-têtes* with his wife. Little, however, of this did Lumley heed; a few weeks more, and all would be well and safe. Vargrave did not publish his engagement with Evelyn; he sought carefully to conceal it till the very day was near at hand; but it was whispered abroad; some laughed, some believed. Evelyn herself was seen nowhere. De Montaigne had, at first, been indignantly incredulous at the report of so poor a weakness in Maltravers as the pride of family breaking off a connexion to which so much of love had been brought. A letter from Maltravers, who confided to him and Vargrave alone the secret of his retreat, reluctantly convinced him that the wise are but pompous fools! He was angry and disgusted; and still more so when Valerie and Teresa (for female friends stand by us right or wrong) hinted at excuses, or surmised that other causes lurked behind the one alleged. But his thoughts were much drawn from this subject by increasing anxiety for Cæsarini, whose abode and fate still remained an alarming mystery.

It so happened that Lord Doltimore, who had always had a taste for the antique, and who was greatly displeased with his own family-seat because it was comfortable and modern, fell from *ennui* into a habit, fashionable enough at Paris, of buying curiosities and cabinets, high-backed chairs and oak carvings; and with this habit returned the desire and the affection for Burleigh. Understanding from Lumley that Maltravers had probably left his native land for ever, he imagined it extremely probable that the latter would now consent to the sale, and he begged Vargrave to forward a letter from him to that effect.

Vargrave made some excuse, for he felt that nothing could be more indelicate than such an application, forwarded through his hands, at such a time; and Doltimore, who had accidentally heard De Montaigne confess that he knew the address of Maltravers, quietly sent his letter to the Frenchman, and, without mentioning its contents, begged him to forward it. De Montaigne did so. Now it is very strange how slight men and slight incidents bear on the great events of life. But that simple letter was instrumental in a new revolution to the history of Maltravers.

CHAPTER II.

"Ad humum mœrore gravi deducit et angit."
HOR. *Art. Poet.*, 110.

"Quid frustra simulacra fugacia captas;
Quod petis est nusquam."
OVID. *Met.*, iii., 432.

To no clime dedicated to the indulgence of majestic griefs, or to the soft melancholy of regrets; not to thy glaciers or thy dark-blue lakes, beautiful Switzerland, mother of many exiles; nor to thy fairer earth and gentler heaven, sweet Italy, fled the agonized Maltravers. Once in his wanderings he had chanced to pass by a landscape so steeped in sullen and desolate gloom, that it had made a powerful and uneffaced impression upon his mind; it was amid those swamps and morasses that formerly surrounded the castle of Gil de Retz, the ambitious lord, the dreaded necromancer, who perished

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at the stake after a career of such power and splendour as seemed almost to justify the dark belief in his preternatural agencies.*

Here, in a lonely and wretched inn, remote from other habitations, Maltravers fixed himself. In gentler griefs there is a sort of luxury in bodily discomfort; in his inexorable and unmitigated anguish, bodily discomfort was not felt. There is a kind of magnetism in extreme wo by which the body itself seems laid asleep, and knows no distinction between the bed of Damien and the rose-couch of the Sybarite. He left his carriage and servants at a post-house some miles distant. He came to this dreary abode alone; and in that wintry season and that most disconsolate scene his gloomy soul found something congenial, something that did not mock him in the frowns of the haggard and dismal nature. Vain would it be to describe what he then felt, what he then endured. Suffice it that, through all, the diviner strength of man was not wholly crushed; and that daily, nightly, hourly, he prayed to the Great Comforter to assist him in wrestling against a guilty love. No man struggles so honestly, so ardently as he did, utterly in vain; for in us all, if we would but cherish it, there is a spirit that must rise at last—a crowned, if bleeding conqueror—over fate and all the demons!

One day, after a prolonged silence from Vargrave, whose letters all breathed comfort and assurance in Evelyn's progressive recovery of spirit and hope, his messenger returned from the post-town with a letter in the hand of De Montaigne. It contained, in a blank envelope (De Montaigne's silence told him how much he had lost in the esteem of his friend), the communication of Lord Doltimore. It ran thus:—

"My dear Sir,

"As I hear that your plans are likely to make you long resident on the Continent, may I again inquire if you would be induced to dispose of Burleigh? I am willing to give more than its real value, and would raise a mortgage on my own property sufficient to pay off the whole purchase-money. Perhaps you may be the more induced to the sale from the circumstance of having an example in the head of your family; Colonel Maltravers, as I learn through Lord Vargrave, having resolved to dispose of Lisle Court. Waiting your answer,

"I am, dear sir,
"Truly yours,
"Doltimore."

"Ay," said Maltravers, bitterly, crushing the letter in his hand, "let our name be blotted out from the land, and our hearths pass to the stranger. How could I ever visit again the place where I first saw *her*?"

He resolved at once: he would write to England, and place the matter in the hands of agents. This was but a shortlived diversion to his thoughts, and their cloudy darkness soon gathered round him again.

What I am now about to relate may appear, to a hasty criticism, to savour of the supernatural; but it is easily accounted for by ordinary agencies, and it is strictly to the letter of the truth.

In his sleep that night a dream appeared to Maltravers. He thought he was alone in the old library at Burleigh, and gazing on the portrait of his mother; as he so gazed, he fancied that a cold and awful tremour seized him; that he in vain endeavoured to withdraw his eyes from the canvass; his sight was chained there by an irresistible spell. Then it seemed to him that the portrait gradually changed; the features the same, but the bloom vanished into a white and ghastly hue; the colours of the dress faded, their fashion grew more large and flowing, but heavy and rigid, as if cut in stone—the robes of the grave. But on the face there was a soft and melancholy smile, that took from its livid aspect the natural horror; the lips moved, and it seemed as if without a sound; the released soul spoke to that which the earth yet owned.

"Return," it said, "to thy native land and thine own home. Leave not the last relic of her who bore and yet watches over thee to stranger hands. Thy good angel shall meet thee at thy hearth!"

The voice ceased. With a violent effort Maltravers broke the spell that had forbidden his utterance. He called aloud, and the dream vanished: he was broad awake; his hair erect; the cold dews on his brow. The pallet, rather than bed on which he lay, was opposite to the window, and the wintry moonlight streamed wan and spectral into the cheerless room. But between himself and the light there seemed to stand a shape, a shadow; that into which the portrait had changed in his dream; that which had accosted and chilled his soul. He sprang forward: "My mother! even in the grave canst thou bless thy wretched son! Oh, leave me not; say that thou—" The delusion vanished, and Maltravers fell back insensible.

It was long in vain, when, in the healthful light of day, he revolved this memorable dream, that Maltravers sought to convince himself that dreams need no ministers from Heaven or hell to bring the gliding falsehoods along the paths of sleep; that the effect of that dream itself on his shattered nerves, his excited fancy, was the real and sole raiser of the spectre he had thought to behold on waking. Long was it before his judgment could gain the victory, and reason disown the empire of a turbulent imagination; and even when at length reluctantly convinced, the dream still haunted him, and he could not shake it from his breast. He longed anxiously for the next night; it came, but it brought neither dreams nor sleep; and the rain beat, and the winds howled against the casement. Another night, and the moon was again bright, and he fell into a deep sleep; no vision disturbed or hallowed it. He woke ashamed of his own expectation. But the event, such as it was, by giving a new turn to his thoughts, had roused and relieved his spirit, and misery sat upon him with a lighter load. Perhaps, too, to that still, haunting recollection was mainly owing a change in his former purpose. He would still sell the old hall, but he would first return and remove that holy portrait with pious hands; he would garner up and save all that belonged to her whose death had been his birth. Ah! never had she known for what trials the infant had been reserved!

* See, for a description of this scenery, and the fate of De Retz, the highwrought and glowing romance by Mr. Ritchie, called "The Magician."

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CHAPTER IV.

"The weary hour steals on,
And flaky darkness breaks."
Richard III.

Once more, suddenly and unlooked for, the Lord of Burleigh appeared at the gates of his deserted hall, and again the old housekeeper and her satellites were thrown into dismay and consternation. Amid blank and welcomeless faces, Maltravers passed into his study; and as soon as the logs burnt, and the bustle was over, and he was left alone, he took up the light and passed into the adjoining library. It was then about nine o'clock in the evening; the air of the room felt damp and chill, and the light but faintly struggled against the mournful gloom of the dark book-lined walls and sombre tapestry. He placed the candle on the table, and, drawing aside the curtain that veiled the portrait, gazed with deep emotion, not unmixed with awe, upon the beautiful face whose eyes seemed fixed upon him with mournful sweetness. There is something mystical about those painted ghosts of ourselves that survive our very dust! Who, gazing upon them long and wistfully, does not half fancy that they seem not insensible to his gaze, as if we looked our own life into them, and the eyes that followed us where we moved were animated by a stranger art than the mere trick of the limner's colours!

With folded arms, rapt and motionless, Maltravers contemplated the form that by the upward rays of the flickering light seemed to bend down towards the desolate son. How had he ever loved the memory of his mother! how often in his childish years had he stolen away, and shed tears for the loss of that dearest of earthly ties, never to be compensated, never to be replaced! how had he respected, how sympathized with the very repugnance which his father had at first testified towards him as the innocent cause of her untimely death? He had never seen her, never felt her passionate kiss; and yet it seemed to him, as he gazed, as if he had known her for years. That strange kind of inner and spiritual memory which often recalls to us places and persons we have never seen before, and which Platonists would resolve to the unquenched and struggling consciousness of a former life, stirred within him, and seemed to whisper, "you were united in the old time." "Yes!" he said, half aloud, "we will never part again. Blessed be the delusion of the dream that recalled to my heart the remembrance of thee, which at least I can cherish without a sin. 'My good angel shall meet me at my hearth!' So didst thou say in the solemn vision. Ah, does thy soul watch over me still? How long shall it be before the barrier is broken; how long before we meet, but not in dreams?"

The door opened, the housekeeper looked in. "I beg pardon, sir, but I thought your honour would excuse the liberty, though I know it is very bold to—"

"What is the matter? what do you want?"

"Why, sir, poor Mrs. Elton is dying; they say she cannot get over the night; and as the carriage drove by the cottage window, the nurse told her that the squire was returned, and she has sent up the nurse to entreat to see your honour before she dies. I am sure I was most loath to disturb you, sir, with such a message, and says I, the squire has only just come off a journey, and—"

"Who is Mrs. Elton?"

"Don't your honour remember the poor woman that was run over, and you were so good to, and brought into the house the day Miss Cameron—"

"I remember; say I will be with her in a few minutes. About to die!" muttered Maltravers; "she is to be envied; the prisoner is let loose, the bark leaves the desert isle!"

He took his hat and walked across the park, dimly lighted by the stars, to the cottage of the sufferer. He reached her bedside, and took her hand kindly. She seemed to rally at the sight of him; the nurse was dismissed, they were left alone.

Before morning the spirit had left that humble clay, and the mists of dawn were heavy on the grass as Maltravers returned home. There were then on his countenance the traces of recent and strong emotion, and his step was elastic and his cheek flushed. Hope once more broke within him, but mingled with doubt, and faintly combated by reason. In another hour Maltravers was on his way to Brook Green. Impatient, restless, fevered, he urged on the horses, he sowed the road with gold, and at length the wheels stopped before the door of the village inn. He descended, asked the way to the curate's house; and, crossing the burial-ground, and passing under the shadow of the old yew-tree, entered Aubrey's garden. The curate was at home, and the conference that ensued was of deep and breathless interest to the visiter.

It is now time to place before the reader, in due order and connexion, the incidents of that story, the knowledge of which at that period broke in detached and fragmentary portions on Maltravers.

CHAPTER V.

"I canna chuse, but ever will
Be luving to thy father still,
Whaireir he gae, whaireir he ryde,
My luve with him maun still abyde;
In weil or wae, whaireir he gae,
Mine hart can neir depart him frae."
Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament.

It may be remembered that, in a former part of this continuation of the history of Maltravers, it was stated that Aubrey had in early life met with the common lot of a disappointed affection. Eleanor Westbrook, a young woman of his own humble rank, had won, and seemed to return his love; but of that love she was not worthy. Vain, volatile, and ambitious, she forsook the poor student for a more brilliant marriage. She accepted the hand of a merchant who was caught by her beauty, and who had the reputation of great wealth. They settled in London, and Aubrey lost all traces of her. She gave birth to an only daughter; and when that child had attained her fourteenth year, her husband suddenly, and seemingly without cause, put an end to his existence. The cause, however, was apparent before he was laid in his grave. He was involved far beyond his fortune; he had died to escape beggary and a jail. A small annuity, not exceeding one hundred pounds, had been secured on the widow. On this income she retired with her child into the country; and chance, the vicinity of some distant connexions, and the cheapness of the place, concurred to fix her residence in the outskirts of the town of C*****. Characters that in youth have been most volatile and most worldly, often, when bowed down and dejected by the adversity which

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they are not fitted to encounter, become the most morbidly devout; they ever require an excitement; and when earth denies, they seek it impatiently from heaven.

This was the case with Mrs. Westbrook; and this new turn of mind brought her naturally into contact with the principal saint of the neighbourhood, Mr. Richard Templeton. We have seen that that gentleman was not happy in his first marriage; death had not then annulled the bond. He was of an ardent and sensual temperament, and quietly, under the broad cloak of his doctrines, he indulged his constitutional tendencies. Perhaps, in this respect, he was not worse than nine men out of ten. But then he professed to be better than nine hundred thousand nine hundred and ninety nine men out of a million! To a fault of temperament was added the craft of hypocrisy, and the vulgar error became a dangerous vice. Upon Mary Westbrook, the widow's daughter, he gazed with eyes that were far from being the eyes of the spirit. Even at the age of fourteen she charmed him; but when, after watching her ripening beauty expand, three years were added to that age, Mr. Templeton was most deeply in love. Mary was indeed lovely; her disposition naturally good and gentle, but her education worse than neglected. To the frivolities and meannesses of a second-rate fashion, inculcated into her till her father's death, had now succeeded the quackeries, the slavish subservience, the intolerant bigotries of a transcendental superstition. In a change so abrupt and violent, the whole character of the poor girl was shaken; her principles unsettled, vague and unformed, and naturally of mediocre and even feeble intellect, she clung to the first plank held out to her in "that wide sea of wax" in which she "halted." Early taught to place the most implicit faith in the dictates of Mr. Templeton; fastening her belief round him as the vine winds its tendrils round the oak; yielding to his ascendency, and pleased with his fostering and almost caressing manner, no confessor in Catholic Italy ever was more dangerous to village virtue than Richard Templeton (who deemed himself the archtype of the only pure Protestanism) to the morals and heart of Mary Westbrook.

Mrs. Westbrook, whose constitution had been prematurely broken by long participation in the excesses of London dissipation, and by the reverse of fortune which still preyed upon a spirit it had rather soured than humbled, died when Mary was eighteen. Templeton became the sole friend, comforter, and supporter of the daughter.

In an evil hour (let us trust not from premeditated villany), an hour when the heart of one was softened by grief and gratitude, and the conscience of the other laid asleep by passion, the virtue of Mary Westbrook was betrayed. Her sorrows and remorse, his own fears of detection and awakened self-reproach, occasioned Templeton the most anxious and poignant regret. There had been a young woman in Mrs. Westbrook's service who had left it a short time before the widow died in consequence of her marriage. Her husband ill-used her, and, glad to escape from him and prove her gratitude to her employer's daughter, of whom she had been extremely fond, she returned to Miss Westbrook after the funeral of the mother. The name of this woman was Sarah Miles. Templeton saw that Sarah more than suspected his connexion with Mary; it was necessary to make a confidant; he selected her. Miss Westbrook was removed to a distant part of the country, and Templeton visited her cautiously and rarely. Four months afterward Mrs. Templeton died, and the husband was free to repair his wrong. Oh! how he then repented of what had passed; but four months' delay, and all this sin and sorrow might have been saved! He was now racked with perplexity and doubt; his unfortunate victim was advanced in her pregnancy. It was necessary, if he wished his child to be legitimate—still more if he wished to preserve the honour of its mother—that he should not hesitate long in the reparation to which duty and conscience urged him. But, on the other hand, he, the saint, the oracle, the immaculate example for all forms, proprieties, and decorums, to scandalize the world by so rapid and premature a hymen

> "Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
> Had left the flushing in his galled eyes,
> To marry."

No! he could not brave the sneer of the gossips, the triumph of his foes, the dejection of his disciples, by so rank and rash a folly. But still Mary pined so, he feared for her health, for his own unborn offspring. There was a middle path, a compromise between duty and the world; he grasped at it as most men similarly situated would have done: they were married, but privately, and under feigned names; the secret was kept close. Sarah Miles was the only witness acquainted with the real condition and names of the parties.

Reconciled to herself, the bride recovered health and spirits; Templeton formed the most sanguine hopes. He resolved, as soon as the confinement was over, to go abroad; Mary should follow; in a foreign land they should be publicly married; they would remain some years on the Continent; when he returned his child's age could be put back a year. Oh! nothing could be more clear and easy!

Death shivered into atoms all the plans of Mr. Templeton; Mary suffered most severely in childbirth, and died a few weeks afterward. Templeton, at first, was inconsolable, but worldly thoughts were great comforters. He had done all that conscience could do to atone a sin, and he was freed from a most embarrassing dilemma, and from a temporary banishment utterly uncongenial and unpalatable to his habits and ideas. But now he had a child, a legitimate child; successor to his name, his wealth; a firstborn child; the only one ever sprung from him; the prop and hope of advancing years! On this child he doted with all that paternal passion which the hardest and coldest men often feel the most for their own flesh and blood; for fatherly love is sometimes but a transfer of self-love from one fund to another.

Yet this child, this darling that he longed to show to the whole world, it was absolutely necessary for the present that he should conceal and disown. It had happened that Sarah's husband died of his own excesses a few weeks before the birth of Templeton's child, she having herself just recovered from her confinement; Sarah was therefore free for ever from her husband's vigilance and control. To her care the destined heiress was committed, and her own child put out to nurse. And this was the woman and this the child who had excited so much benevolent curiosity in the breasts of the worthy clergyman and the three* old maids of C*****.

* See Ernest Maltravers, book iv., p. 640.

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Alarmed at Sarah's account of the scrutiny of the parson, and at his own rencounter with that hawk-eyed pastor, Templeton lost no time in changing the abode of the nurse; and to her new residence had the banker bent his way, with rod and angle, on that evening which beheld his adventure with Luke Darvil.* When Mr. Templeton first met Alice, his own child was only about thirteen or fourteen months old; but little older than Alice's. If the beauty of Mrs. Leslie's protegée first excited his coarser nature, her maternal tenderness, her anxious care for her little one, struck a congenial chord in the father's heart. It connected him with her by a mute and unceasing sympathy. Templeton had felt so deeply the alarm and pain of illicit love; he had been (as he profanely believed) saved from the brink of public shame by so signal an interference of grace, that he resolved no more to hazard his good name and his peace of mind upon such perilous rocks. The dearest desire at his heart was to have his daughter under his roof; to fondle, to play with her; to watch her growth, to win her affection. This, at present, seemed impossible. But if he were to marry; marry a widow, to whom he might confide all, or a portion of the truth; if that child could be passed off as hers; ah, that was the best plan! And Templeton wanted a wife! Years were creeping on him, and the day would come when a wife would be useful as a nurse. But Alice was supposed to be a widow; and Alice was so meek, so docile, so motherly. If she could be induced to remove from C*****; either part with her own child, or call it her niece, and adopt his. Such, from time to time, were Templeton's thoughts as he visited Alice, and found, with every visit, fresh evidence of her tender and beautiful disposition; such the objects which, in the first series of this work, we intimated were different from those of mere admiration for her beauty.† But again worldly doubts and fears; the dislike of so unsuitable an alliance; the worse than lowness of Alice's origin; the dread of discovery for her early error, held him back, wavering and irresolute. To say truth, too, her innocence and purity of thought kept him at a certain distance. He was acute enough to see that he, even he, the great Richard Templeton, might be refused by the faithful Alice.

At last Darvil was dead; he breathed more freely; he revolved more seriously his projects; and at this time Sarah, wooed by her first lover, wished to marry again; his secret would pass from her breast to her second husband's, and thence how far would it travel! Added to this, Sarah's conscience grew uneasy; the brand ought to be effaced from the memory of the dead mother; the legitimacy of the child proclaimed; she became importunate; she wearied and she alarmed the pious man. He therefore resolved to rid himself of the only witness to his marriage whose testimony he had cause to fear; of the presence of the only one acquainted with his sin, and the real name of the husband of Mary Westbrook. He consented to Sarah's marriage with William Elton, and offered a liberal dowry on the condition that she should yield to the wish of Elton himself, an adventurous young man, who desired to try his fortunes in the New World. His daughter he must remove elsewhere.

While this was going on, Alice's child, long delicate and drooping, became seriously ill. Symptoms of decline appeared; the physician recommended a milder air, and Devonshire was suggested. Nothing could equal the generous, the fatherly kindness which Templeton evinced on this most painful occasion. He insisted on providing Alice with the means to undertake the journey with ease and comfort; and poor Alice, with a heart heavy with gratitude and sorrow, consented, for her child's sake, to all he offered.

Now the banker began to perceive that all his hopes and wishes were in good train. He foresaw that the child of Alice was doomed! that was one obstacle out of the way! Alice herself was to be removed from the sphere of her humble calling. In a distant county she might appear of better station and under another name. Conformably to these views, he suggested to her, that in proportion to the seeming wealth and respectability of patients did doctors attend to their complaints. He proposed that Alice should depart privately to a town many miles off; that there he would provide for her a carriage and engage a servant; that he would do this for her as for a relation; and that she should take that relation's name. To this Alice, rapt in her child, and submissive to all that might be for the child's benefit, passively consented. It was arranged, then, as proposed; and, under the name of Cameron, which, as at once a common yet a well-sounding name, occurred to his invention, Alice departed with her sick charge and a female attendant (who knew nothing of her previous calling or story) on the road to Devonshire. Templeton himself resolved to follow her thither in a few days; and it was fixed that they should meet at Exeter.

It was on this melancholy journey that occurred that memorable day when Alice once more beheld Maltravers; and, as she believed, uttering the vows of love to another.* The indisposition of her child had delayed her some hours at the inn; the poor sufferer had fallen asleep; and Alice had stolen from its couch for a little while, when her eyes rested on the father. Oh, how then she longed, she burned to tell him of the new sanctity that, by a human life, had been added to their early love! And when, crushed and sick at heart, she turned away, and believed herself forgotten and replaced, it was the pride of the mother rather than of the mistress that supported her. She, meek creature, felt not the injury to herself; but *his* child; the sufferer; perhaps the dying one; *there, there* was the wrong! No! she would not hazard the chance of a cold—great Heaven! perchance an *incredulous*—look upon the hushed, pale face above. But little time was left for thought, for explanation, for discovery. She saw him—unconscious of the ties so near, and thus lost—depart as a stranger from the spot; and henceforth was gone the sweet hope of living for the future. Nothing was left her but the pledge of that which had been. Mournful, despondent, half broken-hearted, she resumed her journey. At Exeter she was joined, as agreed, by Mr Templeton; and with him came a fair, a blooming

* See Ernest Maltravers, book iv., p. 646-647

† "Our banker always seemed more struck by Alice's moral feelings than even by her physical beauty. Her love for her child, for instance, impressed him powerfully," &c. "His feelings altogether for Alice, the designs he entertained towards her, were of a very complicated nature, and it will be long, perhaps, before the reader can thoroughly comprehend them."—See Ernest Maltravers, book iv., p. 644.

* See Ernest Maltravers, book v., p. 656.

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and a healthful girl to contrast her own drooping charge. Though but a few weeks older, you would have supposed the little stranger by a year the senior of Alice's child; the one was so well grown, so advanced; the other so backward, so nipped in the sickly bud.

"You can repay me for all, for more than I have done; more than I ever can do for you and yours," said Templeton, "by taking this young stranger also under your care. It is the child of one dear, most dear to me; an orphan; I know not with whom else to place it. Let it for the present be supposed your own, the elder child."

Alice could refuse nothing to her benefactor, but her heart did not open at first to the beautiful girl, whose sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks mocked the languid looks and faded hues of her own darling. But the sufferer seemed to hail a playmate; it smiled; it put forth its poor, thin hands; it uttered its inarticulate cry of pleasure; and Alice burst into tears and clasped them *both* to her heart.

Mr. Templeton took care not to rest under the same roof with her he now seriously intended to make his wife; but he followed Alice to the seaside, and visited her daily. Her infant rallied; it was tenacious of the upper air; it clung to life so fondly; poor child, it could not foresee what a bitter thing to some of us life is! And now it was that Templeton, learning from Alice her adventure with her absent lover; learning that all hope in that quarter was gone, seized the occasion and pressed his suit. Alice at that hour was overflowing with gratitude; in her child's reviving looks she read all her obligations to her benefactor. But still, at the word *love*, at the name of *marriage*, her heart recoiled, and the lost, the faithless came back to his fatal throne. In choked and broken accents, she startled the banker with the refusal, the faltering, tearful, but resolute refusal of his suit.

But Templeton brought new engines to work: he wooed her through her child; he painted all the brilliant prospects that would open to the infant by her marriage with him. He would cherish, rear, provide for it as his own. This shook her resolves; but this did not prevail. He had recourse to a more generous appeal: he told her so much of his history with Mary Westbrook as commenced with his hasty and indecorous marriage, attributing the haste to love; made her comprehend his scruples in owning the child of a union the world would be certain to ridicule or condemn; he expatiated on the inestimable blessings she could afford him by delivering him from all embarrassment and restoring his daughter, though under a borrowed name, to her father's roof. At this Alice mused; at this she seemed irresolute. She had long seen how inexpressibly dear to Templeton was the child confided to her; how he grew pale if the slightest ailment reached her; how he chafed at the very wind if it visited her cheek too roughly; and she now said to him simply,

"Is your child, in truth, your dearest object in life? Is it with her, and her alone, that your dearest hopes are connected?"

"It is! it is, indeed!" said the banker, honestly, surprised out of his gallantry; "at least," he added, recovering his self-possession, "as much so as is compatible with my affection for you."

"And only if I marry you, and adopt her as my own, do you think that your secret may be safely kept, and all your wishes with respect to her be fulfilled?"

"Only so."

"And for that reason chiefly, nay, entirely, you condescend to forget what I have been, and seek my hand? Well, if that were all, I owe you too much; my poor babe tells me too loudly what I owe you to draw back from anything that can give you so blessed an enjoyment. Ah! one's child! one's own child, under one's own roof; it *is* such a blessing! But, then, if I marry you, it can be only to secure to you that object; but wife only in name to you! I am not so lost as to despise myself. I know now, though I knew it not at first, that I have been guilty; nothing can excuse that guilt but fidelity to *him!* Oh, yes! I never, never can be unfaithful to my babe's father! As for all else, dispose of me as you will." And Alice, who from very innocence had uttered all this without a blush, now clasped her hands passionately, and left Templeton speechless with mortification and surprise.

When he recovered himself he affected not to understand her; but Alice was not satisfied, and all further conversation ceased. He began slowly, and, at last, and after repeated conferences and urgings, to comprehend how strange and stubborn in some points was the humble creature whom his proposals so highly honoured. Though his daughter was indeed his first object in life; though for her he was willing to make a *mésalliance*, the extent of which it would be incumbent on him studiously to conceal, yet still the beauty of Alice awoke a grosser and earthlier sentiment that he was not disposed to conquer. He was quite willing to make promises and talk generously; but when it came to an oath, a solemn, a binding oath—and this Alice rigidly exacted—he was startled, and drew back. Though hypocritical, he was, as we have before said, a most sincere believer. He might creep through a promise with unbruised conscience, but he was not one who could have dared to violate an oath and lay the load of perjury on his soul. Perhaps, after all, the union never would have taken place; but Templeton fell ill; that soft and relaxing air did not agree with him; a low but dangerous fever seized him, and the worldly man trembled at the aspect of death. It was in this illness that Alice nursed him with a daughter's vigilance and care; and when, at length, he recovered, impressed with her zeal and kindness, softened by illness, afraid of the approach of solitary age, and feeling more than ever his duties to his motherless child, he threw himself at Alice's feet, and solemnly vowed all that she required.

It was during this residence in Devonshire, and especially during his illness, that Templeton made and cultivated the acquaintance of Mr. Aubrey. The good clergyman prayed with him by his sickbed; and when Templeton's danger was at its height, he sought to relieve his conscience by a confession of his wrongs to Mary Westbrook. The name startled Aubrey; and when he learned that the lovely child that had so often sat on his knee and smiled in his face was the granddaughter of his first and only love, he had a new interest in her welfare, a new reason to urge Templeton to reparation, a new motive to desire to procure for the infant years of Eleanor's grandchild the gentle care of the young mother, whose own bereavement he sorrowfully foretold. Perhaps the advice and exhortations of Aubrey went far towards assisting the conscience of Mr. Templeton, and reconciling him to the sacrifice he made to his affection for his

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daughter. Be that as it may, he married Alice, and Aubrey solemnized and blessed the chill and barren union.

But now came a new and inexpressible affliction; the child of Alice had rallied but for a time. The dread disease had but dallied with its prey; it came on with rapid and sudden force, and, within a month from the day that saw Alice the bride of Templeton, the last hope was gone, and the mother was bereft and childless!

The blow that stunned Alice was not, after the first natural shock of sympathy, an unwelcome event to the banker. Now *his* child would be Alice's sole care; now there could be no gossip, no suspicion, why in life and after death he should prefer one child, not his own, to the other.

He hastened to remove Alice from the scene of her affliction. He dismissed the solitary attendant who had accompanied her on her journey; he bore his wife to London, and finally settled, as we have seen, at a villa in its vicinity. And there, more and more, day by day, centred his love upon the supposed daughter of Mrs. Templeton, his darling and his heiress, the beautiful Evelyn Cameron.

For the first year or two Templeton evinced some alarming disposition to escape from the oath he had imposed upon himself; but on the slightest hint there was a sternness in the wife, in all else so respectful, so submissive, that repressed and awed him. She even threatened—and at one time was with difficulty prevented carrying the threat into effect—to leave his roof for ever if there were the slightest question of the sanctity of the vow. Templeton trembled; such a separation would excite gossip, curiosity, scandal, a noise in the world, public talk, possible discovery. Besides, Alice was necessary to Evelyn, necessary to his own comfort; something to scold in health, something to rely upon in illness. Gradually, then, but sullenly, he reconciled himself to his lot, and, as years and infirmity grew upon him, he was contented, at least, to have secured a faithful friend and an anxious nurse. Still a marriage of this sort was not blessed: Templeton's vanity was wounded; his temper, always harsh, was soured; he avenged his affront by a thousand petty tyrannies; and, without a murmur, Alice, perhaps in those years of rank and opulence, suffered more than in all her roofless wanderings, with love at her heart and her infant in her arms.

Evelyn was to be the heiress to the wealth of the banker. But the *title* of the new peer! if he could unite wealth and title, and set the coronet on that young brow! This had led him to seek the alliance with Lumley. And on his deathbed it was not the secret of Alice, but that of Mary Westbrook and his daughter, which he had revealed to his dismayed and astonished nephew, in excuse for the apparently unjust alienation of his property, and as the cause of the alliance he had sought.

While her husband—if husband he might be called—lived, Alice had seemed to bury in her bosom her regret—deep, mighty, passionate as it was—for her lost child; the child of the unforgotten lover, to whom, through such trials and amid such new ties, she had been faithful from first to last. But, when once more free, her heart flew back to the far and lowly grave. Hence her yearly visits to Brook Green; hence her purchase of the cottage, hallowed by memories of the dead. There, on that lawn, had she borne forth the fragile form to breathe the soft noontide air; there, in that chamber, had she watched, and hoped, and prayed, and despaired; there, in that quiet burial-ground, reared the beloved dust! But Alice, even in her holiest feelings, was not selfish; she forbore to gratify the first wish of her heart till Evelyn's education was sufficiently advanced to enable her to leave the neighbourhood; and then, to the delight of Aubrey (who saw in Evelyn a fairer, and nobler, and purer Eleanor), she came to the solitary spot which, in all the earth, was the *least* solitary to her!

And now the image of the lover of her youth—which, during her marriage, she had *sought*, at least, to banish—returned to her, and, at times, inspired her with the only hopes that the grave had not yet transferred to Heaven! In relating her tale to Aubrey, or in conversing with Mrs. Leslie—whose friendship she still maintained—she found that both concurred in thinking that this obscure and wandering Butler, so skilled in an art in which eminence in men is generally professional, must be of mediocre, or, perhaps, humble station. Ah! now that she was free and rich, if she were to meet him again, and his love was not all gone, and he would believe in *her* strange and constant truth, now *his* infidelity could be forgiven, forgotten in the benefits it might be hers to bestow! And how, poor Alice, in that remote village, was chance to throw him in your way? She knew not; but something often whispered to her, "Again you shall meet those eyes, again you shall hear that voice; and you shall tell him, weeping on his breast, how you loved his child!" And would he not have forgotten her? would he not have formed new ties? could he read the loveliness of unchangeable affection in that pale and pensive face? Alas! when we love intensely, it is difficult to make us fancy that there is no love in return!

●

The reader is acquainted with the adventures of Mrs. Elton, the sole confidant of the secret union of Templeton and Evelyn's mother. By a singular fatality, it was the selfish and characteristic recklessness of Vargrave that had, in fixing her home at Burleigh, ministered to the revelation of his own villanous deceit. On returning to England she had inquired for Mr. Templeton; she had learned that he had married again, had been raised to the peerage under the title of Lord Vargrave, and was gathered to his fathers. She had no claim on his widow or his family. But the unfortunate child who should have inherited his property, she could only suppose her dead.

When she first saw Evelyn she was startled by her likeness to her unfortunate mother. But the unfamiliar name of Cameron; the intelligence received from Maltravers that Evelyn's mother still lived, dispelled her suspicions; and though at times the resemblance haunted her, she doubted and inquired no more. In fact, her own infirmities grew upon her, and pain usurped her thoughts.

Now it so happened that the news of the engagement of Maltravers to Miss Cameron became known to the country but a little time before he arrived—for news travels slow from the Continent to our provinces—and, of course, excited all the comment of the villagers. Her nurse repeated the tale to Mrs. Elton, who instantly remembered the name, and recalled the resemblance of Miss Cameron to the unfortunate Mary Westbrook.

"And," said the gossiping nurse, "she was engaged, they say, to a great lord, and gave him up

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for the squire; a great lord in the court, who had been staying at Parson Merton's! Lord Vargrave!"

"Lord Vargrave!" exclaimed Mrs. Elton, remembering the title to which Mr. Templeton had been raised.

"Yes; they do say as how the late lord left Miss Cameron all his money—such a heap of it—though she was not his child—over the head of his nevy, the present lord, on the understanding like that they were to be married when she came of age. But she would not take to him after she had seen the squire. And, to be sure, the squire is the finest-looking gentleman in the county."

"Stop, stop!" said Mrs. Elton, feebly; "the late lord left all his fortune to Miss Cameron! not his child! I guess the riddle; I understand it all! my foster-child!" she murmured, turning away; "how could I have mistaken that likeness?"

The agitation of the discovery she supposed she had made, her joy at the thought that the child she had loved as her own was alive and possessed of its rights, expedited the progress of Mrs. Elton's disease; and Maltravers arrived just in time to learn her confession (which she naturally wished to make to one who was at once her benefactor and supposed to be the destined husband of her foster-child), and to be agitated with hope, with joy, at her solemn conviction of the truth of her surmises. If Evelyn were not his daughter—even if not to be his bride—what a weight from his soul! He hastened to Brook Green; and, dreading to rush at once to the presence of Alice, he recalled Aubrey to his recollection. In the interview he sought, all, or at least much, was cleared up. He saw at once the premeditated and well-planned villany of Vargrave. And Alice, her tale, her sufferings, her indomitable love! how should he meet *her*?

CHAPTER IV.

"Yet once more, oh ye laurels! and once more,
Ye myrtles!"

LYCIDAS.

WHILE Maltravers was yet agitated and excited by the disclosures of the curate, to whom, as a matter of course, he had divulged his own identity with the mysterious Butler, Aubrey, turning his eyes to the casement, saw the form of Lady Vargrave slowly approaching towards the house.

"Will you withdraw to the inner room?" said he; "she is coming; you are not yet prepared to meet her! nay, would it be well?"

"Yes, yes, I am prepared; we must be alone, I will await her here."

"But—"

"Nay, I implore you!"

The curate, without another word, retired into the inner apartment, and Maltravers, sinking into a chair, breathlessly awaited the entrance of Lady Vargrave. He soon heard the light step without; the door, which opened at once on the oldfashioned parlour, was gently unclosed, and Lady Vargrave was in the room! In the position he had taken, only the outline of Ernest's form was seen by Alice, and the daylight came dim through the cottage casement; and, seeing some one seated in the curate's accustomed chair, she could not but believe that it was Aubrey himself.

"Do not let me interrupt you," said that sweet, low voice, whose music had been dumb for so many years to Maltravers; "but I have a letter from France, from a stranger; it alarms me so; it is about Evelyn;" and, as if to imply that she meditated a longer visit than ordinary, Lady Vargarve removed her bonnet and placed it on the table. Surprised that the curate had not answered, had not come forward to welcome her, she then approached: Maltravers rose, and they stood before each other face to face. And how lovely still was Alice! lovelier, he thought, even than of old! And those eyes, so divinely blue, so dovelike and soft, yet with some spiritual and unfathomable mystery in their clear depth, were once more fixed upon him. Alice seemed turned to stone; she moved not, she spoke not, she scarcely breathed; she gazed spellbound, as if her senses, as if life itself had deserted her.

"Alice!" murmured Maltravers, "Alice, we meet at last!"

His voice restored memory, consciousness, youth, at once to her! She uttered a loud cry of unspeakable joy, of rapture! She sprang forward—reserve, fear, time, change, all forgotten—she threw herself into his arms, she clasped him to her heart again and again! the faithful dog that has found his master expresses not his transport more uncontrollably, more wildly. It was something fearful, the excess of her ecstasy! she kissed his hands, his clothes; she laughed, she wept; and at last, as words came, she laid her head on his breast, and said passionately, "I have been true to thee! I have been true to thee, or this hour would have killed me!" Then, as if alarmed by his silence, she looked up into his face, and, as his burning tears fell upon her cheek, she said again and with more hurried vehemence, "I *have* been faithful; do you not believe me?"

"I do, I do, noble, unequalled Alice! why, why were you so long lost to me? Why now does your love so shame my own?"

At these words Alice appeared to awaken from her first oblivion of all that had chanced since they met; she blushed deeply, and drew herself gently and bashfully from his embrace. "Ah!" she said, in altered and humbled accents, "you have loved another! perhaps you have no love left for me! Is it so? is it? No, no; those eyes—you love me, you love me still!"

And again she clung to him, as if it were heaven to believe all things and death to doubt. Then, after a pause, she drew him gently with both her hands towards the light, and gazed upon him fondly, proudly, as if to trace, line by line and feature by feature, the countenance which had been to her sweet thoughts as the sunlight to the flowers: "Changed, changed," she muttered; "but still the same; still beautiful, still divine!" She stopped; a sudden thought struck her; his garments were worn and soiled by travel, and that princely crest, fallen and dejected, no longer towered in proud defiance above the sons of men. "You are not rich," she exclaimed, eagerly; "say you are not rich! I am rich enough for both; it is all yours, all yours; I did not betray you for it; there is no shame in it. Oh, we shall be so happy. Thou art come back to thy poor Alice! thou knowst how she loved thee!"

There was in Alice's manner, her wild joy, something so different from her ordinary self, that none who could have seen her—quiet, pensive, subdued—could have fancied her the same being. All that society and its woes had taught were gone, and Na-

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ture once more claimed her fairest child. The very years seemed to have fallen from her brow, and she looked scarcely older than when she had stood with him beneath the moonlight by the violet-banks, far away. Suddenly her colour faded; the smile passed from the dimpled lips; a sad and solemn aspect succeeded to that expression of passionate joy: "Come," she said in a whisper, "come, follow;" and, still clasping his hand, she drew him to the door. Silent and wonderingly he followed her across the lawn, through the mossgrown gate, and into the lonley burial-ground. She moved on with a noiseless and gliding step, so pale, so hushed, so breathless, that, even in the noonday, you might have half fancied the fair shape was not owned by earth. She paused where the yew-tree cast its gloomy shadow; and the small and tombless mound, separated from the rest, was before them. She pointed to it, and, falling on her knees beside it, murmured, "Hush, it sleeps below—thy child!" She covered her face with both her hands, and her form shook convulsively.

Beside that form and before that grave knelt Maltravers. There vanished the last remnant of his stoic pride; and there—Evelyn herself forgotten—there did he pray to Heaven for pardon to himself and blessings on the heart he had betrayed. There solemnly did he vow the remainder of his years to guard from all future ill the faithful and childless mother!

CHAPTER V.

'Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?"
Henry IV., Part II.

I PASS over those explanations—that record of Alice's eventful history—which Maltravers learned from her own lips, to confirm and add to the narrative of the curate, the purport of which is already known to the reader.

It was many hours before Alice was sufficiently composed to remember the object for which she had sought the curate. But she had laid the letter which she had brought, and which explained all, on the table at the vicarage; and when Maltravers, having, at last, induced Alice, who seemed afraid to lose sight of him for an instant, to retire to her room, and seek some short repose, returned towards the vicarage, he met Aubrey in the garden. The old man had taken the friend's acknowledged license to read the letter evidently meant for his eye; and, alarmed and anxious, he now eagerly sought a consultation with Maltravers. The letter, written in English, as familiar to the writer as her own tongue, was from Madame de St. Ventadour. It had been evidently dictated by the kindest feelings. After apologizing briefly for her interference, she stated that Lord Vargrave's marriage with Miss Cameron was now a public notoriety; that it would take place in a few days; that it was observed with suspicion that Miss Cameron appeared nowhere; that she seemed almost a prisoner in her room; that certain expressions which had dropped from Lady Doltimore had alarmed her greatly. According to these expressions, it would seem that Lady Vargrave was not apprized of the approaching event; that, considering Miss Cameron's recent engagement to Mr. Maltravers suddenly (and, as Valerie thought, unaccountably) broken off on the arrival of Lord Vargrave; considering her extreme youth, her brilliant fortune; and, Madame de St. Ventadour delicately hinted, considering also Lord Vargrave's character for unscrupulous determination in the furtherance of any object on which he was bent; considering all this, Madame de St. Ventadour had ventured to address Miss Cameron's mother, and to guard her against the possibility of design or deceit. Her best apology for her intrusion must be her deep interest in Miss Cameron, and her long friendship for one to whom Miss Cameron had been so lately betrothed. If Lady Vargrave were aware of the new engagement, and had sanctioned it, of course her intrusion was unseasonable and superfluous; but, if ascribed to its real motive, would not be the less forgiven.

It was easy for Maltravers to see in this letter how generous and zealous had been that friendship for himself which could have induced the woman of the world to undertake so officious a task. But of this he thought not as he hurried over the lines, and shuddered at Evelyn's urgent danger.

"This intelligence," said Aubrey, "must be, indeed, a surprise to Lady Vargrave. For we have not heard a word from Evelyn or Lord Vargrave to announce such a marriage; and she (and myself, till this day) believed that the engagement between Evelyn and Mr. ——, I mean," said Aubrey, with confusion, "I mean yourself, was still in force: Lord Vargrave's villany is apparent; we must act immediately. What is to be done?"

"I will return to Paris to-morrow; I will defeat his machinations, expose his falsehood."

"You may need a proxy for Lady Vargrave, an authority for Evelyn; one whom Lord Vargrave knows to possess the secret of her birth, her rights: I will go with you. We must speak to Lady Vargrave!"

Maltravers turned sharply round. "And Alice knows not who I am; that I, I am, or was, a few weeks ago, the suiter of another; and that other the child she has reared as her own! Unhappy Alice! in the very hour of her joy at my return is she to writhe beneath this new affliction!"

"Shall I break it to her?" said Aubrey, pityingly.

"No, no; these lips must inflict the last wrong!"

Maltravers walked away, and the curate saw him no more till night.

In the interval, and late in the evening, Maltravers rejoined Alice.

The fire burned clear on the hearth; the curtains were drawn; the pleasant but simple drawing-room of the cottage smiled its welcome as Maltravers entered, and Alice sprung up to greet him! It was as if the old days of the music-lesson and the meerschaum had come back.

"This is yours," said Alice, tenderly, as he looked round the apartment. "Now, now I know what a blessed thing riches are! Ah, you are looking on that picture; it is of her who supplied your daughter's place; she is so beautiful, so good, you will love her as a daughter. Oh, that letter—that—that letter; I forgot it till now; it is at the vicarage; I must go there immediately, and you will come too; you will advise us."

"Alice, I have read the letter, I know all. Alice, sit down and hear me; it is you who have to learn from me. In our young days I was accustomed to tell you stories in winter-nights like these; stories of love like our own; of sorrows which, at that time, we only knew by hearsay. I have one now

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for your ear truer and sadder than they were. Two children, for they were then little more—children in ignorance of the world, children in freshness of heart, children almost in years—were thrown together by strange vicissitudes more than eighteen years ago. They were of different sexes; they loved, and they erred. But the error was solely with the boy; for what was innocence in her was but passion in him. He loved her dearly; but at that age her qualities were half developed. He knew her beautiful, simple, tender; but he knew not all the virtue, the faith, and the nobleness that God had planted in her soul. They parted; they knew not each other's fate. He sought her anxiously, but in vain; and sorrow and remorse long consumed him, and her memory threw a shadow over his existence. But again—for his love had not the exalted holiness of hers (*she* was true!)—he sought to renew in others the charm he had lost with her. In vain; long, long in vain. Alice, you know to whom the tale refers. Nay, listen yet. I have heard from the old man yonder that you were witness to a scene many years ago which deceived you into the belief that you beheld a rival. It was not so; that lady yet lives; then, as now, a friend to me; nothing more. I grant that, at one time, my fancy allured me to her, but my heart was still true to thee."

"Bless you for those words!" murmured Alice; and she crept more closely to him.

He went on. "Circumstances, which at some calmer occasion you shall hear, again nearly connected my fate by marriage to another. I had then seen you at a distance, unseen by you; seen you apparently surrounded by respectability and opulence; and I blessed Heaven that your lot, at least, was not that of penury and want." [Here Maltravers related where he had caught that brief glimpse of Alice;* how he had sought for her again and again in vain.] "From that hour," he continued, "seeing you in circumstances of which I could not have dared to dream, I felt more reconciled to the past; yet, when on the verge of marriage with another—beautiful, gifted, generous as she was—a thought, a memory half acknowledged, dimly traced, chained back my sentiments; and admiration, esteem, and gratitude were not love! Death—a death, melancholy and tragic, forbade this union; and I went forth in the world a pilgrim and a wanderer. Years rolled away, and I thought I had conquered the desire for love, a desire that had haunted me since I lost thee. But suddenly, and recently, a being, beautiful as yourself — sweet, guileless, and young as you were when we met—woke in me a new and a strange sentiment. I will not conceal it from you: Alice, at last I loved another! Yet, singular as it may seem to you, it was a certain resemblance to yourself, not in feature, but in the tones of the voice; the nameless grace of gesture and manner; the very music of your once happy laugh; those traits of resemblance which I can now account for, and which children catch not from their parents only, but from those they most see, and, loving most, most imitate in their tender years: all these, I say, made, perhaps, a chief attraction that drew me towards—Alice, are you prepared for it?—drew me towards Evelyn Cameron. Know me in my real character, by my true name: I am that Maltravers to whom the hand of Evelyn was a few weeks ago betrothed!"

He paused, and ventured to look up at Alice; she was exceedingly pale, and her hands were tightly clasped together; but she neither wept nor spoke. The worst was over; he continued more rapidly, and with less constrained an effort. "By the art, the duplicity, the falsehood of Lord Vargrave, I was taught, in a sudden hour, to believe that Evelyn was our daughter; that you recoiled from the prospect of beholding once more the author of so many miseries. I need not tell you, Alice, of the horror that succeeded to love. I pass over the tortures I endured. By a train of incidents to be related to you hereafter, I was led to suspect the truth of Vargrave's tale. I came hither: I have learned all from Aubrey; I regret no more the falsehood that so racked me for the time! I regret no more the rupture of my bond with Evelyn; I regret nothing that brings me at last free and unshackled to thy feet, and acquaints me with thy sublime faith and ineffable love. Here, then, here, beneath your own roof; here he, at once your earliest friend and foe, kneels to you for pardon and for hope! he woo you as his wife, his companion to the grave! forget all his errors, and be to him, under a holier name, all that you were to him of old!"

"And you are, then, Evelyn's suiter? you are he whom she loves; I see it all, all!" Alice rose, and, before he was even aware of her purpose or conscious of what she felt, she had vanished from the room.

Long, and with the bitterest feelings, he awaited her return; she came not. At last he wrote a hurried note, imploring her to join him again, to relieve his suspense, to believe his sincerity, to accept his vows. He sent it to her own room, to which she had hastened to bury her emotions. In a few minutes there came to him this answer, written in pencil, blotted with tears.

"I thank you; I understand your heart; but forgive me, I cannot see you yet; she is so beautiful and good; she is worthy of you. I shall soon be reconciled; God bless you, bless you both!"

The door of the vicarage was opened abruptly, and Maltravers entered with a hasty but heavy tread:

"Go to her, go to that angel; go, I beseech you! Tell her that she wrongs me if she thinks I can ever wed another; ever have an object in life but to atone to, to merit her. Go plead for me."

Aubrey, who soon gathered from Maltravers what had passed, departed to the cottage; it was near midnight before he returned. Maltravers met him in the churchyard beside the yew-tree. "Well, well, what message do you bring?"

"She consents; she wishes that we should both set off for Paris to-morrow. Not a day is to be lost; we must save Evelyn from this snare."

"Evelyn! Yes, Evelyn shall be saved; but the rest, the rest; why do you turn away?"

"'You are not the poor artist, the wandering adventurer; you are the highborn, the wealthy, the renowned Maltravers: Alice has nothing to confer on you. You have won the love of Evelyn; Alice cannot doom the child confided to her care to hopeless affection. You love Evelyn; Alice cannot compare herself to the young, and educated, and beautiful creature whose love is a priceless treasure. Alice prays you not to grieve for her;

* See Ernest Maltravers, book v., p. 660.

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she will soon be content and happy in your happiness.' This is the message."

"And what said you? did you not tell her such words would break my heart?"

"No matter what I said; I mistrust myself when I advise her. Her feelings are truer than all our wisdom!"

Maltravers made no answer, and the curate saw him gliding rapidly away by the starlighted graves towards the village.

CHAPTER VI.

"Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness?"
Measure for Measure.

They were on the road to Dover. Maltravers leaned back in the corner of the carriage with his hat over his brows, though the morning was yet too dark for the curate to perceive more than the outline of his features. Milestone after milestone glided by the wheels, and neither of the travellers broke the silence. It was a cold raw morning, and the mists rose sullenly from the dank hedges and comfortless fields.

Stern and self-accusing was the scrutiny of Maltravers into the recesses of his conscience and the blotted pages of the past. That pale and solitary mother, mourning over the grave of her, of his own child, rose again before his eyes, and seemed silently to ask him for an account of the heart he had made barren and of the youth to which his love had brought the joylessness of age. With the image of Alice, afar, alone, whether in her wanderings, a beggar and an outcast, or in that hollow prosperity in which the very ease of the frame allowed more leisure to the pinings of the heart; with that image, pure, sorrowing, and faithful from first to last, he compared his own wild and wasted youth, his resort to fancy and to passion for excitement. He contrasted with her patient resignation his own arrogant rebellion against the trials, the bitterness of which his proud spirit had exaggerated; his contempt for the pursuits and aims of others; the imperious indolence of his later life and his forgetfulness of the duties which Providence had fitted him to discharge. His mind, once so rudely hurled from that complacent pedestal from which it had so long looked down on men, and said, "I am wiser and better than you," became even too acutely sensitive to its own infirmities; and that desire for virtue which he had ever deeply entertained made itself more distinctly and loudly heard amid the ruins and the silence of his pride.

From the contemplation of the past he roused himself to face the future. Alice had refused his hand; Alice herself had ratified and blessed his union with another! Evelyn so madly loved, Evelyn might still be his! No law—from the violation of which, even in thought, human nature recoils appalled and horrorstricken—forbade him to reclaim her hand; to snatch her from the grasp of Vargrave; to woo again, and again to win her! But did Maltravers welcome, did he embrace that thought? Let us do him justice: he did not. He felt that Alice's resolution, in the first hour of mortified affection, was not to be considered final; and, even if it were so, he felt yet more deeply that her love—the love that had withstood so many trials—never could be subdued. Was he to make her nobleness a curse? Was he to say, "Thou hast passed away in thy generation, and I leave thee again to thy solitude for her whom thou hast cherished as a child?" He started in dismay from the thought of this new and last blow upon that shattered spirit; and then fresh and equally sacred obstacles between Evelyn and himself broke slowly on his view. Could Templeton rise from his grave, with what resentment, with what just repugnance, would he have regarded in the betrayer of his wife (even though wife but in name) the suiter to his child!

These thoughts came in fast and fearful force upon Maltravers, and served to strengthen his honour and his conscience. He felt that though, in law, there was no shadow or connexion between Evelyn and himself, yet his tie with Alice had been of a nature that ought to separate him from one who had regarded Alice as a mother. The load of horror, the agony of shame, were indeed gone; but still a voice whispered as before, "Evelyn is lost to thee for ever!" But so shaken had already been her image in the late storms and convulsion of his soul, that this thought was preferable to the thought of sacrificing Alice. If *that* were all—but Evelyn might still love him; and justice to Alice might be misery to her! He started from his revery with a vehement gesture, and groaned audibly.

The curate turned to address to him some words of inquiry and surprise; but the words were unheard, and he perceived, by the advancing daylight, that the countenance of Maltravers was that of a man utterly rapt and absorbed by some mastering and irresistible thought. Wisely, therefore, he left his companion in peace, and returned to his own anxious and engrossing meditations.

The travellers did not rest till they arrived at Dover. The vessel started early the following morning, and Aubrey, who was much fatigued, retired to rest. Maltravers glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece; it was the hour of nine. For him there was no hope of sleep; and the prospect of the slow night was that of dreary suspense and torturing self-commune.

As he turned restlessly in his seat, the waiter entered to say that there was a gentleman, who had caught a glimpse of him below on his arrival, and who was anxious to speak with him. Before Maltravers could answer, the gentleman himself entered, and Maltravers recognised Legard.

"I beg your pardon," said the latter, in a tone of great agitation, "but I was most anxious to see you for a few moments. I have just returned to England; all places alike hateful to me! I read in the papers—an—an announcement—which—which occasions me the greatest—I know not what I would say; but is it true? Read this paragraph;" and Legard placed the *Courier* before Maltravers. The passage was as follows:

"It is whispered that Lord Vargrave, who is now at Paris, is to be married in a few days to the beautiful and wealthy Miss Cameron, to whom he has been long engaged. Immediately after the ceremony his lordship will return to his official duties."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Legard, following the eyes of Maltravers as he glanced over the paragraph; "were not *you* the lover; the accepted, the happy lover of Miss Cameron? Speak, tell me

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I implore you! that it was for you, who saved my life and redeemed my honour, and not for that cold schemer, that I renounced all my hopes of earthly happiness, and surrendered the dream of winning the heart and hand of the only woman I ever loved!"

A deep shade fell over the features of Maltravers. He gazed earnestly and long upon the working countenance of Legard, and said, after a pause,

"You too loved her, then. I never knew it, never guessed it; or, if once I suspected, it was but for a moment; and—"

"Yes," interrupted Legard, ardently, "Heaven is my witness how fervently and truly I did love! I do still love Evelyn Cameron! But when you confessed to me your affection, your hopes, I felt all that I owed you; I felt that I never ought to become your rival. I left Paris abruptly. What I have suffered I will not say; but it was some comfort to think that I had acted as became one who owed you a debt never to be cancelled or repaid. I travelled from place to place, each equally hateful and wearisome; at last, I scarce know why, I returned to England. I have arrived this day, and now—but tell me, is it true?"

"I believe it true," said Maltravers, in a hollow voice, "that Evelyn is at this moment engaged to Lord Vargrave. I believe it equally true that that engagement, founded upon false impressions, never will be fulfilled. With that hope and that belief I am on my road to Paris."

"And she will be yours still?" said Legard, turning away his face; "well, that I can bear; may you be happy, sir!"

"Stay, Legard," said Maltravers, in a voice of great feeling; "let us understand each other better: you have renounced your passion to your sense of honour" (Maltravers paused thoughtfully); "it was noble in you, it was more than just to me; I thank you and respect you. But, Legard, was there aught in the manner, the bearing of Evelyn Cameron that could lead you to suppose that she would have returned your affection? True, had we started on equal terms, I am not vain enough to be blind to your advantages of youth and person; but I believed that the affections of Evelyn were already mine before we met at Paris."

"It might be so," said Legard, gloomily; "nor is it for me to say that a heart so pure and generous as Evelyn's could deceive yourself or me. Yet I *had* fancied, I *had* hoped, while you stood aloof, that the partiality with which she regarded you was that of admiration more than love; that you had dazzled her imagination rather than won her heart. I had hoped that I should win, that I was winning, my way to her affection? But let this pass; I drop the subject for ever; only, Maltravers, only do me justice. You are a proud man, and your pride has often irritated and stung me, in spite of my gratitude. Be more lenient to me than you have been; think that, though I have my errors and my follies, I am still capable of some conquests over myself. And most sincerely do I now wish that Evelyn's love may be to you that blessing it would have been to me!"

This was, indeed, a new triumph over the pride of Maltravers, a new humiliation. He had looked with a cold contempt on this man, because he affected not to be above the herd; and this man had preceded him in the very sacrifice he himself meditated.

"Legard," said Maltravers, and a faint blush overspread his face, "you rebuke me justly. I acknowledge my fault, and I ask you to forgive it. From this night, whatever happens, I shall hold it an honour to be admitted to your friendship; from this night George Legard never shall find in me the offences of arrogance and harshness."

Legard wrung the hand held out to him warmly, but made no answer; his heart was full, and he would not trust himself to speak.

"You think, then," resumed Maltravers, in a more thoughtful tone, "you think that Evelyn could have loved you had my pretensions not crossed your own? And you think also—pardon me, dear Legard—that you could have acquired the steadiness of character, the firmness of purpose, which one so fair, so young, so inexperienced and susceptible, so surrounded by a thousand temptations, would need in a guardian and protector?"

"Oh, do not judge of me by what I have been. I feel that Evelyn could have reformed errors worse than mine; that her love would have elevated dispositions yet more light and commonplace. You do not know what miracles love works! But now what is there left for me? what matters it how frivolous and poor the occupations which can distract my thoughts and bring me forgetfulness? Forgive me; I have no right to obtrude all this egotism on you."

"Do not despond, Legard," said Maltravers, kindly; "there may be better fortunes in store for you than you yet anticipate. I cannot say more now; but will you remain at Dover a few days longer? within a week you shall hear from me. I will not raise hopes that it may not be mine to realize. But if it be as you think it was—why—little, indeed, would rest with me. Nay, look not on me so wistfully," added Maltravers, with a mournful smile; "and let the subject close for the present. You will stay at Dover?"

"I will; but—"

"No buts, Legard, it is so settled.'

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BOOK THE ELEVENTH.

"Ὁ Ἄνθρωπος εὐεργετὸς πεφυκώς."
M. Antonin., lib. ix

"Man is born to be a doer of good."

CHAPTER I.

"His teeth he still did grind
And grimly gnash, threatening revenge in vain."
Spenser.

It is now time to return to Lord Vargrave. His most sanguine hopes were realized; all things seemed to prosper. The hand of Evelyn Cameron was pledged to him; the wedding-day was fixed. In less than a week she was to confer upon the ruined peer a splendid dowry, that would smooth all obstacles in the ascent of his ambition. From Mr. Douce he learned that the deeds, which were to transfer to himself the baronial possessions of the head of the house of Maltravers, were nearly completed; and on his wedding-day he hoped to be able to announce that the happy pair had set out for their princely mansion of Lisle Court. In politics—though nothing could be finally settled till his return—letters from Lord Saxingham assured him that all was auspicious; the court and the heads of the aristocracy daily growing more alienated from the premier, and more prepared for a cabinet revolution. And Vargrave, perhaps, like most needy men, overrated the advantages he should derive from, and the servile opinion he should conciliate in, his new character of landed proprietor and wealthy peer. He was not insensible to the silent anguish that Evelyn seemed to endure, nor to the bitter gloom that hung on the brow of Lady Doltimore. But these were clouds that foretold no storm; light shadows that obscured not the serenity of the favouring sky. He continued to seem unconscious to either; to take the coming event as a matter of course. And to Evelyn he evinced so gentle, unfamiliar, respectful, and delicate an attachment, that he left no opening either for confidence or complaint. Poor Evelyn! her gayety, her enchanting levity, her sweet and infantine playfulness of manner, were indeed vanished. Pale, wan, passive, and smileless, she was the ghost of her former self! But days rolled on, and the evil one drew near; she recoiled, but she never dreamed of resisting. How many equal victims of her age and sex does the altar behold!

One day, early at noon, Lord Vargrave took his way to Evelyn's. He had been to pay a political visit in the Faubourg St. Germains, and as he was now slowly crossing the more quiet and solitary part of the gardens of the Tuileries—his hands clasped behind him, after his old, unaltered habit, and his eyes downcast—when suddenly a man, who was seated alone beneath one of the trees, and who had for some moments watched his steps with an anxious and wild aspect, rose and approached him. Lord Vargrave was not conscious of the intrusion till the man laid his hand on Vargrave's arm and exclaimed,

"It is he! it is! Lumley Ferrers, we meet again!"

Lord Vargrave started and changed colour as he gazed on the intruder.

"Ferrers," continued Cæsarini (for it was he), and he wound his arm firmly into Lord Vargrave's as he spoke, "you have not changed; your step is light, your cheek healthful; and yet I! you can scarcely recognise me! Oh, I have suffered so horribly since we parted! Why is this, why have I been so heavily visited? and why have you gone free? Heaven is not just!"

Castruccio was in one of his lucid intervals; but there was that in his uncertain eye and strange unnatural voice which showed that a breath might dissolve the avalanche. Lord Vargrave looked anxiously round; none were near; but he knew that the more public parts of the garden were thronged, and through the trees he saw many forms moving in the distance. He felt that the sound of his voice could summon assistance in an instant, and his assurance returned to him.

"My poor friend," said he, soothingly, as he quickened his pace, "it grieves me to the heart to see you look ill; do not think so much of what is past."

"There is no past!" replied Cæsarini, gloomily. "The past is my present! And I have thought and thought, in darkness and in chains, over all that I have endured, and a light has broken on me in the hours when they told me I was mad! Lumley Ferrers, it was not for my sake that you led me, devil as you are, into the lowest hell! You had some object of your own to serve in separating *her* from Maltravers. You made me your instrument. What was I to you, that you should have sinned for *my* sake? Answer me, and truly, if those lips can utter truth!"

"Cæsarini," returned Vargrave, in his blandest accents, "another time we will converse on what has been; believe me, my only object was your happiness, combined, it may be, with my hatred of your rival."

"Liar!" shouted Cæsarini, grasping Vargrave's arm with the strength of growing madness, while his burning eyes fixed upon his tempter's changing countenance. "You, too, loved Florence; you, too, sought her hand; *you* were my real rival!"

"Hush! my friend, hush!" said Vargrave, seeking to shake off the gripe of the maniac, and becoming seriously alarmed; "we are approaching the crowded part of the gardens; we shall be observed."

"And why are men made my foes? Why is my own sister become my persecutor? why would she give me up to the torturer and the dungeon? Why are serpents and fiends my comrades? Why is there fire in my brain and heart, and why do you

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go free and enjoy liberty and life? Observed! what care *you* for observation! All men search for *me!*"

"Then why so openly expose yourself to their notice? why—"

"Hear me!" interrupted Cæsarini. "When I escaped from the horrible prison into which I was plunged; when I scented the fresh air and bounded over the grass; when I was again free in limbs and spirit, a sudden strain of music from a village came on my ear, and I stopped short, and crouched down, and held my breath to listen. It ceased; and I thought I had been with Florence, and I wept bitterly! When I recovered, memory came back to me distinct and clear; and I heard a voice say to me, 'Avenge her and thyself!' From that hour the voice has been heard again, morning and night! Lumley Ferrers, I hear it now! it speaks to my heart, it warms my blood, it nerves my hand! On whom should vengeance fall? Speak to me!"

Lumley strode rapidly on; they were now without the grove; a gay throng was before them. "All is safe," thought the Englishman. He turned abruptly and haughtily on Cæsarini, and waved his hand: "Begone, madman!" said he, in a loud and stern voice, "begone! vex me no more, or I give you into custody. Begone, I say!"

Cæsarini halted, amazed and awed for the moment; and then, with a dark scowl and a low cry, threw himself on Vargrave. The eye and hand of the latter were vigilant and prepared: he grasped the lifted arm of the maniac and shouted for help. But the madman was now in his full fury; he hurled Vargrave to the ground with a force for which the peer was not prepared, and Lumley might never have risen a living man from that spot if two soldiers, seated close by, had not hastened to his assistance. Cæsarini was already kneeling on his breast, and his long bony fingers were fastening upon the throat of his intended victim. Torn from his hold, he glared fiercely on his new assailants; and, after a fierce but momentary struggle, wrested himself from their gripe. Then turning round to Vargrave, who had with some effort risen from the ground, he shrieked out, "I shall have thee yet!" and fled through the trees and disappeared.

CHAPTER II.

"Ah! who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe;
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Ev'n now forsake me."

Henry VI., Part III.

Lord Vargrave, bold as he was by nature, in vain endeavoured to banish from his mind the gloomy and foreboding impression which the startling interview with Cæsarini had bequeathed. The face, the voice of the maniac haunted him, as the shape of the warning wraith haunts the mountaineer. He returned at once to his hotel, unable for some hours to collect himself sufficiently to pay his customary visit to Miss Cameron. In resolving not to hazard a second meeting with the Italian during the rest of his sojourn at Paris by venturing in the streets on foot, he ordered his carriage towards evening; dined at the *Café de Paris*; and then re-entered his carriage to proceed to Lady Doltimore's house.

"I beg your pardon, my lord," said his servant, as he closed the carriage-door, "but I forgot to say that, a short time after you returned this morning, a strange gentleman asked at the porter's lodge if Mr. Ferrers was not staying at the hotel. The porter said there was no Mr. Ferrers; but the gentleman insisted upon it that he had seen Mr. Ferrers enter. I was in the lodge at the moment, my lord, and I explained—"

"That Mr. Ferrers and Lord Vargrave are one and the same? What sort of looking person?"

"Thin and dark, my lord; evidently a foreigner. When I said that you were now Lord Vargrave, he stared a moment, and said, very abruptly, that he recollected it perfectly; and then he laughed and walked away."

"Did he not ask to see me!"

"No, my lord; he said he should take another opportunity. He was a strange-looking gentleman, and his clothes were threadbare."

"Ah! some troublesome petitioner. Perhaps a Pole in distress. Remember, I am never at home when he calls. Shut the door. To Lady Doltimore's."

Lumley's heart beat as he threw himself back; he again felt the gripe of the madman at his throat. He saw at once that Cæsarini had dogged him; he resolved the next morning to change his lodging, and to apply to the police. It was strange how sudden and keen a fear had entered the breast of this callous and resolute man!

On arriving at Lady Doltimore's he found Caroline alone in the drawing-room. It was a *tête-à-tête* that he by no means desired.

"Lord Vargrave," said Caroline, coldly, "I wished a short conversation with you, and, finding you did not come in the morning, I sent you a note an hour ago. Did you receive it?"

"No; I have been from home since six o'clock; it is now nine."

"Well, then, Vargrave," said Caroline, with a compressed and writhing lip, and turning very pale, "I tremble to tell you that I fear Doltimore suspects. He looked at me sternly this morning, and said, 'You seem unhappy, madam; this marriage of Lord Vargrave's distresses you!'"

"I warned you how it would be; your own selfishness will betray and ruin you."

"Do not reproach me, man!" said Lady Doltimore, with great vehemence. "From you at least I have a right to pity, to forbearance, to succour. I will not bear reproach from *you*."

"I reproach you for your own sake; for the faults you commit against yourself; and I must say, Caroline, that when I, generously conquering all selfish feeling, assisted you to so desirable and even brilliant a position, it is neither just nor highminded in you to evince so ungracious a reluctance to my taking the only step which can save me from actual ruin. But what does Doltimore suspect? What ground has he for suspicion, beyond that want of command of countenance which it is easy to explain, and which it is yet easier for a woman and a great lady" (here Lumley sneered) "to acquire?"

"I know not; it has been put into his head. Paris is so full of slander. But—Vargrave—Lumley—I tremble, I shudder with terror—if ever Doltimore should discover—"

"Pooh, pooh! Our conduct at Paris has been most guarded, most discreet. Doltimore is self-conceit personified, and self-conceit is horneyed. I am about to leave Paris, about to marry from under

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your own roof; a little prudence, a little self-control, a smiling face when you wish us happiness, and so forth, and all is safe. Tush! think of it no more; Fate has cut and shuffled the cards for you; the game is yours unless you revoke—pardon my metaphor, it is a favourite one; I have worn it threadbare—but human life *is* so like a rubber at whist. Where is Evelyn?"

"In her own room. Have you no pity for her?"

"She will be very happy when she is Lady Vargrave; and for the rest, I shall neither be a stern nor a jealous husband. She might not have given the same character to the magnificent Maltravers."

Here Evelyn entered; and Vargrave hastened to press her hand; to whisper tender salutations and compliments; to draw the easy-chair to the fire; to place the footstool; to lavish the *petits soins* that are so agreeable when they are the small moralities of love.

Evelyn was more than usually pale, more than usually abstracted. There was no lustre in her eye, no life in her step; she seemed unconscious of the crisis to which she approached. As the myrrh and hyssop which drugged the malefactors of old into forgetfulness of the doom, so there are griefs which stupify before their last and crowning consummation!

Vargrave conversed lightly on the weather, the news, the last book. Evelyn answered but in monosyllables; and Caroline, with a handscreen before her face, preserved an unbroken silence. Thus gloomy and joyless were two of the party; thus gay and animated the third, when the clock on the mantelpiece struck ten; and, as the last stroke died, and Evelyn sighed heavily—for it was an hour nearer the fatal day—the door was suddenly thrown open, and, pushing aside the servant, two gentlemen entered the room.

Caroline, the first to perceive them, started from her seat with a faint exclamation of surprise. Vargrave turned abruptly, and saw before him the stern countenance of Maltravers!

"My child, my Evelyn!" exclaimed a familiar voice; and Evelyn had already flown into the arms of Aubrey.

The sight of the curate in company with Maltravers explained all at once to Vargrave. He saw that the mask was torn from his face; the prize snatched from his grasp; his falsehood known; his plot counter-worked; his villany baffled! He struggled in vain for self-composure; all his resources of courage and craft seemed drained and exhausted. Livid, speechless, almost trembling, he cowered beneath the eyes of Maltravers.

Evelyn, not as yet aware of the presence of her former lover, was the first to break the silence. She lifted her face in alarm from the bosom of the good curate: "My mother; she is well; she lives; what brings you hither?"

"Your mother is well, my child. I have come hither, at her earnest request, to save you from a marriage with that unworthy man!"

Lord Vargrave smiled a ghastly smile, but made no answer.

"Lord Vargrave," said Maltravers, "you will feel at once that you have no farther business under this roof. Let us withdraw; I have much to thank you for."

"I will not stir!" exclaimed Vargrave, passionately, and stamping on the floor. "Miss Cameron, the guest of Lady Doltimore, whose house and presence you thus rudely profane, is my affianced bride; affianced with her own consent. Evelyn, beloved Evelyn! mine you are yet; you alone can cancel the bond. Sir, I know not what you may have to say, what mystery in your immaculate life to disclose; but unless Lady Doltimore, whom your violence appals and terrifies, orders me to leave her roof, it is not I, it is yourself who are the intruder! Lady Doltimore, with your permission, I will direct your servant to conduct this gentleman to his carriage!"

"Lady Doltimore, pardon me," said Maltravers, coldly; "I will not be urged to any failure of respect to you. My lord, if the most abject cowardice be not added to your other vices, you will not make this room the theatre for our altercation. I invite you, in those gentle terms which no gentleman ever yet refused, to withdraw with me."

The tone and manner of Maltravers exercised a strange control over Vargrave; he endeavoured in vain to keep alive the passion into which he had sought to work himself; his voice faltered, his head sunk upon his breast. It was a most extraordinary picture, that group! Caroline, turning her eyes from one to the other in wonder and dismay; Evelyn, believing all a dream, yet alive only to the thought that, by some merciful interposition of Providence, she should escape the consequences of her own rashness, clinging to Aubrey, with her gaze riveted on Maltravers; and Aubrey, whose gentle character was borne down and silenced by the powerful and tempestuous passions that now met in collision and conflict, withheld by his abhorrence of Vargrave's treachery from interfering as a mediator, and yet urged by the apprehension of bloodshed, that for the first time crossed him, to interpose, almost to conciliate.

There was a moment of dead silence, in which Vargrave seemed to be nerving and collecting himself for such course as might be best to pursue, when again the door opened, and the name of Mr. Howard was announced.

Hurried and agitated, the young secretary, scarcely noticing the rest of the party, rushed to Lord Vargrave.

"My lord! a thousand pardons for interrupting you; business of such importance! I am so fortunate to find you!"

"What is the matter, sir?"

"These letters, my lord; I have so much to say?"

Any interruption, even an earthquake, at that moment must have been welcome to Vargrave. He bent his head with a polite smile to the party, linked his arm into his secretary's, and withdrew to the recess of the farthest window. Not a minute elapsed before he turned away with a look of scornful exultation. "Mr. Howard," said he, "go and refresh yourself, and come to me at twelve o'clock to-night; I shall be at home then." The secretary bowed and withdrew.

"Now, sir," said Vargrave to Maltravers, "I am willing to leave you in possession of the field. Miss Cameron, it will be, I fear, impossible for me to entertain any longer the bright hopes I had once formed; my cruel fate compels me to seek fortune in any matrimonial engagement. I regret to inform you that you are no longer the great heiress; the whole of your capital was placed in the hands of Mr. Douce for the completion of the purchase of Lisle Court. Mr. Douce is a bankrupt; he has fled to

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America. This letter is an express from my lawyer; the house has closed its payments! Perhaps we may hope to obtain sixpence in the pound. I am a loser also; the forfeit-money bequeathed to me is gone. I know not whether, as your trustee, I am not accountable for the loss of your fortune (drawn out on my responsibility); probably so. But as I have not now a shilling in the world, I doubt whether Mr. Maltravers will advise you to institute proceedings. Mr. Maltravers, to-morrow, at nine o'clock, I will listen to what you have to say. I wish you all good-night." He bowed, seized his hat, and vanished.

"Evelyn," said Aubrey, "can you require to learn more, to feel that you are released from union with a man without heart and honour?"

"No, no; I am so happy!" cried Evelyn, bursting into tears. "This hated wealth, I feel not its loss; I am released from all duty to my benefactor. Oh God, I am free!"

The last tie that had yet united the guilty Caroline to Vargrave was broken; a woman forgives sin in her lover, but never meanness. The degrading, the abject position in which one whom she had served as a slave now stood (though, as yet, his worst villanies were unknown to her), filled her with shame, horror, and disgust. She rose abruptly and left the room. They did not miss her.

Maltravers approached Evelyn; he took her hand, and pressed it to his lips and heart.

"Evelyn," said he, mournfully, "you require an explanation: to-morrow I will give and seek it. To-night we are both too unnerved for such communications. I can only now feel joy at your escape, and hope that I may still minister to your future happiness;" his voice faltered, and he sighed.

"But," said Aubrey, "can we believe this new and astounding statement? can this loss be so irremediable? may we not yet take precaution, and save, at least, some wrecks of this noble fortune?"

"I thank you for recalling me to the world," said Maltravers, eagerly. "I will see to it this instant; and to-morrow, Evelyn, after my interview with you, I will hasten to London, and act in that capacity still left to me, your guardian, your friend."

He turned away his face and hurried to the door.

Evelyn clung more closely to Aubrey: "But you will not leave me to-night? you can stay; we can find you accommodation; do not leave me."

"Leave you, my child! no; we have a thousand things to say to each other. I will not," he added, in a whisper, turning to Maltravers, "forestall your communications."

CHAPTER III.

"Alack, 'tis he. Why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea."

Lear.

In the Rue de la Paix there resided an English lawyer of eminence, with whom Maltravers had had previous dealings; to this gentleman he now drove. He acquainted him with the news he had just heard respecting the bankruptcy of Mr. Douce, and commissioned him to leave Paris the first moment he could obtain a passport, and to proceed to London. At all events, he would arrive there some hours before Maltravers; and those hours were something gained. This done, he drove to the nearest hotel, which chanced to be the Hotel de M——, where, though he knew it not, it so happened that Lord Vargrave himself lodged. As his carriage stopped without, while the porter unclosed the gates, a man who had been loitering under the lamps darted forward, and, prying into the carriage window, regarded Maltravers earnestly. The latter, preoccupied and absorbed, did not notice him; but when the carriage drove into the courtyard, it was followed by the stranger, who was muffled in a worn and tattered cloak, and whose movements were unheeded amid the bustle of the arrival. The porter's wife led the way to a second floor, just left vacant, and the *frotteur* began to arrange the fire. Maltravers threw himself abstractedly upon the sofa, insensible to all around him, when, lifting his eyes, he saw before him the countenance of Cæsarini! The Italian (supposed, perhaps, by the persons of the hotel to be one of the new-comers) was leaning over the back of a chair, supporting his face with his hand, and fixing his eyes with an earnest and sorrowful expression upon the features of his ancient rival. When he perceived that he was recognised, he approached Maltravers, and said in Italian, and in a low voice, "You are the man of all others whom, save one, I most desired to see. I have much to say to you, and my time is short. Spare me a few minutes."

The tone and manner of Cæsarini were so calm and rational that they changed the first impulse of Maltravers, which was that of securing a maniac; while his emaciated countenance, his squalid garments, the air of penury and want diffused over his whole appearance, irresistibly invited his compassion. With all the more anxious and pressing thoughts that weighed upon him, he could not refuse the conference thus demanded. He dismissed the attendants, and motioned Cæsarini to be seated.

The Italian drew near to the fire, which now blazed brightly and cheerily, and, spreading his thin hands to the flame, seemed to enjoy the physical luxury of the warmth. "Cold, cold," he said, piteously, as to himself, "Nature is a bitter protector. But frost and famine are, at least, more merciful than slavery and darkness."

At this moment Ernest's servant entered to know if his master would not take refreshments, for he had scarcely touched food upon the road. And, as he spoke, Cæsarini turned keenly and wistfully round. There was no mistaking the appeal. Wine and cold meat were ordered; and, when the servant vanished, Cæsarini turned to Maltravers with a strange smile, and said, "You see what the love of liberty brings men to! They found me plenty in the jail! But I have read of men who feasted merrily before execution, have not you? and my hour is at hand. All this day I have felt chained by an irresistible destiny to this house. But it was not you I sought; no matter; in the crisis of our doom all its agents meet together! It is the last act of a dreary play!"

The Italian turned again to the fire, and bent over it, muttering to himself.

Maltravers remained silent and thoughtful. Now was the moment once more to replace the maniac under the kind vigilance of his family; to snatch him from the horrors, perhaps, of starvation itself, to which his escape had condemned him: if he could detain Cæsarini till De Montaigne could arrive!

Agreeably to this thought, he quietly drew to-

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wards him the portfolio which had been laid on the table, and with Cæsarini's back still turned to him, wrote a hasty line to De Montaigne. When his servant re-entered with the wine and viands, Maltravers followed him out of the room, and bade him see the note sent immediately. On returning he found Cæsarini devouring the food before him with all the voracity of famine. It was a dreadful sight: the intellect ruined, the mind darkened, the wild, fierce animal alone left!

When Cæsarini had appeased his hunger he drew near to Maltravers, and thus accosted him:

"I must lead you back to the past. I sinned against you and the dead; but Heaven has avenged you, and me you can pity and forgive. Maltravers, there is another more guilty than I, but proud, prosperous, and great. His crime Heaven has left to the revenge of man! I bound myself by an oath not to reveal his villany. I cancel the oath now, for the knowledge of it should survive his life and mine. And, mad though they deem me—the mad are prophets—and a solemn conviction, a voice not of earth, tells me that he and I are already in the Shadow of Death."

Here Cæsarini, with a calm and precise accuracy of self-possession, a minuteness of circumstance and detail that, coming from one whose very eyes betrayed his terrible disease, was infinitely thrilling in its effect, related the counsels, the persuasion, the stratagems of Lumley. Slowly and distinctly he forced into the heart of Maltravers that sickening record of cold fraud, calculating on vehement passion as its tool; and thus he concluded his narration:

"Now, wonder no longer why I have lived till this hour; why I have clung to freedom through want and hunger, amid beggars, felons, and outcasts! In that freedom was my last hope; the hope of revenge!"

Maltravers returned no answer for some moments. At length he said calmly, "Cæsarini, there are injuries so great that they defy revenge. Let us alike, since we are alike injured, trust our cause to Him who reads all hearts, and, better than we can do, measures both crime and its excuses. You think that he has not suffered, that he has gone free. We know not his internal history; prosperity and power are no signs of happiness; they bring no exemption from care. Be soothed and be ruled, Cæsarini. Let the stone once more close over the solemn grave. Turn with me to the future; and let us rather seek to be the judges of ourselves than the executioners of another."

Cæsarini listened gloomily, and was about to answer, when—

But here we must return to Lord Vargrave.

CHAPTER IV.

"My noble lord,
Your worthy friends do lack you."
Macbeth.

"He is about it:
The doors are open."
Ibid.

On leaving Lady Doltimore's house Lumley drove to his hotel. His secretary had been the bearer of other communications, with the nature of which he had not yet acquainted himself. But he saw by the superscription that they were of great importance. Still, however, even in the solitude and privacy of his own chamber, it was not on the instant that he could divert his thoughts from the ruin of his fortunes; the loss not only of Evelyn's property, but his own claims upon it (for the whole capital had been placed in Douce's hands); the total wreck of his grand scheme; the triumph he had afforded to Maltravers! He ground his teeth in impotent rage and groaned aloud as he traversed his room with hasty and uneven strides. At last he paused and muttered, "Well, the spider toils on even when its very power of weaving fresh webs is exhausted; it lies in wait, it forces itself into the webs of others. Brave insect, thou art my model! While I have breath in my body, the world and all its crosses, Fortune and all her malignity, shall not prevail against me! What man ever yet failed until he himself grew craven, and sold his soul to the arch fiend, Despair! 'Tis but a girl and a fortune lost; they were toughly fought for, that is some comfort. Now to what is yet left to me!"

The first letter Lumley opened was from Lord Saxingham. It filled him with dismay. The question at issue had been formally but abruptly decided in the cabinet against Vargrave and his manœuvres. Some hasty expressions of Lord Saxingham had been instantly caught at by the premier, and a resignation, rather hinted at than declared, was peremptorily accepted. Lord Saxingham and Lumley's adherents in the government were to a man dismissed; and, at the time Lord Saxingham wrote, the premier was with the king.

"Curse their folly! the puppets, the dolts!" exclaimed Lumley, crushing the letter in his hand. "The moment I leave them they run their heads against the wall. Curse them, curse myself, curse the man who weaves ropes with sand! Nothing, nothing left for me but exile or suicide! Stay, what is this?" His eye fell on the well-known handwriting of the premier. He tore the envelope, impatient to know the worst. His eyes sparkled as he proceeded. The letter was most courteous, most complimentary, most wooing. The minister was a man consummately versed in the arts that increase, as well as those which purge a party. Saxingham and his friends were imbeciles, incapables, mostly men who had outlived their day. But Lord Vargrave, in the prime of life, versatile, accomplished, vigorous, bitter, unscrupulous; Vargrave was of another mould, Vargrave was to be dreaded; and, therefore, if possible, to be retained. His powers of mischief were unquestionably increased by the universal talk of London that he was about soon to wed so wealthy a lady. The minister knew his man. In terms of affected regret he alluded to the loss the government would sustain in the services of Lord Saxingham, &c.; he rejoiced that Lord Vargrave's absence from London had prevented his being prematurely mixed up, by false scruples of honour, in secessions his judgment must condemn. He treated of the question in dispute with the most delicate address; confessed the reasonableness of Lord Vargrave's former opposition to it; but contended that it was now, if not wise, inevitable. He said nothing of the *justice* of the measure he proposed to adopt, but much on the *expediency*. He concluded by offering to Vargrave, in the most cordial and flattering terms, the very seat in the cabinet which Lord Saxingham had vacated, with an apology for its inadequacy to his lordship's merits:

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and a distinct and definite promise of the refusal of the gorgeous viceroyalty of India, which would be vacant next year by the return of the present governor-general.

Unprincipled as Vargrave was, it is not, perhaps, judging him too mildly to say that, had he succeeded in obtaining Evelyn's hand and fortune, he would have shrunk from the baseness he now meditated. To step coldly into the very post of which he, and he alone, had been the cause of depriving his earliest patron and nearest relative; to profit by the betrayal of his own party; to damn himself eternally in the eyes of his ancient friends; to pass down the stream of history as a mercenary apostate; from all this Vargrave must have shrunk had he seen one spot of honest ground on which to maintain his footing. But, now the waters of the abyss were closing over his head, he would have caught at a straw; how much more consent to be picked up by the vessel of an enemy! All objection, all scruple vanished at once. And the "barbaric gold" "of Ormus and of Ind" glittered before the greedy eyes of the penniless adventurer! Not a day was now to be lost; how fortunate that a written proposition, from which it was impossible to recede, had been made to him before the failure of his matrimonial projects had become known! Too happy to leave Paris, he would set off on the morrow, and conclude in person the negotiation. Vargrave glanced towards the clock; it was scarcely past eleven; what revolutions are worked in moments! Within an hour he had lost a wife, a noble fortune, changed the politics of his whole life, stepped into a cabinet office, and was already calculating how much a governor general of India could lay by in five years! But it was only eleven o'clock; he had put off Mr. Howard's visit till twelve; he wished so much to see him, and learn all the London gossip connected with the recent events. Poor Mr. Douce! Vargrave had already forgotten *his* existence! he rang his bell hastily. It was some time before his servant answered.

Promptitude and readiness were virtues that Lord Vargrave peremptorily demanded in a servant; and as he paid the best price for the articles, less in wages than in plunder, he was sure to obtain them.

"Where the deuse have you been? this is the third time I have rung! you ought to have been in the anteroom!"

"I beg your lordship's pardon; but I was helping Mr. Maltravers's valet to find a key which he dropped in the courtyard."

"Mr. Maltravers! Is he at this hotel?"

"Yes, my lord. His rooms are just over head."

"Humph! Has Mr. Howard engaged a lodging here?"

"No, my lord. He left word that he was gone to his aunt, Lady Jane."

"Ah! Lady Jane lives at Paris, so she does; Rue Chaussée d'Antin; you know the house? go immediately, go yourself! don't trust to a messenger, and beg Mr. Howard to return with you. I want to see him instantly."

"Yes, my lord."

The servant went. Lumley was in a mood in which solitude was intolerable. He was greatly excited; and some natural compunctions at the course on which he had decided made him long to escape from thought. So Maltravers was under the same roof! He had promised to give him an interview next day; but next day he wished to be on the road to London. Why not have it over to-night? But could Maltravers meditate any hostile proceedings? impossible! Whatever his causes of complaint, they were of too delicate and secret a nature for seconds, bullets, and newspaper paragraphs! He might feel secure that he should not be delayed by any Bois de Boulogne assignation; but it was necessary to *his honour* (*!!!*) that he should not seem to shun the man he had deceived and wronged. He would go up to him at once; a new excitement would distract his thoughts. Agreeably to this resolution, Lord Vargrave left his room, and was about to close the outer door, when he recollected that perhaps his servant might not meet with Howard; that the secretary might probably arrive before the time fixed; it would be as well to leave his door open. He accordingly stopped, and writing upon a piece of paper, "Dear Howard, send up for me the moment you arrive; I shall be with Mr. Maltravers, *au second*. Vargrave," wafered the *affiche* to the door, which he then left ajar, and the lamp in the landing-place fell clear and full on the paper.

It was the voice of Vargrave, in the little stone-paven antechamber without, inquiring of the servant if Mr. Maltravers was at home, which had startled and interrupted Cæsarini in his reply to Ernest! Each recognised that sharp, clear voice; each glanced at the other.

"I will not see him," said Maltravers, hastily moving towards the door; "you are not fit to—"

"Meet him; no!" said Cæsarini, with a furtive and sinister glance, which a man versed in his disease would have understood, but which Maltravers did not even observe; "I will retire into your bedroom; my eyes are heavy, I could sleep."

He opened the inner door as he spake, and had scarcely reclosed it before Vargrave entered.

"Your servant said you were engaged; but I thought you might see an old friend;" and Vargrave coolly seated himself.

Maltravers drew the bolt across the door that separated them from Cæsarini; and the two men, whose characters and lives were so strongly contrasted, were now alone.

"You wished an interview, an explanation," said Lumley: "I shrink from neither. Let me forestall inquiry and complaint. I deceived you knowingly and deliberately, it is quite true; all stratagems are fair in love and war. The prize was vast! I believed my career depended on it; I could not resist the temptation. I knew that before long you would learn that Evelyn was not your daughter; that the first communication between yourself and Lady Vargrave would betray me! but it was worth trying a *coup de main*. You have foiled me, and conquered; be it so; I congratulate you. You are tolerably rich, and the loss of Evelyn's fortune will not vex you as it would have done me!"

"Lord Vargrave, it is but poor affectation to treat thus lightly the dark falsehood you conceived, the awful curse you inflicted upon me! Your sight is now so painful to me, it so stirs the passions that I would seek to suppress, that the sooner our interview is terminated the better. I have to charge you, also, with a crime, not, perhaps, baser than the one you so calmly own, but the consequences of which were more fatal; you understand me?"

"I do not."

"Do not tempt me, do not lie!" said Maltrav-

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ers, still in a calm voice, though his passions, naturally so strong, shook his whole frame. "To your arts I owe the exile of years that should have been better spent; to those arts Cæsarini owes the wreck of his reason, and Florence Lascelles her early grave! Ah! you are pale now! your tongue cleaves to your mouth! And think you these crimes will go for ever unrequited? think you that there is no justice in the thunderbolts of God?"

"Sir!" said Vargrave, starting to his feet, "I know not what you suspect, I care not what you believe! But I am accountable to man, and that account I am willing to render. You threatened me in the presence of my ward; you spoke of cowardice and hinted at danger. Whatever my vices, want of courage is not one. Stand by your threats; I am ready to brave them!"

"A year, perhaps a short month ago," replied Maltravers, "and I would have arrogated justice to my own mortal hand; nay, this very night, had the hazard of either of our lives been necessary to save Evelyn from your persecution, I would have incurred all things for her sake! But that is past; from me you have nothing to fear. The proofs of your earlier guilt, with its dreadful results, would alone suffice to warn me from the solemn responsibility of human vengeance! Great Heaven! what hand could dare to send a criminal so long hardened, so black with crime, unatoning, unrepentant, and unprepared, before the judgment-seat of the ALL JUST? Go, unhappy man! may life long be spared to you! Awake, awake from this world, before your feet pass the irrevocable boundary of the next!"

"I came not here to listen to homilies and the cant of the conventicle," said Vargrave, vainly struggling for a haughtiness of mien that his conscience-stricken aspect terribly belied; "not I, but this wrong world is to be blamed if deeds that strict morality may not justify, but the effects of which —I, no prophet, could not foresee—were necessary for success in life. I have been but as all other men have been who struggle against fortune to be rich and great: ambition must make use of foul ladders."

"Oh!" said Maltravers, earnestly, touched involuntarily, and in spite of his abhorrence of the criminal, by the relenting that this miserable attempt at self-justification seemed to denote; "oh! be warned while it is yet time; wrap not yourself in these paltry sophistries; look back to your past career; see to what heights you might have climbed if, with those rare gifts and energies, with that subtle sagacity and indomitable courage, your ambition had but chosen the straight, not the crooked path. Pause! many years may yet, in the course of nature, afford you time to retrace your steps, to atone to thousands the injuries you have inflicted on the few. I know not why I thus address you; but something diviner than indignation urges me; something tells me that you are already on the brink of the abyss!"

Lord Vargrave changed colour, nor did he speak for some moments; then raising his head, with a faint smile he said, "Maltravers, you are a false soothsayer. At this moment my paths, crooked though they be, have led me far towards the summit of my proudest hopes: the straight path would have left me at the foot of the mountain! You yourself are a beacon against the course you advise. Let us contrast each other. You took the straight path, I the crooked. You, my superior in fortune; you, infinitely above me in genius; you, born to command and never to crouch, how do we stand now, each in the prime of life? You, with a barren and profitless reputation, without rank, without power, almost without the hope of power. I—but you know not my new dignity—I, in the cabinet of England's ministry, vast fortunes opening to my gaze, the proudest station not too high for my reasonable ambition! You, wedding yourself to some grand chimera of an object—aimless—when it eludes your grasp. I, swinging, squirrel-like, from scheme to scheme; no matter if one breaks, another is at hand! Some men would have cut their throats in despair an hour ago, in losing the object of a seven years' chase, beauty and wealth both! I open a letter, and find success in one quarter to counterbalance failure in another. Bah! bah! Each to his *métier*, Maltravers! For you, honour, melancholy, and, if it please you, repentance also! For me, the onward, rushing life; never looking back to the past; never balancing the stepping-stones to the future. Let us not envy each other; if you were not Diogenes, you would be Alexander. Adieu! our interview is over. Will you forget and forgive, and shake hands once more? You draw back, you frown! well, perhaps you are right. If we meet again—"

"It will be as strangers."

"No rash vows! you may return to politics; you may want office. I am of your way of thinking now; and, ha! ha! poor Lumley Ferrers could make you a lord of the treasury: smooth travelling and cheap turnpikes on crooked paths, believe me. Farewell!"

On entering the room into which Cæsarini had retired, Maltravers found him flown. His servant said that the gentleman had gone away shortly after Lord Vargrave's arrival. Ernest reproached himself bitterly for neglecting to secure the door that conducted to the antechamber; but still it was probable that Cæsarini would return in the morning.

The messenger who had taken the letter to De Montaigne had brought back word that the latter was at his villa, but expected at Paris early the next day; Maltravers hoped to see him before his departure; meanwhile, he threw himself on his bed; and, despite all the anxieties that yet oppressed him, the fatigues and excitement he had undergone exhausted even the endurance of that iron frame, and he fell into a profound slumber.

CHAPTER V.

"By eight to-morrow
Thou shalt be made immortal."
Measure for Measure.

Lord Vargrave returned to his apartment to find Mr. Howard, who had but just that instant arrived, warming his white and well-ringed hands by the fire. He conversed with him for half an hour on all the topics on which the secretary could give him information, and then dismissed him once more to the roof of Lady Jane.

As he slowly undressed himself, he saw on his writing-table the note which Lady Doltimore had referred to, and which he had not yet opened. He lazily broke the seal, ran carelessly over its few

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blotted words of remorse and alarm, and threw it down again with a contemptuous "pshaw!" Thus unequally are the sorrows of a guilty tie felt by the man of the world and the woman of society!

As his servant placed before him his wine and water, he told him to see early to the preparations for departure, and to call him at nine o'clock.

"Shall I shut that door, my lord?" said the valet, pointing to one that communicated with one of those large closets, or *armoires*, that are common appendages to French bedrooms, and in which wood and sundry other matters are kept.

"No," said Lord Vargrave, petulantly; "you servants are so fond of excluding every breath of air. I should never have a window open if I did not open it myself. Leave the door as it is; and do not be later than nine to-morrow."

The servant, who slept in a kind of kennel that communicated with the anteroom, did as he was bid; and Vargrave put out his candle, betook himself to bed, and, after drowsily gazing on the dying embers of the fire, which threw a dim, ghastly light over the chamber, fell fast asleep. The clock struck the first hour of morning, and in that house all seemed still.

The next morning Maltravers was disturbed from his slumber by De Montaigne, who, arriving, as was often his wont, at an early hour from his villa, had found Ernest's note of the previous evening.

Maltravers rose and dressed himself; and, while De Montaigne was yet listening to the account which his friend gave of his adventure with Cesarini, and the unhappy man's accusation of his accomplice, Ernest's servant entered the room very abruptly.

"Sir," said he, "I thought you might like to know—what is to be done? the whole hotel is in confusion; Mr. Howard has been sent for, and Lord Doltimore; so very strange, so sudden!"

"What is the matter? speak plain."

"Lord Vargrave, sir; poor Lord Vargrave—"

"Lord Vargrave!"

"Yes, sir; the master of the hotel, hearing you knew his lordship, would be so glad if you would come down. Lord Vargrave, sir, is dead; found dead in his bed!"

Maltravers was rooted to the spot with amaze and horror. Dead! and but last night so full of life, and schemes, and hope, and ambition.

As soon as he recovered himself he hurried to the spot, and De Montaigne followed. The latter, as they descended the stairs, laid his hand on Ernest's arm, and detained him.

"Did you say that Castruccio left the apartment while Vargrave was with you, and almost immediately after his narrative of Vargrave's instigation to his crime?"

"Yes."

The eyes of the friends met; a terrible suspicion possessed both.

"No, it is impossible!" exclaimed Maltravers. "How could he obtain entrance; how pass Lord Vargrave's servants? No, no; think of it not."

They hurried down the stairs; they reached the outer door of Vargrave's apartment; the notice to Howard, with the name of Vargrave underscored, was still on the panels; De Montaigne saw and shuddered.

They were in the room by the bedside; a group were collected round; they gave way as the Englishman and his friend approached; and the eyes of Maltravers suddenly rested on the face of Lord Vargrave, locked, rigid, and convulsed.

There was a buzz of voices which had ceased at the entrance of Maltravers; it was now renewed. A surgeon had been summoned; a young Englishman of no great repute or name. He was making inquiries as he bent over the corpse.

"Yes, sir," said Lord Vargrave's servant, "his lordship told me to call him at nine o'clock. I came in at that hour, but his lordship did not move or answer me. I then looked to see if he were very sound asleep, and I saw that the pillows had got somehow over his face, and his head seemed to lie very low; so I moved the pillows, and I saw that his lordship was dead."

"Sir," said the surgeon, turning to Maltravers, "you were a friend of his lordship's, I hear. I have already sent for Mr. Howard and Lord Doltimore. Shall I speak with you a minute?"

Maltravers nodded assent. The surgeon cleared the room of all but himself, De Montaigne, and Maltravers.

"Has that servant lived long with Lord Vargrave?" asked the surgeon.

"I believe so; yes; I recollect his face; why?"

"And you think him safe and honest?"

"I don't know; I know nothing of him."

"Look here, sir," and the surgeon pointed to a slight discolouration on one side the throat of the dead man. "This may be accidental, purely natural; his lordship may have died in a fit; there are no certain marks of outward violence; but suffocation by murder might still—"

"Great Heaven! but who beside the servant could gain admission? Was the outer door closed?"

"The servant can take oath that he shut the door before going to bed, and that no one was with his lordship or in the rooms when Lord Vargrave retired to rest. Entrance from the windows is impossible. Mind, sir, I do not think I have any right to suspect any one. His lordship had been in very ill health a short time before; had had, I hear, a rush of blood to the head. Certainly, if the servant be innocent, we can suspect no one else. You had better send for more experienced practitioners."

De Montaigne, who had hitherto said nothing, now looked with a hurried glance round the room; he perceived the closet door, which was ajar, and rushed to it, as by an involuntary impulse. The closet was large, but a considerable pile of wood, and some lumber of odd chairs and tables, took up a great part of the space. De Montaigne searched behind and amid this litter with trembling hasts; no trace of secreted murder was visible. He returned to the bedroom with a satisfied and relieved expression of countenance. He then compelled himself to approach the body, from which he had hitherto recoiled.

"Sir," said he, almost harshly, as he turned to the surgeon, "what idle doubts are these! Cannot men die in their beds, of sudden death; no blood to stain their pillows, no loophole for crime to pass through, but we must have science itself startling us with silly terrors? As for the servant, I will answer for his innocence; his manner, his voice attest it." The surgeon drew back abashed and humbled, and began to apologize, to qualify, when Lord Doltimore abruptly entered.

"Good heavens!" said he, "what is this? What do I hear? Is it possible! Dead! So suddenly!"

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He cast a hurried glance at the body, shivered, and sickened, and threw himself into a chair, as if to recover the shock. When again he removed his hand from his face, he saw lying before him on the table an open note. The character was familiar; his own name struck his eye; it was the note Caroline had sent the day before. As no one heeded him, Lord Doltimore read on, and possessed himself of the proof of his wife's guilt unseen.

The surgeon, now turning from De Montaigne, who had been rating him soundly for the last few moments, addressed himself to Lord Doltimore. "Your lordship," said he, "was, I hear, Lord Vargrave's most intimate friend at Paris."

"I *his* intimate friend!" said Doltimore, colouring highly, and in a disdainful accent; "sir, you are misinformed."

"Have you no orders to give, then, my lord?"

"None, sir. My presence here is quite useless. Good-day to you, gentlemen."

"With whom, then, do the last duties rest?" said the surgeon, turning to Maltravers and De Montaigne. "With the late lord's secretary. I expect him every moment; and here he is, I suppose," as Mr. Howard, pale, and evidently overcome with his agitation, entered the apartment. Perhaps, of all the human beings whom the ambitious spirit of that senseless clay had drawn around it by the webs of interest, affection, or intrigue, that young man, whom it had never been a temptation to Vargrave to deceive or injure, and who missed only the gracious and familiar patron, mourned most his memory and defended most his character. The grief of the poor secretary was now indeed overmastering. He sobbed and wept like a child.

When Maltravers retired from the chamber of death, De Montaigne accompanied him; but, soon leaving him again, as Ernest bent his way to Evelyn, he quietly rejoined Mr. Howard, who readily grasped at his offers of aid in the last melancholy duties and directions.

CHAPTER VI.

"If we do meet again, why we shall smile."
Julius Cæsar.

The interview with Evelyn was long and painful. It was reserved for Maltravers to break to her the news of the sudden death of Lord Vargrave, which shocked her unspeakably; and this, which made their first topic, removed much constraint and deadened much excitement in those which followed.

Vargrave's death served also to relieve Maltravers from a most anxious embarrassment. He need no longer fear that Alice would be degraded in the eyes of Evelyn. Henceforth the secret that identified the erring Alice Darvil with the spotless Lady Vargrave was safe, known only to Mrs. Leslie and to Aubrey. In the course of nature, all chances of disclosure must soon die with them; and should Alice at last become his wife; and should Cleveland suspect (which was not probable) that Maltravers had returned to his first love, he knew that he might depend on the inviolable secrecy of his earliest friend.

The tale Vargrave had told to Evelyn of his early, but, according to that tale, guiltless passion for Alice, he tacitly confirmed; and he allowed that the recollection of her virtues, and the intelligence of her sorrows and unextinguishable affection, had made him recoil from a marriage with her supposed daughter. He then proceeded to amaze her [illegible] the account of the mode in which he had discovered her real parentage; of which the banker had left to Alice's discretion to inform her after she had attained the age of eighteen. And then simply, [illegible] with manly and ill-controlled emotion, he touched upon the joy of Alice at beholding him again, upon the endurance and fervour of her love, upon her reversion of feeling at learning that, in her unforgotten lover, she beheld the recent suiter of her adopted child.

"And now," said Maltravers, in conclusion, "the path to both of us remains the same. To Alice is our first duty. The discovery I have made of your real parentage does not diminish the claims which Alice has on me, does not lessen the grateful affection that is due from you. Yes, Evelyn, we are not the less separated for ever. But when I heard the wilful falsehood which the unhappy man, now hurried to his last account, to whom your birth was known, had imposed upon me; thinking, in his coarseness of soul, that the simple truth would not have sufficed to ensure the annulment of our engagement; and when I learned, also, that you had been hurried into accepting his hand, I trembled at your union with one so false and base. I came hither resolved to frustrate his schemes and to save you from an alliance, the motives of which I foresaw, and to which my own letter, my own desertion, had perhaps urged you. New villanies on the part of this most perverted man came to my ear; but he is dead; let us spare his memory. For you, oh! still let me deem myself your friend, your more than brother; let me hope now that I have planted no thorn in that breast, and that your affection does not shrink from the cold word of friendship."

"Of all the wonders you have told me," answered Evelyn, as soon as she could recover the power of words, "my most poignant sorrow is that I have no rightful claim to give a daughter's love to her whom I shall ever idolize as my mother. Oh! now I see why I thought her affection measured and lukewarm! And have I, I destroyed her joy at seeing you again? But you, you will hasten to console, to reassure her! She loves you still; she will be happy at last; and that, that thought, oh! that thought compensates for all!"

There was so much warmth and simplicity in Evelyn's artless manner; it was so evident that her love for him had not been of that ardent nature which would at first have superseded every other thought in the anguish of losing him for ever, that the scale fell from the eyes of Maltravers, and he saw at once that his own love had blinded him to the true character of hers. He was human, and a sharp pang shot across his breast. He remained silent for some moments; and then resumed, compelling himself, as he spoke, to fix his eyes steadfastly on hers.

"And now, Evelyn—still may I so call you?—I have a duty to discharge to another. You are loved"—and he smiled, but the smile was sad—"by a younger and more suitable lover than I am. From noble and generous motives he suppressed that love; he left you to a rival; the rival removed, dare he venture to explain to you his own conduct and plead his own motives? George Legard—" Maltravers paused. The cheek on which he gazed was tinged with a soft blush; her eyes

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were downcast; there was a slight heaving beneath robe. Maltravers suppressed a sigh, and concealed. He narrated his interview with Legard at ter; and, passing lightly over what had chanced Venice, dwelt with generous eloquence on the ignanimity with which his gratitude had been played. Evelyn's eyes sparkled, and the smile just visited the rosy lips, and vanished again; the worst, because it was the least selfish, fear of Maltravers was gone; and no vain doubt of Evelyn's too keen regret remained to chill his conscience in obeying its earliest and strongest duties.

"Farewell!" he said, as he rose to depart; "I will at once return to London and assist in the effort to save your fortune from this general wreck; Life calls us back to its cares and business: farewell, Evelyn! Aubrey will, I trust, remain with you still."

"Remain! Can I not return, then, to my—to her—yes, let me call her mother still!"

"Evelyn," said Maltravers, in a very low voice, "spare me, spare her that pain! Are we yet fit to—" He paused; Evelyn comprehended him; and, hiding her face with her hands, burst into tears.

When Maltravers left the room he was met by Aubrey, who, drawing him aside, told him that Lord Doltimore had just informed him that it was not his intention to remain at Paris, and had more than delicately hinted at a wish for the departure of Miss Cameron. In this emergency Maltravers bethought himself of Madame de St. Ventadour.

No house in Paris was a more eligible refuge; no friend more zealous; no protector would be more kind; no adviser more sincere. To her then he hastened. He briefly informed her of Vargrave's sudden death; and suggested, that for Evelyn to return at once to a sequestered village in England might be a severe trial to spirits already broken; and declared truly that, though his marriage with Evelyn was broken off, her welfare was no less dear to him than heretofore. At his first hint, Valerie, who took a cordial interest in Evelyn for her own sake, ordered her carriage, and drove at once to Lady Doltimore's. His lordship was out; her ladyship ill; in her own room; could see no one, not even her guest. Evelyn in vain sent up to request an interview; and at last, contenting herself with an affectionate note of farewell, accompanied Aubrey to the home of her new hostess.

Gratified at least to know her with one who would be sure to win her affection and sooth her spirits, Maltravers set out on his solitary return to England.

Whatever suspicious circumstances might or might not have attended the death of Lord Vargrave, certain it is that no evidence confirmed and no popular rumour circulated them. His late illness, added to the supposed shock of the loss of the fortune he had anticipated with Miss Cameron, aided by the simultaneous intelligence of the defeat of the party with whom it was believed he had indissolubly intwined his ambition, sufficed to account, satisfactorily enough, for the melancholy event. De Montaigne, who had been long, though not intimately acquainted with the deceased, took upon himself all the necessary arrangements, and superintended the funeral; after which ceremony Howard returned to London; and in Paris, as in the grave, all things are forgotten! But still in De Montaigne's breast there dwelt a horrible fear. As soon as he had learned from Maltravers the charge the maniac brought against Vargrave, there came upon him the recollection of that day when Cæsarini had attempted De Montaigne's life, evidently mistaking him in his delirium for another, and the sullen, cunning, and ferocious character which the insanity had ever afterward assumed. He had learned from Howard that the outer door had been left ajar when Lord Vargrave was with Maltravers; the writing on the panel, the name of Vargrave, would have struck Castruccio's eye as he descended the stairs; the servant was from home, the apartments deserted; he might have won his way into the bedchamber, concealed himself in the *armoire*, and in the dead of night, and in the deep and helpless sleep of his victim, have done the deed. What need of weapons? the suffocating pillows, the silent gripe at the throat would stop speech and life. What so easy as escape? to pass into the anteroom; to unbolt the door; to descend into the courtyard; to give the signal to the porter in his lodge, who, without seeing him, would pull the *cordon*, and give him egress unobserved; all this was so possible, so probable.

De Montaigne now withdrew all inquiry for the unfortunate; he trembled at the thought of discovering him, of verifying his awful suspicions, of beholding a murderer in the brother of his wife! But he was not doomed long to entertain fears for Cæsarini; he was not fated ever to change suspicion into certainty. A few days after Lord Vargrave's burial a corpse was drawn from the Seine. Some tablets in the pockets, scrawled over with wild, incoherent verses, gave a clew to the discovery of the dead man's friends; and, exposed at the Morgue, in that bleached and altered clay De Montaigne recognised the remains of Castruccio Cæsarini. "He died and made no sign!"

CHAPTER VII.

"Singula quæque locum teneant sortita."
Hor.—*Art. Poet.*

Maltravers and the lawyers were enabled to save from the insolvent bank but a very scanty portion of that wealth in which Richard Templeton had rested so much of pride! The title extinct, the fortune gone; so does Fate laugh at our posthumous ambition! Meanwhile Mr. Douce, with a considerable plunder, had made his way to America; the bank owed nearly a million; the purchase-money for Lisle Court, which Mr. Douce had been so anxious to get into his clutches, had not sufficed to stave off the ruin; but a great part of it sufficed to procure competence for himself. How inferior in wit, in acuteness, in stratagem, was Douce to Vargrave; and yet Douce had gulled him like a child! well said the shrewd small philosopher of France, "On peut-être plus fin qu'un autre, mais pas plus fin que tous les autres."

To Legard, whom Maltravers had again encountered at Dover, the latter related the downfall of Evelyn's fortunes; and Maltravers loved him when he saw that, far from changing his affection, the loss of wealth seemed rather to raise his hopes. They parted; and Legard set out for Paris.

But was Maltravers all the while forgetful of Alice? He had not been twelve hours in London before he committed to a long and truthful letter all his thoughts, his hopes, his admiring and profound gratitude. Again, and with solemn earnestness, he implored her to accept his hand, and to confirm at

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the altar the tale which had been told to Evelyn. Truly he said that the shock which his first belief in Vargrave's falsehood had occasioned; his passionate determination to subdue all trace of a love then associated with crime and horror; followed so close by his discovery of Alice's enduring faith and affection, had removed the image of Evelyn from the throne it had hitherto held in his desires and thoughts; truly he said that he was now convinced that Evelyn would soon be consoled for his loss by another, with whom she would be happier than with him; truly and solemnly he declared that, if Alice rejected him still, if even Alice were no more, his suit to Evelyn never could be renewed, and Alice's memory would usurp the place of all living love!

Her answer came; it pierced him to the heart. It was so humble, so grateful, so tender still. Unknown to herself, love yet coloured every word; but it was love pained, galled, crushed, and trampled on; it was love proud from its very depth and purity. His offer was refused.

Months passed away; Maltravers yet trusted to time. The curate had returned to Brook Green, and his letters fed Ernest's hopes and assured his doubts. The more leisure there was left him for reflection, the fainter became those dazzling and rainbow hues in which Evelyn had been robed and surrounded, and the brighter the halo that surrounded his earliest love. The more he pondered on Alice's past history and the singular beauty of her faithful attachment, the more he was impressed with wonder and admiration, the more anxious to secure to his side one to whom Nature had been so bountiful in all the gifts that make woman the angel and star of life.

Months passed; from Paris the news that Maltravers received confirmed all his expectations; the suit of Legard had replaced his own. It was then that Maltravers began to consider how far the fortune of Evelyn and her destined husband was such as to preclude all anxiety for their future lot. Fortune is so indeterminate in its gauge and measurement. Money, the most elastic of materials, falls short or exceeds, according to the extent of our wants and desires. With all Legard's good qualities, he was constitutionally careless and extravagant; and Evelyn was too inexperienced and too gentle, perhaps, to correct his tendencies. Maltravers learned that Legard's income was one that required an economy which he feared that, in spite of all his reformation, Legard might not have the self-denial to enforce. After some consideration, he resolved to add secretly to the remains of Evelyn's fortune such a sum as might—being properly secured to herself and children—lessen whatever danger could arise from the possible improvidence of her husband, and guard against the chance of those embarrassments which are among the worst disturbers of domestic peace. He was enabled to effect this generosity unknown to both of them, as if belonging to the wrecks of Evelyn's own wealth, and the profits of the sale of the houses in C*****, which, of course, had not been involved in Douce's bankruptcy. And then, if Alice were ever his, her jointure, which had been secured on the property appertaining to the villa at Fulham, would devolve to Evelyn. Maltravers could never accept what Alice owed to another. Poor Alice! No! not that modest wealth which you had looked upon complacently as one day or other to be his!

Lord Doltimore is travelling in the East; Lady Doltimore, less adventurous, has fixed her residence in Rome. She has grown thin, and taken to antiquities and rouge. Her spirits are remarkably high: not an uncommon effect of laudanum

CHAPTER THE LAST.

"Arrived at last
Unto the wished haven."

SHAKSPEARE.

In the August of that eventful year a bridal party were assembled at the cottage of Lady Vargrave. The ceremony had just been performed, and Ernest Maltravers had bestowed upon George Legard the hand of Evelyn Templeton.

If upon the countenance of him who thus officiated as a father to her he had once wooed as a bride an observant eye might have noted the trace of mental struggles, it was the trace of struggles past; and the calm had once more settled over the silent deeps. As Evelyn, ere she departed, hid her tears and blushes on the bosom of Lady Vargrave; as Legard stood by, with all the rapture of hope and love animating his features, Maltravers turned, for a moment, to the window, and you might have heard him sigh; the last sigh he ever gave to the deepest and maturest passion of his life; a sigh, not for *his* past illusions, but for *her* future lot. He saw, from the casement, the carriage that was to bear away the bride to the home of another; the gay faces of the village group, whose intrusion was not forbidden, and to whom that solemn ceremonial was but a joyous pageant; and, when he turned once more to those within the chamber, he felt his hand clasped in Legard's.

"You have been the preserver of my life, you have been the dispenser of my earthly happiness; all now left to me to wish for is that you may receive from Heaven the blessings you have given to others!"

"Legard, never let her know a sorrow that you can guard her from; and believe that the husband of Evelyn will be as dear to me as a brother!"

And *as* a brother blesses some younger and orphan sister, bequeathed and intrusted to a care that should replace a father's, so Maltravers laid his hand lightly on Evelyn's golden tresses, and his lips moved in prayer. He ceased; he pressed his last kiss upon her forehead and placed her hand in that of her young husband. There was silence; and when to the ear of Maltravers it was broken, it was by the wheels of the carriage that bore away the wife of George Legard!

The spell was dissolved for ever. And there stood before the lonely man the idol of his early youth, the Alice, still, perhaps, as fair, and once young and passionate, as Evelyn; pale, changed, but lovelier than of old, if heavenly patience and holy thought, the trials that purify and exalt, can shed over human features something more beautiful than bloom.

The good curate alone was present besides these two survivers of the error and the love that make the rapture and the misery of so many of our kind. And the old man, after contemplating them a moment, stole unperceived away.

"Alice," said Maltravers, and his voice trembled, "hitherto, from motives too pure and too noble for the practical affections and ties of life, you have rejected the hand of the lover of your youth. Here

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again I implore you to be mine! Give to my conscience the balm of believing that I can repair to you the evils and the sorrows I have brought upon you. Nay, weep not; turn not away. Each of us stands alone; each of us needs the other. In your heart is locked up all my fondest associations, my brightest memories. In you I see the mirror of what I was when the world was new, ere I had found how pleasure palls upon us and ambition deceives! And me, Alice—ah, you love me still! Time and absence have but strengthened the chain that binds us. By the memory of our early love, by the grave of our lost child, that, had it lived, would have united its parents, I implore you to be mine!"

"Too generous!" said Alice, almost sinking beneath the emotions that shook that gentle spirit and fragile form. "How can I suffer your *compassion*—for it is but compassion—to deceive yourself. You are of another station than I believed you. How can you raise the child of destitution and guilt to your own rank? And shall I, I—who, God knows! would save you from all regret—bring to you now, when years have so changed and broken the little charm I could ever have possessed, this blighted heart and weary spirit? oh! no, no!" and Alice paused abruptly, and the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Be it as you will," said Maltravers, mournfully; "but, at least, ground your refusal upon better motives. Say that, now, independent in fortune, and attached to the habits you have formed, you will not hazard your happiness in my keeping; perhaps you are right. To *my* happiness you would indeed contribute; your sweet voice might charm away many a memory and many a thought of the baffled years that have intervened since we parted; your image might dissipate the solitude which is closing round the future of a disappointed and anxious life. With you, and with you alone, I might yet find a home, a comforter, a charitable and soothing friend. This you could give to me, and with a heart and a form alike faithful to a love that deserved not so enduring a devotion. But I, what can I bestow on you? Your station is equal to my own, your fortune satisfies your simple wants. 'Tis true, the exchange is not equal, Alice. Adieu!"

"Cruel," said Alice, approaching him with timid steps: "if I could—I, so untutored, so unworthy—if I could comfort you in a single care—"

She said no more, but she had said enough; and Maltravers, clasping her to his bosom, felt once more that heart, which never, even in thought, had swerved from its early worship, beating against his own!

He drew her gently into the open air. The ripe and mellow noonday of the last month of summer glowed upon the odorous flowers; and the broad sea, that stretched beyond and afar, wore upon its solemn waves a golden and happy smile.

"And ah," murmured Alice, softly, as she looked up from his breast, "I ask not if you have loved others since we parted—man's faith is so different from ours—I ask only if you love me now?"

"More! oh! immeasurably more than in our youngest days," cried Maltravers, with fervent passion. "More fondly, more reverently, more trustfully than I ever loved living being! even her, in whose youth and innocence I adored the memory of thee! Here have I found that which shames and bankrupts the ideal! Here have I found a virtue that, coming at once from God and Nature, has been wiser than all my false philosophy and firmer than all my pride! You, cradled by misfortune; your childhood reared amid scenes of fear and vice, which, while they scared back the intellect, had no pollution for the soul; your very parent your tempter and your foe; you, only not a miracle and an angel by the stain of one soft and unconscious error; you, alike through the equal trials of poverty and wealth, have been destined to rise above all triumphant, the example of the sublime moral that teaches us with what mysterious beauty and immortal holiness the Creator has endowed our human nature when hallowed by our human affections! You alone suffice to shatter into dust the haughty creeds of the Misanthrope and Pharisee! And your fidelity to my erring self has taught me ever to love, to serve, to compassionate, to respect the community of God's creatures to which—noble and elevated though you are—you yet belong!"

He ceased, overpowered with the rush of his own thoughts. And Alice was too blessed for words But in the murmur of the sunlighted leaves; in the breath of the summer air; in the song of the exulting birds, and the deep and distant music of the heaven-surrounded seas, there went a melodious voice that seemed as if Nature echoed to his words and blessed the reunion of her children.

Maltravers once more entered upon the career so long suspended. He entered with an energy more practical and steadfast than the fitful enthusiasm of former years. And it was noticeable among those who knew him well, that while the firmness of his mind was not impaired, the haughtiness of his temper was subdued. No longer despising man as he is, and no longer exacting from all things the ideal of a visionary standard, he was more fitted to mix in the living world, and to minister usefully to the great objects that refine and elevate our race. His sentiments were perhaps less lofty, but his actions were infinitely more excellent and his theories infinitely more wise.

Stage after stage we have proceeded with him through the MYSTERIES OF LIFE. The Eleusinia are closed and the crowning libation poured.

And Alice! Will the world blame us if you are left happy at the last? We are daily banishing from our law-books the statutes that disproportion punishment to crime. Daily we preach the doctrine that we demoralize wherever we strain justice into cruelty. It is time that we should apply to the social code the wisdom we recognise in legislation; it is time that we should do away with the punishment of death for inadequate offences, even in books; it is time that we should allow the morality of atonement, and permit to error the right to hope, as the reward of submission to its sufferings. Nor let it be thought that the close to Alice's career can offer temptation to the offence of its commencement. Eighteen years of sadness—a youth consumed in silent sorrow over the grave of joy—are images that throw over these pages a dark and warning shadow that will haunt the young long after they turn from the tale that is about to close! If Alice had died of a broken heart; if her punishment had been more than she could bear, then, as in real life, you would have justly condemned my moral; and the human heart, in its pity for the victim, would have lost all recollection of the error. My tale is done.

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The

Rebellion Record.

Address

By

Edward Everett

embracing an Historical Sketch, etc.,

vised, with additions by the Author, prepared for this work: including a Letter b

George Ticknor Curtis,

Author of History of the Constitution of the United States,

WITH OTHER DOCUMENTS IN CONTINUATION OF THE "RECORD."

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INTRODUCTION.

ADDRESS BY EDWARD EVERETT.

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ADDRESS.*

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

When the Congress of the United States, on the 4th of July, 1776, issued the ever memorable Declaration which we commemorate to-day, they deemed that a decent respect for the opinions of mankind required a formal statement of the causes which impelled them to the all-important measure. The eighty-fifth anniversary of the great Declaration finds the loyal people of the Union engaged in a tremendous conflict, to maintain and defend the grand nationality, which was asserted by our Fathers, and to prevent their fair Creation from crumbling into dishonorable Chaos. A great People, gallantly struggling to keep a noble framework of government from falling into wretched fragments, needs no justification at the tribunal of the public opinion of mankind. But while our patriotic fellow-citizens, who have rallied to the defence of the Union, marshalled by the ablest of living chieftains, are risking their lives in the field; while the blood of your youthful heroes and ours is poured out together in defence of this precious legacy of constitutional freedom, you will not think it a misappropriation of the hour, if I employ it in showing the justice of the cause in which we are engaged, and the fallacy of the arguments employed by the South, in vindication of the war, alike murderous and suicidal, which she is waging against the Constitution and the Union.

PROSPEROUS STATE OF THE COUNTRY LAST YEAR.

A twelvemonth ago, nay, six or seven months ago, our country was regarded and spoken of by the rest of the civilized world, as among the most prosperous in the family of nations. It was classed with England, France, and Russia, as one of the four leading powers of the age.† Remote as we were from the complications of foreign politics, the extent of our commerce and the efficiency of our navy won for us the respectful consideration of Europe. The United States were particularly referred to, on all occasions and in all countries, as an illustration of the mighty influence of free governments in promoting the prosperity of States. In England, notwithstanding some diplomatic collisions on boundary questions and occasional hostile reminiscences of the past, there has hardly been a debate for thirty years in parliament on any topic, in reference to which this country in the

* Delivered, by request, at the Academy of Music, New York, July 4, 1861. Large portions of this address were, on account of its length, necessarily omitted in the delivery.

† The Edinburgh Review for April, 1861, p. 555.

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nature of things afforded matter of comparison, in which it was not referred to as furnishing instructive examples of prosperous enterprise and hopeful progress. At home, the country grew as by enchantment. Its vast geographical extent, augmented by magnificent accessions of conterminous territory peacefully made; its population far more rapidly increasing than that of any other country, and swelled by an emigration from Europe such as the world has never before seen; the mutually beneficial intercourse between its different sections and climates, each supplying what the other wants; the rapidity with which the arts of civilization have been extended over a before unsettled wilderness, and, together with this material prosperity, the advance of the country in education, literature, science, and refinement, formed a spectacle, of which the history of mankind furnished no other example. That such was the state of the country six months ago was matter of general recognition and acknowledgment at home and abroad.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION AND ITS RESULTS

There was, however, one sad deduction to be made, not from the truth of this description, not from the fidelity of this picture for that is incontestable, but from the content, happiness, and mutual good will which ought to have existed on the part of a People, favored by such an accumulation of Providential blessings. I allude, of course, to the great sectional controversies which have so long agitated the country, and arrayed the people in bitter geographical antagonism of political organization and action. Fierce party contentions had always existed in the United States, as they ever have and unquestionably ever will exist under all free elective governments; and these contentions had, from the first, tended somewhat to a sectional character. They had not, however, till quite lately, assumed that character so exclusively, that the minority in any one part of the country had not had a respectable electoral representation in every other. Till last November, there has never been a Southern Presidential Candidate, who did not receive electoral votes at the North, nor a Northern Candidate who did not receive electoral votes at the South.

At the late election and for the first time, this was not the case; and consequences the most extraordinary and deplorable have resulted. The country, as we have seen, being in profound peace at home and abroad, and in a state of unexampled prosperity—Agriculture, Commerce, Navigation, Manufactures, East, West, North, and South recovered or rapidly recovering from the crisis of 1857—powerful and respected abroad, and thriving beyond example at home, entered in the usual manner upon the electioneering campaign, for the choice of the nineteenth President of the United States. I say in the usual manner, though it is true that parties were more than usually broken up and subdivided. The normal division was into two great parties, but there had on several former occasions been three; in 1824 there were four, and there were four last November. The South equally with the West and the North entered into the canvass; conventions were held, nominations made, mass meetings assembled; the platform, the press enlisted with unwonted vigor; the election in all its stages, conducted in legal and constitutional form, without violence and without surprise, and the result obtained by a decided majority.

No sooner, however, was this result ascertained, than it appeared on the part

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of one of the Southern States, and her example was rapidly followed by others, that it had by no means been the intention of those States to abide by the result of the election, except on the one condition, of the choice of their candidate. The reference of the great sectional controversy to the peaceful arbitrament of the ballot box, the great safety valve of republican institutions, though made with every appearance of good faith, on the part of our brethren at the South, meant but this: if we succeed in this election, as we have in fifteen that have preceded it, well and good; we will consent to govern the country for four years more, as we have already governed it for sixty years; but we have no intention of acquiescing in any other result. We do not mean to abide by the election, although we participate in it, unless our candidate is chosen. If he fails we intend to prostrate the Government and break up the Union; peaceably, if the States composing the majority are willing that it should be broken up peaceably; otherwise, at the point of the sword.

SOUTH CAROLINA SECEDES FROM THE UNION.

The election took place on the 6th of November, and in pursuance of the extraordinary programme just described, the State of South Carolina, acting by a Convention chosen for the purpose, assembled on the 17th of December, and on the 20th, passed unanimously what was styled "an ordinance to dissolve the Union between the State of South Carolina and other States united with her, under the compact entitled the Constitution, of the United States of America." It is not my purpose on this occasion to make a documentary speech, but as this so-called "Ordinance" is very short, and affords matter for deep reflection, I beg leave to recite it in full:—

"We, the People of the State of South Carolina, in Convention assembled, do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained, that the ordinance adopted by us in Convention on the 23d day of May, in the year of our Lord 1788, whereby the Constitution of the United States was ratified, and also all acts and parts of acts of the general assembly of this State, ratifying the amendments of the said Constitution, are hereby repealed, and that the Union now subsisting between South Carolina and other States, under the name of the United States of America, is dissolved."

This remarkable document is called an "Ordinance," and no doubt some special virtue is supposed to reside in the name. But names are nothing except as they truly represent things. An ordinance, if it is any thing clothed with binding force, is a Law, and nothing but a Law, and as such this ordinance, being in direct violation of the Constitution of the United States, is a mere nullity. The Constitution contains the following express provision: "This Constitution and the Laws of the United States made in pursuance thereof, and the treaties made or which shall be made under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land, and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, any thing in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding." Such being the express provision of the Constitution of the United States, which the people of South Carolina adopted in 1788, just as much as they ever adopted either of their State Constitutions, is it not trifling with serious things to claim that, by the simple expedient of passing a law under the name of an ordinance, this provision and

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every other provision of it may be nullified, and every magistrate and officer in Carolina, whether of the State or Union, absolved from the oath which they have taken to support it?

But this is not all. This secession ordinance purports to "repeal" the ordinance of 23d May, 1788, by which the Constitution of the United States was ratified by the people of South Carolina. It was intended, of course, by calling the act of ratification an ordinance to infer a right of repealing it by another ordinance. It is important, therefore, to observe that the act of ratification is not, and was not at the time called, an ordinance, and contains nothing which by possibility can be repealed. It is in the following terms:—

"The Convention [of the people of South Carolina], having maturely considered the Constitution, or form of government, reported to Congress by the convention of delegates from the United States of America, and submitted to them, by a resolution of the Legislature of this State passed the 17th and 18th days of February last, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to the people of the said United States and their posterity, do, in the name and in behalf of the people of this State, hereby assent to and ratify the same."

Here it is evident that there is nothing in the instrument which, in the nature of things, can be repealed; it is an authorized solemn assertion of the People of South Carolina, that they assent to, and ratify a form of government, which is declared in terms to be paramount to all State laws and constitutions. This is a great historical fact, the most important that can ever occur in the history of a people. The fact that the People of South Carolina, on the 23d of May, 1788, assented to and ratified the Constitution of the United States, in order, among other objects, to secure the blessings of liberty for themselves and "their posterity," can no more be repealed in 1861, than any other historical fact that occurred in Charleston in that year and on that day. It would be just as rational, at the present day, to attempt by ordinance to repeal any other event, as that the sun rose or that the tide ebbed and flowed on that day, as to repeal by ordinance the assent of Carolina to the Constitution.

Again: it is well known that various amendments to the Constitution were desired and proposed in different States. The first of the amendments proposed by South Carolina was as follows:—

"Whereas it is essential to the preservation of the rights reserved to the several States and the freedom of the People under the operation of the General Government, that the right of prescribing the manner, times, and places of holding the elections of the Federal Legislature should be *forever inseparably* annexed to the sovereignty of the States; this Convention doth declare that the same ought to remain to *all posterity*, a perpetual and fundamental right in the *local*, exclusive of the interference of the *general* Government, except in cases where the Legislature of the States shall refuse or neglect to perform or fulfil the same, according to the tenor of the said Constitution."

Here you perceive that South Carolina herself in 1788 desired a provision to be made and annexed inseparably to her sovereignty, that she should forever have the power of prescribing the time, place, and manner of holding the elections of

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members of Congress;—but even in making this express reservation, to operate for all posterity, she was willing to provide that, if the State Legislatures refuse or neglect to perform the duty, (which is precisely the case of the Seceding States at the present day,) then the General Government was, by this South Carolina amendment, expressly authorized to do it. South Carolina in 1788, by a sort of prophetic foresight, looked forward to the possibility that the States might "refuse or neglect" to coöperate in carrying on the Government, and admitted, in that case, that the General Government must go on, in spite of their delinquency.

I have dwelt on these points at some length, to show how futile is the attempt, by giving the name of "ordinance" to the act, by which South Carolina adopted the Constitution, and entered the Union, to gain a power to leave it by a subsequent ordinance of repeal.*

IS SECESSION A CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT, OR IS IT REVOLUTION?

Whether the present unnatural civil war is waged by the South, in virtue of a supposed constitutional right to leave the Union at pleasure; or whether it is an exercise of the great and ultimate right of revolution, the existence of which no one denies, seems to be left in uncertainty by the leaders of the movement. Mr. Jefferson Davis, the President of the new confederacy, in his inaugural speech delivered on the 18th of February, declares that it is "an abuse of language" to call it "a revolution." Mr. Vice-President Stephens, on the contrary, in a speech at Savannah, on the 21st of March, pronounces it "one of the greatest revolutions in the annals of the world." The question is of great magnitude as one of constitutional and public law; as one of morality it is of very little consequence whether the country is drenched in blood, in the exercise of a right claimed under the Constitution, or the right inherent in every community to revolt against an oppressive government. Unless the oppression is so extreme as to justify revolution, it would not justify the evil of breaking up a government, under an abstract constitutional right to do so.

NEITHER A GRANTED NOR A RESERVED RIGHT.

This assumed right of Secession rests upon the doctrine that the Union is a compact between Independent States, from which any one of them may withdraw at pleasure in virtue of its sovereignty. This imaginary right has been the subject of discussion for more than thirty years, having been originally suggested, though not at first much dwelt upon, in connection with the kindred claim of a right, on the part of an individual State, to "nullify" an Act of Congress. It would, of course, be impossible within the limits of the hour to review these elaborate discussions. I will only remark, on this occasion, that none of the premises from which this remarkable conclusion is drawn, are recognized in the Constitution, and that the right of Secession, though claimed to be a "reserved" right, is not *expressly* reserved in it. That instrument does not purport to be a "compact," but a Constitution of Government. It appears, in its first sentence, not to have been entered into by the States, but to have been ordained and established by the People of the United States, for "themselves and their posterity." The States are not named in it; nearly all the characteristic powers of sovereignty are expressly granted to the

* See Appendix A.

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General Government and expressly prohibited to the States, and so far from reserving a right of secession to the latter, on any ground or under any pretence, it ordains and establishes in terms the Constitution of the United States as the Supreme Law of the land, any thing in the Constitution or Laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.

It would seem that this is as clear and positive as language can make it. But it is argued, that, though the right of secession is not reserved in terms, it must be considered as implied in the general reservation to the States and to the People of all the powers not granted to Congress nor prohibited to the States. This extraordinary assumption, more distinctly stated, is that, in direct defiance of the express grant to Congress and the express prohibition to the States of nearly all the powers of an independent government, there is, *by implication*, a right reserved to the States to assume and exercise all these powers thus vested in the Union and prohibited to themselves, simply in virtue of going through the ceremony of passing a law called an Ordinance of Secession. A general reservation to the States of powers not prohibited to them, nor granted to Congress is an implied reservation to the States of a right to exercise these very powers thus expressly delegated to Congress and thus expressly prohibited to the States!

The Constitution directs that the Congress of the United States shall have power to declare war, grant letters of marque and reprisal, to raise and support armies, to provide and maintain a navy, and that the President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall make treaties with foreign powers.

These express grants of power to the Government of the United States are followed by prohibitions as express to the several States:—

"No State shall enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation, grant letters of marque or reprisal: no State shall, without the consent of Congress, lay any duty of tonnage, keep troops or ships of war in time of peace, enter into any agreement or compact with another State, or with a foreign power, or engage in war, unless actually invaded, or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay."

These and numerous other express grants of power to the General Government, and express prohibitions to the States, are further enforced by the comprehensive provision, already recited, that the Constitution and Laws of the United States are paramount to the laws and Constitution of the separate States.

And this Constitution, with these express grants and express prohibitions, and with this express subordination of the States to the General Government, has been adopted by the People of all the States; and all their judges and other officers, and all their citizens holding office under the government of the United States or the individual States, are solemnly sworn to support it.

In the face of all this, in defiance of all this, in violation of all this, in contempt of all this, the seceding States claim the right to exercise every power expressly delegated to Congress and expressly prohibited to the States by that Constitution, which every one of their prominent men, civil and military, is under oath to support. They have entered into a confederation, raised an army, attempted to provide a navy, issued letters of marque and reprisal, waged war, and that war,—Merciful Heaven forgive them,—not with a foreign enemy, not with the wild tribes which still desolate the unprotected frontier; (they, it is said, are swelling, armed with tomahawk and scalping-knife, the Confederate forces;) but with their own

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countrymen, and the mildest and most beneficent government on the face of the earth!

BEFORE THE REVOLUTION THE COLONIES WERE A PEOPLE.

But we are told all this is done in virtue of the Sovereignty of the States; as if, because a State is Sovereign, its people were incompetent to establish a government for themselves and their posterity. Certainly the States are clothed with Sovereignty for local purposes; but it is doubtful whether they ever possessed it in any other sense; and if they had, it is certain that they ceded it to the General Government, in adopting the Constitution. Before their independence of England was asserted, they constituted a provincial people, (Burke calls it "a glorious Empire,") subject to the British crown, organized for certain purposes under separate colonial charters, but, on some great occasions of political interest and public safety, acting as one. Thus they acted when, on the approach of the great Seven Years' War, which exerted such an important influence on the fate of British America, they sent their delegates to Albany to concert a plan of union. In the discussions of that plan which was reported by Franklin, the citizens of the colonies were evidently considered as a People. When the passage of the Stamp Act in 1765 roused the spirit of resistance throughout America, the Unity of her People assumed a still more practical form. "Union," says one of our great American historians,* "was the hope of Otis. Union that 'should knit and work into the very blood and bones of the original system every region as fast as settled.'" In this hope he argued against writs of assistance, and in this hope he brought about the call of the Convention at New York in 1765. At that Convention, the noble South Carolinian Christopher Gadsden, with prophetic foreboding of the disintegrating heresies of the present day, cautioned his associates against too great dependence on their colonial charters. "I wish," said he, "that the charters may not ensnare us at last, by drawing different Colonies to act differently in this great cause. Whenever that is the case all is over with the whole. *There ought to be no New Englandman, no New Yorker, known on the Continent, but all of us Americans.*"†

While the patriots in America counselled, and wrote, and spoke as a people, they were recognized as such in England. "Believe me," cried Colonel Barré in the House of Commons, "I this day told you so, the same spirit of Freedom which actuated *that People* at first will accompany them still. The people, I believe, are as truly loyal as any subjects the king has, but a People jealous of their liberties, and who will vindicate them, should they be violated."

When ten years later the great struggle long foreboded came on, it was felt, on both sides of the Atlantic, to be an attempt to reduce a free People beyond the sea to unconditional dependence on a parliament in which they were not represented. "What foundation have we," was the language of Chatham on the 27th Jan. 1775, "for our claims over America? What is our right to persist in such cruel and vindictive measures against *that loyal, respectable People?* How have this respectable people behaved under all their grievances? Repeal, therefore, I say. But bare repeal will not satisfy *this enlightened and spirited People.*" Lord Camden, in the same debate, exclaimed, "You have no right to tax America; the natural rights of man, and the immutable laws of Nature, are with *that People.*" Burke,

* Bancroft's History of the United States, vol. v., p. 292. † Ibid., p. 335.

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two months later, made his great speech for conciliation with America. "I do not know," he exclaimed, "the method of drawing up an indictment against a WHOLE PEOPLE." In a letter written two years after the commencement of the war, he traces the growth of the colonies from their feeble beginnings to the magnitude which they had attained when the revolution broke out, and in which his glowing imagination saw future grandeur and power beyond the reality. "At the first designation of these colonial assemblies," says he, "they were probably not intended for any thing more (nor perhaps did they think themselves much higher) than the municipal corporations within this island, to which some at present love to compare them. But nothing in progression can rest on its original plan; we may as well think of rocking a grown man in the cradle of an infant. Therefore, as the Colonies prospered and increased to A NUMEROUS AND MIGHTY PEOPLE, spreading over a very great tract of the globe, it was natural that they should attribute to assemblies so respectable in the formed Constitution, some part of the dignity of the great nations which they represented."

The meeting of the first Continental Congress of 1774 was the spontaneous impulse of the People. All their resolves and addresses proceed on the assumption that they represented a People. Their first appeal to the Royal authority was their letter to General Gage, remonstrating against the fortifications of Boston. "We entreat your Excellency to consider," they say, "what a tendency this conduct must have to irritate and force a *free People*, hitherto well disposed to peaceable measures, into hostilities." Their final act, at the close of the Session, their address to the King, one of the most eloquent and pathetic of State papers, appeals to him "in the name of all your Majesty's faithful People in America."

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE RECOGNIZES A PEOPLE.

But this all-important principle in our political system is placed beyond doubt, by an authority which makes all further argument or illustration superfluous. That the citizens of the British Colonies, however divided for local purposes into different governments, when they ceased to be subject to the English crown, became *ipso facto* one People for all the high concerns of national existence, is a fact embodied in the Declaration of Independence itself. That august Manifesto, the *Magna Charta*, which introduced us into the family of nations, was issued to the world, so its first sentence sets forth—because "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires" such solemn announcement of motives and causes to be made, "when in the course of human events it becomes necessary for *one People* to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another." Mr. Jefferson Davis, in his message of the 29th of April, deems it important to remark, that, by the treaty of peace with Great Britain, "the several States were each by name recognized to be independent." It would be more accurate to say that the United States each by name were so recognized. Such enumeration was necessary, in order to fix beyond doubt, which of the Anglo-American colonies, twenty-five or six in number, were included in the recognition.* But it is surely a far more significant circumstance, that the separate States are not named in the Declaration

* Burke's account of "the English settlements in America," begins with Jamaica, and proceeds through the West India Islands. There were also English settlements on the Continent, Canada—and Nova Scotia,—which it was necessary to *exclude* from the Treaty, by an enumeration of the *included* Colonies.

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of Independence, that they are called only by the collective designation of the United States of America; that the manifesto is issued "in the name and by the authority of the good people" of the Colonies, and that they are characterized in the first sentence as "One People."

Let it not be thought that these are the latitudinarian doctrines of modern times, or of a section of the country predisposed to a loose construction of laws and Constitutions. Listen, I pray you, to the noble words of a Southern revolutionary patriot and statesman:—

"The separate independence and individual sovereignty of the several States were never thought of by the enlightened band of patriots who framed the Declaration of Independence. The several States are not even mentioned by name in any part of it, as if it was intended to impress this maxim on America, that our Freedom and Independence arose from our Union, and that without it we could neither be free nor independent. Let us then consider all attempts to weaken this Union, by maintaining that each State is separately and individually independent, as a species of political heresy, which can never benefit us, and may bring on us the most serious distresses."* These are the solemn and prophetic words of Charles Cotesworth Pinckney; the patriot, the soldier, the statesman; the trusted friend of Washington, repeatedly called by him to the highest offices of the Government; the one name that stands highest and brightest, on the list of the great men of South Carolina.†

THE ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION.

Not only was the Declaration of Independence made in the name of the one People of the United States, but the war by which it was sustained was carried on by their authority. A very grave historical error, in this respect, is often committed by the politicians of the Secession School. Mr. Davis, in his message of the 29th of April, having called the old Confederation "a close alliance," says: "under this contract of alliance the war of the revolution was successfully waged, and resulted in the treaty of peace with Great Britain of 1783, by the terms of which the several States were each by name recognized to be independent." I have already given the reason for this enumeration, but the main fact alleged in the passage is entirely without foundation. The Articles of Confederation were first signed by the delegates from eight of the States, on the 9th of July, 1778, more than three years after the commencement of the war, long after the capitulation of Burgoyne, the alliance with France, and the reception of a French Minister. The ratification of the other States was given at intervals the following years, the last not till 1781, seven months only before the virtual close of the war, by the surrender of Cornwallis. Then, and not till then, was "the Contract of Alliance" consummated. Most true it is, as Mr. Davis bids us remark, that, by these Articles of Confederation the States retained "each its sovereignty, freedom, and independence." It is not less true, that their selfish struggle to exercise and enforce their assumed rights as separate sovereignties was the source of the greatest difficulties and dangers of the Revolution, and risked its success; not less true, that most of the great powers of a sovereign State were nominally conferred even by these

* Elliott's Debates, vol. iv., p. 301.

† See an admirable sketch of his character in Trescot's Diplomatic History of the Administrations of Washington and Adams, pp. 169—171.

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articles on the Congress, and that that body was regarded and spoken of by Washington himself as THE "SOVEREIGN OF THE UNION." *

But feeble as the old Confederation was, and distinctly as it recognized the sovereignty of the States, it recognized in them no right to withdraw at their pleasure from the Union. On the contrary, it was specially provided that "the Articles of Confederation should be inviolably preserved by every State," and that "the Union should be perpetual." It is true that in a few years, from the inherent weakness of the central power, and from the want of means to enforce its authority on the individual citizen, it fell to pieces. It sickened and died from the poison of what General Pinckney aptly called "the heresy of State Sovereignty," and in its place a Constitution was ordained and established "in order to form a more perfect Union;" a Union more binding on its members than this "contract of alliance," which yet was to be "inviolably observed by every State;" more durable than the old Union, which yet was declared to be "perpetual." This great and beneficent change was a Revolution—happily a peaceful revolution, the most important change probably ever brought about in a government, without bloodshed. The new government was unanimously adopted by all the members of the old Confederation, by some more promptly than by others, but by all within the space of four years.

THE STATES MIGHT BE COERCED UNDER THE CONFEDERATION.

Much has been said against *coercion*, that is, the employment of force to compel obedience to the laws of the United States, when they are resisted under the assumed authority of a State; but even the old Confederation, with all its weakness, in the opinion of the most eminent contemporary statesmen possessed this power. Great stress is laid by politicians of the Secession School on the fact, that in a project for amending the articles of Confederation brought forward by Judge Paterson in the Federal Convention, it was proposed to clothe the Government with this power and the proposal was not adopted. This is a very inaccurate statement of the facts of the case. The proposal formed part of a project which was rejected *in toto*. The reason why this power of State coercion was not granted *eo nomine*, in the new Constitution, is that it was wholly superfluous and inconsistent with the fundamental principle of the Government. Within the sphere of its delegated powers, the General Government deals with the individual citizen. If its power is resisted, the person or persons resisting it do so at their peril and are amenable to the law. They can derive no immunity from State Legislatures or State Conventions, because the Constitution and laws of the United States are the Supreme Law of the Land. If the resistance assumes an organized form, on the part of numbers too great to be restrained by the ordinary powers of the law, it is then an insurrection, which the General Government is expressly authorized to suppress. Did any one imagine in 1793, when General Washington called out 15,000 men to suppress the insurrection in the Western counties of Pennsylvania, that if the insurgents had happened to have the control of a majority of the Legislature, and had thus been able to clothe their rebellion with a pretended form of law, that he would have been obliged to disband his troops, and return himself baffled and discomfited to Mount Vernon? If John Brown's raid at Harper's Ferry, instead of being the

* Sparks' Washington, vol. ix., pp. 12, 28, 29.

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project of one misguided individual and a dozen and a half deluded followers, had been the organized movement of the States of Ohio and Pennsylvania, do the Seceders hold that the United States would have had no right to protect Virginia, or punish the individuals concerned in her invasion? Do the seceding States really mean, after all, to deny, that if a State law is passed to prevent the rendition of a fugitive slave, the General Government has any right to employ force to effect his surrender?

But, as I have said, even the old Confederation, with all its weakness, was held by the ablest contemporary statesmen, and that of the State rights school, to possess the power of enforcing its requisitions against a delinquent State. Mr. Jefferson, in a letter to Mr. Adams of the 11th of July, 1786, on the subject of providing a naval force of 150 guns to chastise the Barbary Powers, urges, as an additional reason for such a step, that it would arm "the Federal head with the safest of all the instruments of coercion, over its delinquent members, and prevent it from using what would be less safe," viz.: a land force. Writing on the same subject to Mr. Monroe a month later, (11 Aug. 1786,) he answers the objection of expense thus: "It will be said, 'There is no money in the Treasury.' There never will be money in the Treasury till the Confederacy shows its teeth. *The States must see the rod, perhaps it must be felt by some of them.* Every rational citizen must wish to see an effective instrument of coercion, and should fear to see it on any other element than the water. A naval force can never endanger our liberties nor occasion bloodshed; a land force would do both." In the following year, and when the Confederation was at its last gasp, Mr. Jefferson was still of the opinion that it possessed the power of coercing the States, and that it was expedient to exercise it. In a letter to Col. Carrington of the 4th of April, 1787, he says: "It has been so often said as to be generally believed, that Congress have no power by the Confederation to enforce any thing, for instance, contributions of money. It was not necessary to give them that power expressly, they have it by the law of nature. *When two parties make a compact, there results to each the power of compelling the other to execute it.* Compulsion was never so easy as in our case, when a single frigate would soon levy on the commerce of a single State the deficiency of its contributions."

Such was Mr. Jefferson's opinion of the powers of Congress, under the "old contract of alliance." Will any reasonable man maintain that under a constitution of government there can be less power to enforce the laws?

STATE SOVEREIGNTY DOES NOT AUTHORIZE SECESSION.

But the cause of secession gains nothing by magnifying the doctrine of the Sovereignty of the States or calling the Constitution a compact between them. Calling it a compact does not change a word of its text, and no theory of what is implied in the word "Sovereignty" is of any weight, in opposition to the actual provisions of the instrument itself. *Sovereignty* is a word of very various signification. It is one thing in China, another in Turkey, another in Russia, another in France, another in England, another in Switzerland, another in San Marino, another in the individual American States, and it is something different from all in the United States. To maintain that, because the State of Virginia, for instance, was in some sense or other a sovereign State, when her people adopted the Federal Constitution, (which in terms was ordained and established not only for the people of that

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day, but for their posterity,) she may therefore at pleasure secede from the Union existing under that Constitution, is simply to beg the question. That question is not what was the theory or form of government existing in Virginia, before the Constitution, but what are the provisions of the Constitution which her people adopted and made their own? Does the Constitution of the United States permit or forbid the States to enter into a confederation? Is it a mere loose partnership, which any of the parties can break up at pleasure, or is it a Constitution of government, delegating to Congress and prohibiting to the States most of the primal functions of a sovereign power;—Peace, War, Commerce, Finance, Navy, Army, Mail, Mint; Executive, Legislative, and Judicial functions? The States are not named in it; the word Sovereignty does not occur in it; the right of secession is as much ignored in it as the precession of the Equinoxes, and all the great prerogatives which characterize an independent member of the family of nations are by distinct grant conferred on Congress by the People of the United States and prohibited to the individual States of the Union. Is it not the height of absurdity to maintain that all these express grants and distinct prohibitions, and constitutional arrangements, may be set at nought by an individual State under the pretence that she was a sovereign State before she assented to or ratified them; in other words, that an act is of no binding force because it was performed by an authorized and competent agent?

In fact, to deduce from the sovereignty of the States the right of seceding from the Union is the most stupendous *non sequitur* that was ever advanced in grave affairs. The only legitimate inference to be drawn from that sovereignty is precisely the reverse. If any one right can be predicated of a sovereign State, it is that of forming or adopting a frame of government. She may do it alone, or she may do it as a member of a Union. She may enter into a loose pact for ten years or till a partisan majority of a convention, goaded on by ambitious aspirants to power, shall vote in secret session to dissolve it; or she may, after grave deliberation and mature counsel, led by the wisest and most virtuous of the land, ratify and adopt a constitution of government, ordained and established not only for that generation, but their posterity, subject only to the inalienable right of revolution possessed by every political community.

What would be thought in private affairs of a man who should seriously claim the right to revoke a grant, in consequence of having an unqualified right to make it? A right to break a contract, because he had a right to enter into it? To what extent is it more rational on the part of a State to found the right to dissolve the Union on the competence of the parties to form it; the right to prostrate a government on the fact that it was constitutionally framed?

PARALLEL CASES: IRELAND, SCOTLAND.

But let us look at parallel cases, and they are by no means wanting. In the year 1800, a union was formed between England and Ireland. Ireland, before she entered into the union, was subject, indeed, to the English crown, but she had her own parliament, consisting of her own Lords and Commons, and enacting her own laws. In 1800 she entered into a constitutional union with England on the basis of articles of agreement, jointly accepted by the two parliaments.* The union was

* Annual Register, xlii., p. 190

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opposed at the time by a powerful minority in Ireland, and Mr. O'Connell succeeded, thirty years later, by ardent appeals to the sensibilities of the people, in producing an almost unanimous desire for its dissolution. He professed, however, although he had wrought his countrymen to the verge of rebellion, to aim at nothing but a constitutional repeal of the articles of union by the parliament of Great Britain. It never occurred even to his fervid imagination, that, because Ireland was an independent government when she entered into the union, it was competent for her at her discretion to secede from it. What would our English friends, who have learned from our Secessionists the "inherent right" of a disaffected State to secede from our Union, have thought, had Mr. O'Connell, in the paroxysms of his agitation, claimed the right on the part of Ireland, by her own act, to sever her union with England?

Again, in 1706, Scotland and England formed a Constitutional Union. They also, though subject to the same monarch, were in other respects Sovereign and independent Kingdoms. They had each its separate parliament, courts of justice, laws, and established national church. Articles of union were established between them; but all the laws and statutes of either kingdom not contrary to these articles, remained in force.* A powerful minority in Scotland disapproved of the Union at the time. Nine years afterward an insurrection broke out in Scotland under a prince, who claimed to be the lawful, as he certainly was the lineal, heir to the throne. The rebellion was crushed, but the disaffection in which it had its origin was not wholly appeased. In thirty years more a second Scottish insurrection took place, and, as before, under the lead of the lineal heir to the crown. On neither occasion that I ever heard of, did it enter into the imagination of rebel or loyalist, that Scotland was acting under a reserved right as a sovereign kingdom, to secede from the Union, or that the movement was any thing less than an insurrection; revolution if it succeeded; treason and rebellion if it failed. Neither do I recollect that, in less than a month after either insurrection broke out, any one of the friendly and neutral powers made haste, in anticipation even of the arrival of the ministers of the reigning sovereign, to announce that the rebels "would be recognized as belligerents."

VIRGINIA VAINLY ATTEMPTS TO ESTABLISH A RESERVED RIGHT.

In fact, it is so plain, in the nature of things, that there can be no constitutional right to break up a government unless it is expressly provided for, that the politicians of the secession school are driven back, at every turn, to a *reserved* right. I have already shown that there is no such *express* reservation, and I have dwelt on the absurdity of getting by *implication* a reserved right to violate every *express* provision of a constitution. In this strait, Virginia, proverbially skilled in logical subtilties, has attempted to find an express reservation, not, of course, in the Constitution itself, where it does not exist, but in her original act of adhesion, or rather in the declaration of the "impressions" under which that act was adopted. The ratification itself of Virginia, was positive and unconditional. "We, the said delegates, in the name and behalf of *the People of Virginia*, do, by these presents, assent and ratify the Constitution recommended on the 17th day of September, 1787, by the Federal Convention, *for the government of the United States*, hereby announcing

* Rapin's History of England, vol. iv., p. 741-6.

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to all those whom it may concern, that the said Constitution is binding upon the said *People*, according to an authentic copy hereunto annexed. Done in Convention this 26th day of June, 1788."

This, as you perceive, is an absolute and unconditional ratification of the Constitution by the People of Virginia. An attempt, however, is made, by the late Convention in Virginia, in their ordinance of secession, to extract a reservation of a right to secede, out of the declaration contained in the preamble to the act of ratification. That preamble declares it to be an "impression" of the people of Virginia, that the powers granted under the Constitution, being derived from the people of the United States, may be resumed BY THEM, whenever the same shall be perverted to their injury or oppression. The ordinance of secession passed by the recent convention, purporting to cite this declaration, omits the words *by them*, that is, by the People of the United States, not by the people of any single State, thus arrogating to the people of Virginia alone what the Convention of 1788 claimed only, and that by way of "impression," for the People of the United States.

By this most grave omission of the vital words of the sentence, the Convention, I fear, intended to lead the incautious or the ignorant to the conclusion, that the Convention of 1788 asserted the right of an individual State to resume the powers granted in the Constitution to the General Government; a claim for which there is not the slightest foundation in Constitutional history. On the contrary, when the ill-omened doctrine of State nullification was sought to be sustained by the same argument in 1830, and the famous Virginia resolutions of 1798 were appealed to by Mr. Calhoun and his friends, as affording countenance to that doctrine, it was repeatedly and emphatically declared by Mr. Madison, the author of the resolutions, that they were intended to claim, not for an individual State, but for the United States, by whom the Constitution was ordained and established, the right of remedying its abuses by constitutional ways, such as united protest, repeal, or an amendment of the Constitution.* Incidentally to the discussion of nullification, he denied over and over again the right of peaceable secession; and this fact was well known to some of the members of the late Convention at Richmond. When the secrets of their assembly are laid open, no doubt it will appear that there were some faithful Abdiels to proclaim the fact. Oh, that the venerable sage, second to none of his patriot compeers in framing the Constitution, the equal associate of Hamilton in recommending it to the People; its great champion in the Virginia Convention of 1788, and its faithful vindicator in 1830, against the deleterious heresy of nullification, could have been spared to protect it, at the present day, from the still deadlier venom of Secession! But he is gone; the principles, the traditions, and the illustrious memories which gave to Virginia her name and her praise in the land, are no longer cherished; the work of Washington, and Madison, and Randolph, and Pendleton, and Marshall is repudiated, and nullifiers, precipitators, and seceders gather in secret conclave to destroy the Constitution, in the very building that holds the monumental statue of the Father of his Country!

THE VIRGINIA RESOLUTIONS OF 1798.

Having had occasion to allude to the Virginia resolutions of 1798, I may observe that of these famous resolves, the subject of so much political romance, it is

* Maguire's Collection, p. 218.

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time that a little plain truth should be promulgated. The country, in 1798, was vehemently agitated by the struggles of the domestic parties, which about equally divided it, and these struggles were urged to unwonted and extreme bitterness, by the preparations made and making for a war with France. By an act of Congress, passed in the summer of that year, the President of the United States was clothed with power to send from the country any alien whom he might judge dangerous to the public peace and safety, or who should be concerned in any treasonable or secret machinations against the Government of the United States. This act was passed as a war measure; it was to be in force two years, and it expired by its own limitation on the 25th of June, 1800. War, it is true, had not been formally declared; but hostilities on the ocean had taken place on both sides, and the army of the United States had been placed upon a war footing. The measure was certainly within the war power, and one which no prudent commander, even without the authority of a statute, would hesitate to execute in an urgent case within his own district. Congress thought fit to provide for and regulate its exercise by law.

Two or three weeks later (14th July, 1798) another law was enacted, making it penal to combine or conspire with intent to oppose any lawful measure of the Government of the United States, or to write, print, or publish any false and scandalous writing against the Government, either House of Congress, or the President of the United States. In prosecutions under this law, it was provided that the Truth might be pleaded in justification, and that the Jury should be judges of the law as well as of the fact. This law was by its own limitation to expire at the close of the then current Presidential term.

Such are the famous alien and sedition laws, passed under the Administration of that noble and true-hearted revolutionary patriot, John Adams, though not recommended by him officially or privately; adjudged to be constitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States; distinctly approved by Washington, Patrick Henry, and Marshall; and, whatever else may be said of them, certainly preferable to the laws which, throughout the Seceding States, Judge Lynch would not fail to enforce at the lamp-post and tar-bucket against any person guilty of the offences against which these statutes were aimed.

It suited, however, the purposes of party at that time, to raise a formidable clamor against these laws. It was in vain that their Constitutionality was affirmed by the Judiciary of the United States. "Nothing," said Washington, alluding to these laws, "will produce the least change in the conduct of the leaders of the opposition to the measures of the General Government. They have points to carry from which no reasoning, no inconsistency of conduct, no absurdity can divert them." Such, in the opinion of Washington, was the object for which the Legislatures of Virginia and Kentucky passed their famous resolutions of 1798, the former drafted by Mr. Madison, and the latter by Mr. Jefferson, and sent to a friend in Kentucky to be brought forward. These resolutions were transmitted to the other States for their concurrence. The replies from the States which made any response were referred the following year to committees in Virginia and Kentucky. In the Legislature of Virginia, an elaborate report was made by Mr. Madison, explaining and defending the resolutions; in Kentucky another resolve reaffirming those of the preceding year was drafted by Mr. Wilson Cary Nicholas, not by Mr. Jefferson, as stated by General McDuffie. Our respect for the dis-

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tinguished men who took the lead on this occasion, then ardently engaged in the warfare of politics, must not make us fear to tell the truth, that the simple object of the entire movement was to make "political capital" for the approaching election, by holding up to the excited imaginations of the masses the Alien and Sedition laws, as an infraction of the Constitution, which threatened the overthrow of the liberties of the People. The resolutions maintained that, the States being parties to the Constitutional compact, in a case of deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise of powers not granted by the compact, the States have a right and are in duty bound to *interpose* for preventing the progress of the evil.

Such, in brief, was the main purport of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions. The sort of interposition intended was left in studied obscurity. Not a word was dropped of secession from the Union. Mr. Nicholas's resolution in 1799 hinted at "nullification" as the appropriate remedy for an unconstitutional law, but what was meant by the ill-sounding word was not explained. The words "null, void, and of no effect," contained in the original draft of the Virginia resolutions, were, on motion of John Taylor of Caroline, stricken from them, on their passage through the assembly; and Mr. Madison, in his report of 1799, carefully explains that no extra constitutional measures were intended. One of the Kentucky resolutions ends with an invitation to the States to unite in a petition to Congress to repeal the laws.

These resolutions were communicated, as I have said, to the other States for concurrence. From most of them no response was received; some adopted dissenting reports and resolutions; NOT ONE CONCURRED. But the resolutions did their work—all that they were intended or expected to do—by shaking the Administration. At the ensuing election, Mr. Jefferson, at whose instance the entire movement was made, was chosen President by a very small majority; Mr. Madison was placed at the head of his administration as Secretary of State; the obnoxious laws expired by their own limitation; not repealed by the dominant party, as Mr. Calhoun with strange inadvertence asserts;* and Mr. Jefferson proceeded to administer the Government upon constitutional principles quite as lax, to say the least, as those of his predecessors. If there was any marked departure in his general policy from the course hitherto pursued, it was that, having some theoretical prejudices against a navy, he allowed that branch of the service to languish. By no Administration have the powers of the General Government been more liberally construed—not to say further strained—sometimes beneficially, as in the acquisition of Louisiana, sometimes perniciously as in the embargo. The resolutions of 1798, and the metaphysics they inculcated, were surrendered to the cobwebs which habitually await the plausible exaggerations of the canvass after an election is decided. These resolutions of 1798 have been sometimes in Virginia waked from their slumbers at closely contested elections as a party cry; the report of the Hartford Convention, without citing them by name, borrows their language; but as representing in their modern interpretation any system on which the Government ever was or could be administered, they were buried in the same grave as the Laws which called them forth.

Unhappily during their transient vitality, like the butterfly which deposits its egg in the apple blossoms that have so lately filled our orchards with beauty and

* Mr. Calhoun's Discourse on the Constitution, p. 359.

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perfume—a gilded harmless moth, whose food is a dew drop, whose life is a mid-summer's day—these resolutions, misconceived and perverted, proved, in the minds of ambitious and reckless politicians, the germ of a fatal heresy. The butterfly's egg is a microscopic speck, but as the fruit grows, the little speck gives life to a greedy and nauseous worm, that gnaws and bores to the heart of the apple, and renders it, though smooth and fair without, foul and bitter and rotten within. In like manner, the theoretical generalities of these resolutions, intending nothing in the minds of their authors but constitutional efforts to procure the repeal of obnoxious laws, matured in the minds of a later generation into the deadly paradoxes of 1830 and 1860—kindred products of the same soil, *venenorum ferax;*—the one asserting the monstrous absurdity that a State, though remaining in the Union, could by her single act nullify a law of Congress; the other teaching the still more preposterous doctrine, that a single State may nullify the Constitution. The first of these heresies failed to spread far beyond the latitude where it was engendered. In the Senate of the United States, the great acuteness of its inventor, (Mr. Calhoun,) then the Vice-President, and the accomplished rhetoric of its champion, (Mr. Hayne,) failed to raise it above the level of a plausible sophism. It sunk forever discredited beneath the sturdy common sense and indomitable will of Jackson, the mature wisdom of Livingston, the keen analysis of Clay, and the crushing logic of Webster.

Nor was this all: the venerable author of the Resolutions of 1798 and of the report of 1799 was still living in a green old age. His connection with those State papers and still more his large participation in the formation and adoption of the Constitution, entitled him, beyond all men living, to be consulted on the subject. No effort was spared by the Leaders of the Nullification school to draw from him even a qualified assent to their theories. But in vain. He not only refused to admit their soundness, but he devoted his time and energies for three laborious years to the preparation of essays and letters, of which the object was to demonstrate that his resolutions and report did not, and could not bear the Carolina interpretation. He earnestly maintained that the separate action of an individual State was not contemplated by them, and that they had in view nothing but the concerted action of the States to procure the repeal of unconstitutional laws or an amendment of the Constitution.*

With one such letter written with this intent, I was myself honored. It filled ten pages of the journal in which with his permission it was published. It unfolded the true theory of the Constitution and the meaning and design of the resolutions, and exposed the false gloss attempted to be placed upon them by the Nullifiers, with a clearness and force of reasoning which defied refutation. None, to my knowledge, was ever attempted. The politicians of the Nullification and Secession school, as far as I am aware, have from that day to this made no attempt to grapple with Mr. Madison's letter of August, 1830.† Mr. Calhoun certainly made no such attempt in the elaborate treatise composed by him, mainly for the purpose of expounding the doctrine of nullification. He claims the support of these resolutions, without adverting to the fact that his interpretation of them had been repudiated

* A very considerable portion of the important volume containing a selection from the Madison papers, and printed "exclusively for private distribution" by J. C. McGuire, Esq., in 1853, is taken up with these letters and essays.

† North American Review, vol. xxxi., p. 587.

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by their illustrious author. He repeats his exploded parodoxes as confidently, as if Mr. Madison himself had expired with the Alien and Sedition laws, and left no testimony to the meaning of his resolutions; while, at the present day, with equal confidence, the same resolutions are appealed to by the disciples of Mr. Calhoun as sustaining the doctrine of secession, in the face of the positive declaration of their author, when that doctrine first began to be broached, that they will bear no such interpretation.

MR. CALHOUN DID NOT CLAIM A CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT OF SECESSION.

In this respect the disciples have gone beyond the master. There is a single sentence in Mr. Calhoun's elaborate volume in which he maintains the right of a State to secede from the Union. (Page 301.) There is reason to suppose, however, that he intended to claim only the inalienable right of revolution. In 1828, a declaration of political principles was drawn up by him for the State of South Carolina, in which it was expressly taught, that the people of that State by adopting the Federal Constitution had "modified *its original right of sovereignty*, whereby its individual consent was necessary to any change in its political condition, and by becoming a member of the Union, had placed that power in the hands of three-fourths of the States, [the number necessary for a Constitutional amendment,] in whom the highest power known to the Constitution actually resides." In a recent patriotic speech of Mr. Reverdy Johnson, at Frederick, Md., on the 7th of May, the distinct authority of Mr. Calhoun is quoted as late as 1844 against the right of separate action on the part of an individual State, and I am assured by the same respected gentleman, that it is within his personal knowledge, that Mr. Calhoun did not maintain the peaceful right of secession.*

SECESSION AS A REVOLUTION.

But it may be thought a waste of time to argue against a Constitutional right of peaceful Secession, since no one denies the right of Revolution; and no pains are spared by the disaffected leaders, while they claim indeed the Constitutional right, to represent their movement as the uprising of an indignant People against an oppressive and tyrannical Government.

IS THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES OPPRESSIVE AND TYRANNICAL?

An oppressive and tyrannical government! Let us examine this pretence for a few moments, first in the general, and then in the detail of its alleged tyrannies and abuses.

This oppressive and tyrannical Government is the successful solution of a problem, which had tasked the sagacity of mankind from the dawn of civilization; viz.: to find a form of polity, by which institutions purely popular could be extended over a vast empire, free alike from despotic centralization and undue preponderance of the local powers. It was necessarily a complex system; a Union at once federal and national. It leaves to the separate States the control of all matters of purely local administration, and confides to the central power the management of Foreign affairs and of all other concerns in which the United family have a joint interest. All the organized and delegated powers depend directly or very nearly

* See Appendix B.

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so on popular choice. This Government was not imposed upon the People by a foreign conqueror; it is not an inheritance descending from barbarous ages, laden with traditionary abuses, which create a painful ever-recurring necessity of reform; it is not the conceit of heated enthusiasts in the spasms of a revolution. It is the recent and voluntary frame-work of an enlightened age, compacted by wise and good men, with deliberation and care, working upon materials prepared by long Colonial discipline. In framing it, they sought to combine the merits and to avoid the defects of former systems of government. The greatest possible liberty of the citizen is the basis; just representation the ruling principle, reconciling with rare ingenuity the federal equality of the States, with the proportionate influence of numbers. Its legislative and executive magistrates are freely chosen at short periods; its judiciary alone holding office by a more permanent, but still sufficiently responsible, tenure. No money flows into or out of the Treasury but under the direct sanction of the representatives of the People, on whom also all the great functions of Government for peace and war, within the limits already indicated, are devolved. No hereditary titles or privileges, no distinction of ranks, no established church, no courts of high commission, no censorship of the press, are known to the system; not a drop of blood has ever flowed under its authority for a political offence; but this tyrannical and oppressive Government has certainly exhibited a more perfect development of equal republican principles, than has ever before existed on any considerable scale. Under its benign influence, the country, every part of the country, has prospered beyond all former example. Its population has increased; its commerce, agriculture, and manufactures have flourished; manners, arts, education, letters, all that dignifies and ennobles man, have in a shorter period attained a higher point of cultivation than has ever before been witnessed in a newly settled region. The consequence has been consideration and influence abroad and marvellous well-being at home. The world has looked with admiration upon the Country's progress; we have ourselves contemplated it, perhaps, with undue self-complacency. Armies without conscription; navies without impressment, and neither army nor navy swelled to an oppressive size; an overflowing treasury without direct taxation or oppressive taxation of any kind; churches without number and with no denominational preferences on the part of the State; schools and colleges accessible to all the people; a free and a cheap press; —all the great institutions of social life extending their benefits to the mass of the community. Such, no one can deny, is the general character of this oppressive and tyrannical government.

But perhaps this Government, however wisely planned, however beneficial even in its operation, may have been rendered distasteful, or may have become oppressive in one part of the country and to one portion of the people, in consequence of the control of affairs having been monopolized or unequally shared by another portion. In a Confederacy, the people of one section are not well pleased to be even mildly governed by an exclusive domination of the other. In point of fact this is the allegation, the persistent allegation of the South, that from the foundation of the Government it has been wielded by the people of the North for their special, often exclusive, benefit, and to the injury and oppression of the South. Let us see. Out of seventy-two years since the organization of the Government, the Executive chair has, for sixty-four years, been filled nearly all the time by Southern

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Presidents; and when that was not the case, by Presidents possessing the confidence of the South. For a still longer period, the controlling influences of the Legislative and Judicial departments of the Government have centred in the same quarter. Of all the offices in the gift of the central power in every department, far more than her proportionate share has always been enjoyed by the South. She is at this moment revolting against a Government, not only admitted to be the mildest and most beneficent ever organized this side Utopia, but one of which she has herself from the first, almost monopolized the administration.

CAUSE OF THE REVOLUTION ALLEGED BY SOUTH CAROLINA.

But are there no wrongs, abuses, and oppressions, alleged to have been suffered by the South, which have rendered her longer submission to the Federal Government intolerable, and which are pleaded as the motive and justification of the revolt? Of course there are, but with such variation and uncertainty of statement as to render their examination difficult. The manifesto of South Carolina of the 20th of Dec. last, which led the way in this inauspicious movement, sets forth nothing but the passage of State laws to obstruct the surrender of fugitive slaves. The document does not state that South Carolina herself ever lost a slave in consequence of these laws, it is not probable she ever did, and yet she makes the existence of these laws, which are wholly inoperative as far as she is concerned, and which probably never caused to the entire South the loss of a dozen fugitives, the ground for breaking up the Union and plunging the country into a civil war. But I shall presently revert to this topic.

Other statements in other quarters enlarge the list of grievances. In the month of November last, after the result of the presidential election was ascertained, a very interesting discussion of the subject of secession took place at Milledgeville, before the members of the Legislature of Georgia and the citizens generally, between two gentlemen of great ability and eminence, since elected, the one Secretary of State, the other Vice-President of the new Confederacy; the former urging the necessity and duty of immediate secession;—the latter opposing it. I take the grievances and abuses of the Federal Government, which the South has suffered at the hands of the North, and which were urged by the former speaker as the grounds of secession, as I find them stated and to some extent answered by his friend and fellow-citizen (then opposed to secession) according to the report in the Milledgeville papers.

CAUSES ALLEGED BY GEORGIA: THE FISHING BOUNTIES.

And what, think you, was the grievance in the front rank of those oppressions on the part of the North, which have driven the long-suffering and patient South to open rebellion against "the best Government that the history of the world gives any account of"? It was not that upon which the Convention of South Carolina relied. You will hardly believe it; posterity will surely not believe it. "We listened," said Mr. Vice-President Stephens, in his reply, "to my honorable friend last night, (Mr. Toombs,) as he recounted the evils of this Government. *The first was the fishing bounties paid mostly to the sailors of New England.*" The bounty paid by the Federal Government to encourage the deep-sea fisheries of the United States!

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You are aware that this laborious branch of industry has, by all maritime States, been ever regarded with special favor as the nursery of naval power. The fisheries of the American colonies before the American Revolution drew from Burke one of the most gorgeous bursts of eloquence in our language,—in any language. They were all but annihilated by the Revolution, but they furnished the men who followed Manly, and Tucker, and Biddle, and Paul Jones to the jaws of death. Reviving after the war, they attracted the notice of the First Congress, and were recommended to their favor by Mr. Jefferson, then Secretary of State. This favor was at first extended to them in the shape of a draw-back of the duty on the various imported articles employed in the building and outfit of the vessels and on the foreign salt used in preserving the fish. The complexity of this arrangement led to the substitution at first of a certain bounty on the quantity of the fish exported; afterwards on the tonnage of the vessels employed in the fisheries. All administrations have concurred in the measure; Presidents of all parties,—though there has not been much variety of party in that office,—have approved the appropriations. If the North had a local interest in these bounties, the South got the principal food of her laboring population so much the cheaper; and she had her common share in the protection which the navy afforded her coasts, and in the glory which it shed on the flag of the country. But since, unfortunately, the deep-sea fisheries do not exist in the Gulf of Mexico, nor, as in the "age of Pyrrha," on the top of the Blue Ridge, it has been discovered of late years that these bounties are a violation of the Constitution; a largess bestowed by the common treasury on one section of the country, and not shared by the other; one of the hundred ways, in a word, in which the rapacious North is fattening upon the oppressed and pillaged South. You will naturally wish to know the amount of this tyrannical and oppressive bounty. It is stated by a senator from Alabama (Mr. Clay) who has warred against it with perseverance and zeal, and succeeded in the last Congress in carrying a bill through the Senate for its repeal, to have amounted, on the average, to an annual sum of 200,005 dollars! Such is the portentous grievance which in Georgia stands at the head of the acts of oppression, for which, although repealed in one branch of Congress, the Union is to be broken up, and the country desolated by war. Switzerland revolted because an Austrian tyrant invaded the sanctity of her firesides, crushed out the eyes of aged patriots, and compelled her fathers to shoot apples from the heads of her sons; the Low Countries revolted against the fires of the Inquisition, and the infernal cruelties of Alva; our fathers revolted because they were taxed by a parliament in which they were not represented; the Cotton States revolt because a paltry subvention is paid to the hardy fishermen who form the nerve and muscle of the American Navy.

But it is not, we shall be told, the amount of the bounty, but the principle, as our fathers revolted against a three-penny tax on tea. But that was because it was laid by a parliament in which the Colonies were not represented, and which yet claimed the right to bind them in all cases. The Fishing Bounty is bestowed by a Government which has been from the first controlled by the South. Then how unreasonable to expect or to wish, that, in a country so vast as ours, no public expenditure should be made for the immediate benefit of one part or one interest that cannot be identically repeated in every other. A liberal policy, or rather the necessity of the case, demands, that what the public good, upon the whole, requires,

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should under constitutional limitations be done where it is required, offsetting the local benefit which may accrue from the expenditure made in one place and for one object, with the local benefit from the same source, in some other place for some other object. More money was expended by the United States in removing the Indians from Georgia, eight or ten times as much was expended for the same object in Florida, as has been paid for Fishing Bounties in seventy years. For the last year, to pay for the expense of the post-office in the seceding States, and enable our fellow-citizens there to enjoy the comforts of a newspaper and letter mail to the same extent as they are enjoyed in the other States, three millions of dollars were paid from the common Treasury. The post-office bounty paid to the seceding States exceeded seventeen fold the annual average amount of the Fishing Bounty paid to the North. In four years that excess would equal the sum total of the amount paid since 1792 in bounties to the deep-sea fishery! This circumstance probably explains the fact, that the pride of the Southern Confederacy was not alarmed at having the mails still conveyed by the United States, three or four months after the forts had been seized, the arsenals emptied, and the mints plundered.

NAVIGATION LAWS.

The second of the grievances under which the South is laboring, and which, according to Mr. Stephens, was on the occasion alluded to pleaded by the Secretary of State of the new Confederacy as a ground for dissolving the Union, is the Navigation Laws, which give to American vessels the exclusive enjoyment of our own coasting trade. This also is a policy coeval with the Government of the United States, and universally adopted by maritime powers, though relaxed by England within the last few years. Like the fishing bounty, it is a policy adopted for the purpose of fostering the commercial and with that the naval marine of the United States. All administrations of all parties have favored it; under its influence our commercial tonnage has grown up to be second to no other in the world, and our navy has proved itself adequate to all the exigencies of peace and war. And are these no objects in a national point of view? Are the seceding politicians really insensible to interests of such paramount national importance? Can they, for the sake of an imaginary infinitesimal reduction of coastwise freights, be willing to run even the risk of impairing our naval prosperity? Are they insensible to the fact that nothing but the growth of the American commercial marine protects the entire freighting interest of the country, in which the South is more deeply interested than the North, from European monopoly? The South did not always take so narrow a view of the subject. When the Constitution was framed, and the American Merchant Marine was inconsiderable, the discrimination in favor of United States vessels, which then extended to the foreign trade, was an object of some apprehension on the part of the planting States. But there were statesmen in the South at that day, who did not regard the shipping interest as a local concern. "So far," said Mr. Edward Rutledge, in the South Carolina Convention of 1788, "from not preferring the Northern States by a navigation act, it would be politic to increase their strength by every means in our power; for we had no other resource in our day of danger than in the naval force of our Northern friends, nor could we ever expect to become a great nation till we were powerful on the waters."* But "powerful

* Elliott's Debates, vol. iv., p. 299.

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on the waters" the South can never be. She has live oak, naval stores, and gallant officers; but her climate and its diseases, the bars at the mouth of nearly all her harbors, the *Teredo*, the want of a merchant marine and of fisheries, and the character of her laboring population, will forever prevent her becoming a great naval power. Without the protection of the Navy of the United States, of which the strength centres at the North, she would hold the ingress and egress of every port on her coast at the mercy, I will not say of the great maritime States of Europe, but of Holland, and Denmark, and Austria, and Spain—of any second or third-rate power, which can keep a few steam frigates at sea.

It must be confessed, however, that there is a sad congruity between the conduct of our seceding fellow-citizens and the motives which they assign for it. They attempt a suicidal separation of themselves from a great naval power, of which they are now an integral part, and they put forward, as the reason for this self-destructive course, the legislative measures which have contributed to the growth of the navy. A judicious policy designed to promote that end has built up the commercial and military marine of the Union to its present commanding stature and power; the South, though unable to contribute any thing to its prosperity but the service of her naval officers, enjoys her full share of the honor which it reflects on the country, and the protection which it extends to our flag, our coasts, and our commerce, but under the influence of a narrow-minded sectional jealousy, she is willing to abdicate the noble position which she now fills among the nations of the earth; to depend for her very existence on the exigencies of the cotton market, to live upon the tolerance of the navies of Europe, and she assigns as leading causes for this amazing fatuity, that the Northern fisheries have been encouraged by a trifling bounty, and that the Northern commercial marine has the monopoly of the coastwise trade. And the politicians, who, for reasons like these, almost too frivolous to merit the time we have devoted to their examination, are sapping a noble framework of government, and drenching a fair and but for them prosperous country in blood, appeal to the public opinion of mankind for the justice of their cause, and the purity of their motives, and lift their eyes to Heaven for a blessing on their arms!

THE TARIFF.

But the tariff is, with one exception, the alleged monster wrong—for which South Carolina in 1832 drove the Union to the verge of a civil war, and which, next to the slavery question, the South has been taught to regard as the most grievous of the oppressions which she suffers at the hands of the North, and that by which she seeks to win the sympathy of the manufacturing States of Europe. It was so treated in the debate referred to. I am certainly not going so far to abuse your patience, as to enter into a discussion of the constitutionality or expediency of the protective policy, on which I am aware that opinions at the North differ, nor do I deem it necessary to expose the utter fallacy of the monstrous paradox, that duties, enhancing the price of imported articles, are paid, not by the consumer of the merchandise imported, but by the producer of the last article of export given in exchange. It is sufficient to say that for this maxim, (the forty-bale theory so called,) which has grown into an article of faith at the South, not the slightest authority ever has been, to my knowledge, adduced from any political economist of any school. Indeed, it can be shown to be a shallow sophism, inasmuch as the *consumer*

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must be, directly or indirectly, the *producer* of the equivalents given in exchange for the article he consumes. But without entering into this discussion, I shall make a few remarks to show the great injustice of representing the protective system as being in its origin an oppression, of which the South has to complain on the part of the North.

Every such suggestion is a complete inversion of the truth of history. Some attempts at manufactures by machinery were made at the North before the Revolution, but to an inconsiderable extent. The manufacturing system as a great Northern interest is the child of the restrictive policy of 1807—1812, and of the war. That policy was pursued against the earnest opposition of the North, and to the temporary prostration of their commerce, navigation, and fisheries. Their capital was driven in this way into manufactures, and on the return of peace, the foundations of the protective system were laid in the square yard duty on cotton fabrics, in the support of which Mr. Calhoun, advised that the growth of the manufacture would open a new market for the staple of the South, took the lead. As late as 1821 the Legislature of South Carolina unanimously affirmed the constitutionality of protective duties, though denying their expediency,—and of all the States of the Union Louisiana has derived the greatest benefit from this policy; in fact, she owes the sugar culture to it, and has for that reason given it her steady support. In all the tariff battles while I was a member of Congress, few votes were surer for the policy than that of Louisiana. If the duty on an article imported is considered as added to its price in our market, (which, however, is far from being invariably the case,) the sugar duty, of late, has amounted to a tax of five millions of dollars annually paid by the consumer, for the benefit of the Louisiana planter.

As to its being an unconstitutional policy, it is perfectly well known that the protection of manufactures was a leading and avowed object for the formation of the Constitution. The second law, passed by Congress after its formation, was a revenue law. Its preamble is as follows: "Whereas it is necessary for the support of Government, for the discharge of the debts of the United States, and the encouragement and protection of manufactures, that duties be laid on goods, wares, and merchandise imported." That act was reported to the House of Representatives by Mr. Madison, who is entitled as much as any one to be called the father of the Constitution. While it was pending before the House, and in the first week of the first session of the first Congress, two memorials were presented praying for protective duties; and it is a matter of some curiosity to inquire, from what part of the country this first call came for that policy, now put forward as one of the acts of Northern oppression, which justify the South in flying to arms. The first of these petitions was from Baltimore. It implored the new Government to lay a protecting duty on all articles imported from abroad, which can be manufactured at home. The second was from the shipwrights, not of New York, not of Boston, not of Portland, but of Charleston, South Carolina, praying for "such a general regulation of trade and the establishment of such A NAVIGATION ACT, as will relieve the particular distresses of the petitioners, in common with those of their fellow-shipwrights throughout the Union"! and if South Carolina had always been willing to make common cause with their fellow-citizens throughout the Union, it would not now be rent by civil war.

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THE COTTON CULTURE INTRODUCED UNDER PROTECTION.

But the history of the great Southern staple is most curious and instructive. His Majesty "King Cotton," on his throne, does not seem to be aware of the influences which surrounded his cradle. The culture of cotton, on any considerable scale, is well known to be of recent date in America. The household manufacture of cotton was coeval with the settlement of the country. A century before the piano-forte or the harp was seen on this continent, the music of the spinning-wheel was heard at every fire-side in town and country. The raw materials were wool, flax, and cotton, the last imported from the West Indies. The colonial system of Great Britain before the Revolution forbade the establishment of any other than household manufactures. Soon after the Revolution, cotton mills were erected in Rhode Island and Massachusetts, and the infant manufacture was encouraged by State duties on the imported fabric. The raw material was still derived exclusively from the West Indies. Its culture in this country was so extremely limited and so little known, that a small parcel sent from the United States to Liverpool in 1784 was seized at the custom-house there, as an illicit importation of British colonial produce. Even as late as 1794, and by persons so intelligent as the negotiators of Jay's treaty, it was not known that cotton was an article of growth and export from the United States. In the twelfth article of that treaty, as laid before the Senate, Cotton was included with Molasses, Sugar, Coffee, and Cocoa, as articles which American vessels should not be permitted to carry from the islands *or from the United States* to any foreign country.

In the Revenue law of 1789, as it passed through the House of Representatives, cotton, with other raw materials, was placed on the free list. When the bill reached the Senate a duty of 3 cents per pound was laid upon cotton, not to encourage, not to protect, but to *create* the domestic culture. On the discussion of this amendment in the House, a member from South Carolina declared that "Cotton was in contemplation" in South Carolina and Georgia, "and *if good seed could be procured he hoped it might succeed.*" On this hope the amendment of the Senate was concurred in, and the duty of three cents per pound was laid on cotton. In 1791, Hamilton, in his report on the manufactures, recommended the repeal of this duty, on the ground that it was "a very serious impediment to the manufacture of cotton," but his recommendation was disregarded.

Thus, in the infancy of the cotton manufacture of the North, at the moment when they were deprived of the protection extended to them before the Constitution by State laws, and while they were struggling against English competition under the rapidly improving machinery of Arkwright, which it was highly penal to export to foreign countries, a heavy burden was laid upon them by this protecting duty, to enable the planters of South Carolina and Georgia to explore the tropics for a variety of cotton seed adapted to their climate. For seven years at least, and probably more, this duty was in every sense of the word a protecting duty. There was not a pound of cotton spun, no not for candle-wicks to light the humble industry of the cottages of the North, which did not pay this tribute to the Southern planter. The growth of the native article, as we have seen, had not in 1794 reached a point to be known to Chief Justice Jay as one of actual or probable export. As late as 1796, the manufacturers of Brandywine in Delaware petitioned

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Congress for the repeal of this duty on imported cotton, and the petition was rejected on the Report of a Committee, consisting of a majority from the Southern States, on the ground, that "to repeal the duty on raw cotton imported would be to damp the growth of cotton in our own country." Radicle and plumule, root and stalk, blossom and boll, the culture of the cotton plant in the United States was in its infancy the foster-child of the Protective System.

When therefore the pedigree of King Cotton is traced, he is found to be the lineal child of the tariff; called into being by a specific duty; reared by a tax laid upon the manufacturing industry of the North, to create the culture of the raw material in the South. The Northern manufacturers of America were slightly protected in 1789 because they were too feeble to stand alone. Reared into magnitude under the restrictive system and the war of 1812, they were upheld in 1816 because they were too important to be sacrificed, and because the great staple of the South had a joint interest in their prosperity. King Cotton alone, not in his manhood, not in his adolescence, not in his infancy, but in his very embryo state, was pensioned upon the Treasury,—before the seed from which he sprung was cast "in the lowest parts of the earth." In the book of the tariff "his members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there were none of them."

But it was not enough to create the culture of cotton at the South, by taxing the manufactures of the North with a duty on the raw material; the extension of that culture and the prosperity which it has conferred upon the South are due to the mechanical genius of the North. What says Mr. Justice Johnson of the Supreme Court of the United States, and a citizen of South Carolina? "With regard to the utility of this discovery" (the cotton gin of Whitney) "the court would deem it a waste of time to dwell long upon this topic. Is there a man who hears us that has not experienced its utility? The whole interior of the Southern States was languishing, and its inhabitants emigrating, for want of some object to engage their attention and employ their industry, when the invention of this machine at once opened views to them which set the whole country in active motion. From childhood to age it has presented us a lucrative employment. Individuals who were depressed in poverty and sunk in idleness, have suddenly risen to wealth and respectability. Our debts have been paid off, our capitals increased, and our lands trebled in value. We cannot express the weight of obligation which the country owes to this invention; the extent of it cannot now be seen."—Yes, and when happier days shall return, and the South, awakening from her suicidal delusion, shall remember who it was that sowed her sunny fields with the seeds of those golden crops with which she thinks to rule the world, she will cast a veil of oblivion over the memory of the ambitious men who have goaded her to her present madness, and will rear a monument of her gratitude in the beautiful City of Elms, over the ashes of her greatest benefactor—Eli Whitney.

INTERFERENCE WITH SLAVERY THE GREAT ALLEGED GRIEVANCE.

But the great complaint of the South, and that which is admitted to be the immediate occasion of the present revolt, is the alleged interference of the North in the Southern institution of slavery; a subject on which the sensibilities of the two sections have been so deeply and fearfully stirred, that it is nearly impossible to

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speak words of impartial truth. As I have already stated, the declaration of South Carolina, of the causes which prompted her to secede from the Union, alleged no other reason for this movement than the enactment of laws to obstruct the surrender of fugitive slaves. The declaration does not state that South Carolina ever lost a slave by the operation of these laws, and it is doubtful whether a dozen from all the States have been lost from this cause. A gross error on this subject pervades the popular mind at the South. Some hundred of slaves in the aggregate escape annually; some to the recesses of the Dismal Swamp; some to the everglades of Florida; some to the trackless mountain region, which traverses the South; some to the Mexican States and the Indian tribes; some across the free States to Canada. The popular feeling of the South ascribes the entire loss to the laws of the free States, while it is doubtful whether these laws cause any portion of it. The public sentiment of the North is not such, of course, as to dispose the community to obstruct the escape or aid in the surrender of slaves. Neither is it at the South. No one, I am told, at the South, not called upon by official duty, joins in the hue and cry after a fugitive; and whenever he escapes from any States south of the border tier, it is evident that his flight must have been aided in a community of slave-holders. If the North Carolina fugitive escapes through Virginia, or the Tennessee fugitive escapes through Kentucky, why are Pennsylvania and Ohio alone blamed? On this whole subject the grossest injustice is done to the North. She is expected to be more tolerant of slavery than the South herself; for while the South demands of the North entire acquiescence in the extremest doctrines of slave property, it is a well-known fact, and as such alluded to by Mr. Clay in his speech on the compromises of 1850, that any man who habitually traffics in this property is held in the same infamy at Richmond and New Orleans that he would be at Philadelphia or Cincinnati.*

While South Carolina, assigning the cause of secession, confines herself to the State laws for obstructing the surrender of fugitives, in other quarters, by the press, in the manifestoes and debates on the subject of secession, and in the official papers of the new Confederacy, the general conduct of the North, with respect to Slavery, is put forward as the justifying, nay, the compelling cause of the revolution. This subject, still more than that of the tariff, is too trite for discussion, with the hope of saying any thing new on the general question. I will but submit a few considerations to show the great injustice which is done to the North, by representing her as the aggressor in this sectional warfare.

The Southern theory assumes that, at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, the same antagonism prevailed as now between the North and South, on the general subject of Slavery; that, although it existed to some extent in all the States but one of the Union, it was a feeble and declining interest at the North, and mainly seated at the South; that the soil and climate of the North were soon found to be unpropitious to slave labor, while the reverse was the case at the South; that the Northern States, in consequence, having, from interested motives, abolished Slavery, sold their slaves to the South, and that then, although the existence of Slavery was recognized, and its protection guaranteed by the Constitution, as soon as the Northern States had acquired a controlling voice in Congress, a persistent and organized system of hostile measures, against the rights of the owners

* See Appendix, C.

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of slaves in the Southern States, was inaugurated and gradually extended, in violation of the compromises of the Constitution, as well as of the honor and good faith tacitly pledged to the South, by the manner in which the North disposed of her slaves.

Such, in substance, is the statement of Mr. Davis in his late message ; and he then proceeds, seemingly as if rehearsing the acts of this Northern majority in Congress, to refer to the anti-slavery measures of the State Legislatures, to the resolutions of abolition societies, to the passionate appeals of the party press, and to the acts of lawless individuals, during the progress of this unhappy agitation.

THE SOUTH FORMERLY OPPOSED TO SLAVERY.

Now, this entire view of the subject, with whatever boldness it is affirmed, and with whatever persistency it is repeated, is destitute of foundation. It is demonstrably at war with the truth of history, and is contradicted by facts known to those now on the stage, or which are matters of recent record. At the time of the adoption of the Constitution, and long afterwards, there was, generally speaking, no sectional difference of opinion between North and South, on the subject of Slavery. It was in both parts of the country regarded, in the established formula of the day, as "a social, political, and moral evil." The general feeling in favor of universal liberty and the rights of man, wrought into fervor in the progress of the Revolution, naturally strengthened the anti-slavery sentiment throughout the Union. *It is the South which has since changed, not the North.* The theory of a change in the Northern mind, growing out of a discovery made *soon after* 1789, that our soil and climate were unpropitious to Slavery, (as if the soil and climate then were different from what they had always been,) and a consequent sale to the South of the slaves of the North, is purely mythical—as groundless in fact as it is absurd in statement. I have often asked for the evidence of this last allegation, and I have never found an individual who attempted even to prove it. But however this may be, the South at that time regarded Slavery as an evil, though a necessary one, and habitually spoke of it in that light. Its continued existence was supposed to depend on keeping up the African slave trade; and South as well as North, Virginia as well as Massachusetts, passed laws to prohibit that traffic; they were, however, before the revolution, vetoed by the Royal Governors. One of the first acts of the Continental Congress, unanimously subscribed by its members, was an agreement neither to import, nor purchase any slave imported, after the first of December, 1774. In the Declaration of Independence, as originally drafted by Mr. Jefferson, both Slavery and the slave trade were denounced in the most uncompromising language. In 1777 the traffic was forbidden in Virginia, by State law, no longer subject to the veto of Royal Governors. In 1784, an ordinance was reported by Mr. Jefferson to the old Congress, providing that after 1800 there should be no Slavery in any Territory, ceded or to be ceded to the United States. The ordinance failed at that time to be enacted, but the same prohibition formed a part by general consent of the ordinance of 1787, for the organization of the northwestern Territory. In his Notes on Virginia, published in that year, Mr. Jefferson depicted the evils of Slavery in terms of fearful import. In the same year the Constitution was framed. It recognized the existence of Slavery, but the word was carefully excluded from the instrument, and Congress was authorized to abol-

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ish the traffic in twenty years. In 1796, Mr. St. George Tucker, law professor in William and Mary College in Virginia, published a treatise entitled, "a Dissertation on Slavery, with a proposal for the gradual abolition of it in the State of Virginia." In the preface to the essay, he speaks of the "abolition of Slavery in this State as an object of the first importance, not only to our moral character and domestic peace, but even to our political salvation." In 1797 Mr. Pinkney, in the Legislature of Maryland, maintained that "by the eternal principles of justice, no man in the State has the right to hold his slave a single hour." In 1803, Mr. John Randolph, from a committee on the subject, reported that the prohibition of Slavery by the ordinance of 1787, was "a measure wisely calculated to promote the happiness and prosperity of the North-western States, and to give strength and security to that extensive frontier." Under Mr. Jefferson, the importation of slaves into the Territories of Mississippi and Louisiana was prohibited in advance of the time limited by the Constitution for the interdiction of the slave trade. When the Missouri restriction was enacted, all the members of Mr. Monroe's Cabinet—Mr. Crawford of Georgia, Mr. Calhoun of South Carolina, and Mr. Wirt of Virginia—concurred with Mr. Monroe in affirming its constitutionality. In 1832, after the Southampton massacre, the evils of Slavery were exposed in the Legislature of Virginia, and the expediency of its gradual abolition maintained, in terms as decided as were ever employed by the most uncompromising agitator. A bill for that object was introduced into the Assembly by the grandson of Mr. Jefferson, and warmly supported by distinguished politicians now on the stage. Nay, we have the recent admission of the Vice-President of the seceding Confederacy, that what he calls "the errors of the past generation," meaning the anti-slavery sentiments entertained by Southern statesmen, "still clung to many as late as *twenty years* ago."

To this hasty review of Southern opinions and measures, showing their accordance till a late date with Northern sentiment on the subject of Slavery, I might add the testimony of Washington, of Patrick Henry, of George Mason, of Wythe, of Pendleton, of Marshall, of Lowndes, of Poinsett, of Clay, and of nearly every first-class name in the Southern States. Nay, as late as 1849, and after the Union had been shaken by the agitations incident to the acquisition of Mexican territory, the Convention of California, although nearly one-half of its members were from the slaveholding States, *unanimously* adopted a Constitution, by which slavery was prohibited in that State. In fact, it is now triumphantly proclaimed by the chiefs of the revolt, that the ideas prevailing on this subject when the Constitution was adopted were fundamentally wrong; that the new Government of the Confederate States "rests upon exactly the opposite ideas; that its foundations are laid and its corner-stone reposes upon the great truth, that the negro is not equal to the white man; that Slavery—subordination to the superior race—is his natural and normal condition. This our new Government is the first in the history of the world based upon this physical, philosophical, and moral truth." So little foundation is there for the statement, that the North, from the first, has been engaged in a struggle with the South on the subject of Slavery, or has departed in any degree from the spirit with which the Union was entered into, by both parties. The fact is precisely the reverse.

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NO ANTI-SLAVERY MEASURES ENACTED BY CONGRESS.

Mr. Davis, in his message to the Confederate States, goes over a long list of measures, which he declares to have been inaugurated, and gradually extended, as soon as the Northern States had reached a sufficient number to give their representatives a controlling voice in Congress. But of all these measures, not one is a matter of Congressional legislation, nor has Congress, with this alleged controlling voice on the part of the North, ever either passed a law hostile to the interests of the South, on the subject of Slavery, nor failed to pass one which the South has claimed as belonging to her rights or needed for her safety. In truth, the North, meaning thereby the anti-slavery North, never has had the control of both Houses of Congress, never of the judiciary, rarely of the Executive, and never exerted there to the prejudice of Southern rights. Every judicial or legislative issue on this question, with the single exception of the final admission of Kansas, that has ever been raised before Congress, has been decided in favor of the South; and yet she allows herself to allege " a persistent and organized system of hostile measures against the rights of the owners of slaves," as the justification of her rebellion.

The hostile measures alluded to are, as I have said, none of them matters of Congressional legislation. Some of them are purely imaginary as to any injurious effect, others much exaggerated, others unavoidably incident to freedom of speech and the press. You are aware, my friends, that I have always disapproved the agitation of the subject of Slavery for party purposes, or with a view to infringe upon the Constitutional rights of the South. But if the North has given cause of complaint, in this respect, the fault has been equally committed by the South. The subject has been fully as much abused there as here for party purposes; and if the North has ever made it the means of gaining a sectional triumph, she has but done what the South, for the last twenty-five years, has never missed an occasion of doing. With respect to every thing substantial in the complaints of the South against the North, Congress and the States have afforded or tendered all reasonable, all possible satisfaction. She asked for a more stringent fugitive slave law in 1850, and it was enacted. She complained of the Missouri Compromise, although adopted in conformity with all the traditions of the Government, and approved by the most judicious Southern statesmen; and after thirty-four years' acquiescence on the part of the people, Congress repealed it. She wished for a judicial decision of the territorial question in her favor, and the Supreme Court of the United States, in contravention of the whole current of our legislation, so decided it. She insisted on carrying this decision into effect, and three new Territories, at the very last session of Congress, were organized in conformity to it, as Utah and New Mexico had been before it was rendered. She demanded a guarantee against amendments of the Constitution adverse to her interests, and it was given by the requisite majority of the two Houses. She required the repeal of the State laws obstructing the surrender of fugitive slaves, and although she had taken the extreme remedy of revolt into her hands, they were repealed or modified. Nothing satisfied her, because there was an active party in the cotton-growing States, led by ambitious men determined on disunion, who were resolved not to be satisfied. In one instance alone the South has suffered defeat. The North, for the first time since the foundation of the Government, has chosen a President by her unaided electoral

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vote; and that is the occasion of the present unnatural war. I cannot appropriate to myself any portion of those cheers, for, as you know, I did not contribute, by my vote, to that result; but I did enlist under the Banner of "the Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws." Under that Banner I mean to stand, and with it, if it is struck down, I am willing to fall. Even for this result the South has no one to blame but herself. Her disunionists would give their votes for no candidate but the one selected by leaders who avowed the purpose of effecting a revolution of the cotton States, and who brought about a schism in the Democratic party directly caclulated, probably designed, to produce the event which actually took place, with all its dread consequences.

REPRESENTATION OF THREE-FIFTHS OF THE SLAVES.

I trust I have shown the flagrant injustice of this whole attempt to fasten upon the North the charge of wielding the powers of the Federal Government to the prejudice of the South. But there is one great fact connected with this subject, seldom prominently brought forward, which ought forever to close the lips of the South, in this warfare of sectional reproach. Under the old Confederation, the Congress consisted of but one House, and each State, large and small, had but a single vote, and consequently an equal share in the Government, if Government it could be called, of the Union. This manifest injustice was barely tolerable in a state of war, when the imminence of the public danger tended to produce unanimity of feeling and action. When the country was relieved from the pressure of the war, and discordant interests more and more disclosed themselves, the equality of the States became a positive element of discontent, and contributed its full share to the downfall of that short-lived and ill-compacted frame of Government.

Accordingly, when the Constitution of the United States was formed, the great object and the main difficulty was to reconcile the equality of the States, (which gave to Rhode Island and Delaware equal weight with Virginia and Massachusetts,) with a proportionate representation of the people. Each of these principles was of vital importance; the first being demanded by the small States, as due to their equal independence, and the last being demanded by the large States, in virtue of the fact that the Constitution was the work and the Government of the people, and in conformity with the great law in which the Revolution had its origin, that representation and taxation should go hand in hand.

The problem was solved, in the Federal Convention, by a system of extremely refined arrangements, of which the chief was that there should be two Houses of Congress, that each State should have an equal representation in the Senate, (voting, however, not by States, but *per capita*,) and a number of representatives in the House in proportion to its population. But here a formidable difficulty presented itself, growing out of the anomalous character of the population of the slaveholding States, consisting as it did of a dominant and a subject class, the latter excluded by local law from the enjoyment of all political rights, and regarded simply as property. In this state of things, was it just or equitable that the slaveholding States, in addition to the number of representatives to which their free population entitled them, should have a further share in the government of the country, on account of the slaves held as property by a small portion of the ruling class? While property of every kind in the non-slaveholding States was unrepresented,

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was it just that this species of property, forming a large proportion of the entire property of the South, should be allowed to swell the representation of the slave-holding States?

This serious difficulty was finally disposed of, in a manner mutually satisfactory, by providing that Representatives and direct Taxes should be apportioned among the States on the same basis of population, ascertained by adding to the whole number of free persons three-fifths of the slaves. It was expected at this time that the Federal Treasury would be mainly supplied by direct taxation. While, therefore, the rule adopted gave to the South a number of representatives out of proportion to the number of her citizens, she would be restrained from exercising this power to the prejudice of the North, by the fact that any increase of the public burdens would fall in the same increased proportion on herself. For the additional weight which the South gained in the presidential election, by this adjustment, the North received no compensation.

But now mark the practical operation of the compromise. Direct taxation, instead of being the chief resource of the Treasury, has been resorted to but four times since the foundation of the Government, and then for small amounts; in 1798 two millions of dollars, in 1813 three millions, in 1815 six millions, in 1816 three millions again, in all fourteen millions, the sum total raised by direct taxation in seventy-two years, less than an average of 200,000 dollars a year. What number of representatives, beyond the proportion of their free population, the South has elected in former Congresses I have not computed. In the last Congress she was represented by twenty members, in behalf of her slaves, being nearly one-eleventh part of the entire House. As the increasing ratio of the two classes of population has not greatly varied, it is probable that the South, in virtue of her slaves, has always enjoyed about the same proportionate representation in the House, in excess of that accruing from her free population. As it has rarely happened in our political divisions that important measures have been carried by large majorities, this excess has been quite sufficient to assure the South a majority on all sectional questions. It enabled her to elect her candidate for the Presidency in 1800, and thus effect the great political revolution of that year, and is sufficient of itself to account for that approach to a monopoly of the Government which she has ever enjoyed.

Now, though the consideration for which the North agreed to this arrangement, may be said to have wholly failed, it has nevertheless been quietly acquiesced in. I do not mean that in times of high party excitement it has never been alluded to as a hardship. The Hartford Convention spoke of it as a grievance which ought to be remedied; but even since our political controversies have turned almost wholly on the subject of slavery, I am not aware that this entire failure of the equivalent, for which the North gave up to the South what has secured to her, in fact, the almost exclusive control of the Government of the country, has been a frequent or a prominent subject of complaint.

So much for the pursuit by the North of measures hostile to the interests of the South;—so much for the grievances urged by the South as her justification for bringing upon the country the crimes and sufferings of civil war, and aiming at the prostration of a Government admitted by herself to be the most perfect the world has seen, and under which all her own interests have been eminently protected and

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favored; for to complete the demonstration of the unreasonableness of her complaints, it is necessary only to add, that, by the admission of her leading public men, there never was a time when her "peculiar institution" was so stable and prosperous as at the present moment.*

WHY SHOULD WE NOT RECOGNIZE THE SECEDING STATES?

And now let us rise from these disregarded appeals to the truth of history and the wretched subtilties of the Secession School of Argument, and contemplate the great issue before us, in its solemn practical reality. "Why should we not," it is asked, "admit the claims of the seceding States, acknowledge their independence, and put an end at once to the war?" "Why should we not?" I answer the question by asking another: "Why should we?" What have we to gain, what to hope from the pursuit of that course? Peace? But we were at peace before. Why are we not at peace now? The North has not waged the war, it has been forced upon us in self-defence; and if, while they had the Constitution and the Laws, the Executive, Congress, and the Courts, all controlled by themselves, the South, dissatisfied with legal protections and Constitutional remedies, has grasped the sword, can North and South hope to live in peace, when the bonds of Union are broken, and amicable means of adjustment are repudiated? Peace is the very last thing which Secession, if recognized, will give us; it will give us nothing but a hollow truce,—time to prepare the means of new outrages. It is in its very nature a perpetual cause of hostility; an eternal never-cancelled letter of marque and reprisal, an everlasting proclamation of border-war. How can peace exist, when all the causes of dissension shall be indefinitely multiplied; when unequal revenue laws shall have led to a gigantic system of smuggling; when a general *stampede* of slaves shall take place along the border, with no thought of rendition, and all the thousand causes of mutual irritation shall be called into action, on a frontier of 1,500 miles not marked by natural boundaries and not subject to a common jurisdiction or a mediating power? We did believe in peace, fondly, credulously, believed that, cemented by the mild umpirage of the Federal Union, it might dwell forever beneath the folds of the Star-Spangled Banner, and the sacred shield of a common Nationality. That was the great *arcanum* of policy; that was the State mystery into which men and angels desired to look; hidden from ages, but revealed to us:—

> Which Kings and Prophets waited for,
> And sought, but never found:

a family of States independent of each other for local concerns, united under one Government for the management of common interests and the prevention of internal feuds. There was no limit to the possible extension of such a system. It had already comprehended half of North America, and it might, in the course of time, have folded the continent in its peaceful, beneficent embrace. We fondly dreamed that, in the lapse of ages, it would have been extended till half the Western hemisphere had realized the vision of universal, perpetual peace. From that dream we have been rudely startled by the array of ten thousand armed men in Charleston Harbor, and the glare of eleven batteries bursting on the torn sky of the Union, like the comet which, at this very moment, burns "In the Arctic sky, and from his

* See Appendix, D.

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horrid hair shakes pestilence and war." These batteries rained their storm of iron hail on one poor siege-worn company, because, in obedience to lawful authority, in the performance of sworn duty, the gallant Anderson resolved to keep *his* oath. That brave and faithful band, by remaining at their post, did not hurt a hair of the head of a Carolinian, bond or free. The United States proposed not to reënforce, but to feed them. But the Confederate leaders would not allow them even the poor boon of being starved into surrender; and because *some* laws had been passed *somewhere*, by which it was alleged that the return of *some* slaves (not one from Carolina) had been or might be obstructed, South Carolina, disclaiming the protection of courts and of Congress, which had never been withheld from her, has inaugurated a ruthless civil war. If, for the frivolous reasons assigned, the seceding States have chosen to plunge into this gulf, while all the peaceful temperaments and constitutional remedies of the Union were within their reach, and offers of further compromise and additional guarantees were daily tendered them, what hope, what possibility of peace can there be, when the Union is broken up, when, in addition to all other sources of deadly quarrel, a general *exodus* of the slave population begins, (as, beyond all question, it will,) and nothing but war remains for the settlement of controversies? The Vice-President of the new Confederacy states that it rests on slavery; but from its very nature it must rest equally on war; eternal war, first between North and South, and then between the smaller fragments into which some of the disintegrated parts may crumble. The work of demons has already begun. Besides the hosts mustered for the capture or destruction of Washington, Eastern Virginia has let loose the dogs of war on the loyal citizens of Western Virginia; they are straining at the leash in Maryland and Kentucky; Tennessee threatens to set a price on the head of her noble Johnson and his friends; a civil war rages in Missouri. Why, in the name of Heaven, has not Western Virginia, separated from Eastern Virginia by mountain ridges, by climate, by the course of her rivers, by the character of her population, and the nature of her industry, why has she not as good a right to stay in the Union which she inherited from her Washington, as Eastern Virginia has to abandon it for the mushroom Confederacy forced upon her from Montgomery? Are no rights sacred but those of rebellion; no oaths binding but those taken by men already foresworn; are liberty of thought, and speech, and action nowhere to be tolerated except on the part of those by whom laws are trampled under foot, arsenals and mints plundered, governments warred against, and where their patriotic defenders are assailed by ferocious and murderous mobs?

SECESSION ESTABLISHES A FOREIGN POWER ON THE CONTINENT.

Then consider the monstrous nature and reach of the pretensions in which we are expected to acquiesce; which are nothing less than that the United States should allow a Foreign Power, by surprise, treachery, and violence, to possess itself of one-half of their territory and all the public property and public establishments contained in it; for if the Southern Confederacy is recognized, it becomes a Foreign Power, established along a curiously dove-tailed frontier of 1,500 miles, commanding some of the most important commercial and military positions and lines of communication for travel and trade; half the sea-coast of the Union; the navigation of our Mediterranean Sea, (the Gulf of Mexico, one-third as large as the Medi-

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terranean of Europe,) and, above all, the great arterial inlet into the heart of the Continent, through which its very life-blood pours its imperial tides. I say we are coolly summoned to surrender all this to a Foreign Power. Would we surrender it to England, to France, to Spain? Not an inch of it; why, then, to the Southern Confederacy? Would any other Government on earth, unless compelled by the direst necessity, make such a surrender? Does not France keep an army of 100,000 men in Algeria to prevent a few wandering tribes of Arabs, a recent conquest, from asserting their independence? Did not England strain her resources to the utmost tension, to prevent the native Kingdoms of Central India (civilized States two thousand years ago, and while painted chieftains ruled the savage clans of ancient Britain) from reëstablishing their sovereignty; and shall we be expected, without a struggle, to abandon a great integral part of the United States to a Foreign Power?

Let it be remembered, too, that in granting to the seceding States, jointly and severally, the right to leave the Union, we concede to them the right of resuming, if they please, their former allegiance to England, France, and Spain. It rests with them, with any one of them, if the right of secession is admitted, again to plant a European Government side by side with that of the United States on the soil of America; and it is by no means the most improbable upshot of this ill-starred rebellion, if allowed to prosper. Is this the Monroe doctrine for which the United States have been contending? The disunion press in Virginia last year openly encouraged the idea of a French Protectorate, and her Legislature has, I believe, sold out the James River canal, the darling enterprise of Washington, to a company in France supposed to enjoy the countenance of the emperor. The seceding patriots of South Carolina were understood by the correspondent of the London "Times," to admit that they would rather be subject to a British prince, than to the Government of the United States. Whether they desire it or not, the moment the seceders lose the protection of the United States, they hold their independence at the mercy of the powerful governments of Europe. If the navy of the North should withdraw its protection, there is not a Southern State on the Atlantic or the Gulf, which might not be recolonized by Europe, in six months after the outbreak of a foreign war.

IMMENSE COST OF THE TERRITORIES CLAIMED BY SECESSION.

Then look at the case for a moment, in reference to the cost of the acquisitions of territory made on this side of the continent within the present century,—Florida, Louisiana, Texas, and the entire coast of Alabama and Mississippi; vast regions acquired from France, Spain, and Mexico, within sixty years. Louisiana cost 15,000,000 dollars, when our population was 5,000,000, representing, of course, a burden of 90,000,000 of dollars at the present day. Florida cost 5,000,000 dollars in 1820, when our population was less than 10,000,000, equal to 15,000,000 dollars at the present day, besides the expenses of General Jackson's war in 1818, and the Florida war of 1840, in which some 80,000,000 of dollars were thrown away, for the purpose of driving out a handful of starving Seminoles from the Everglades. Texas cost $200,000,000 expended in the Mexican war, in addition to the lives of thousands of brave men; besides $10,000,000 paid to her in 1850, for ceding a tract of land which was not hers to New Mexico. A great part of the expense of

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the military establishment of the United States has been incurred in defending the South-Western frontier. The troops, meanly surprised and betrayed in Texas, were sent there to protect her defenceless border settlements from the tomahawk and scalping-knife. If to all this expenditure we add that of the forts, the navy yards, the court-houses, the custom-houses, and the other public buildings in these regions, 500,000,000 dollars of the public funds, of which at least five-sixths have been levied by indirect taxation from the North and North-West, have been expended in and for the Gulf States in this century. Would England, would France, would any government on the face of the earth surrender, without a death-struggle, such a dear-bought territory?

THE UNITED STATES CANNOT GIVE UP THE CONTROL OF THE OUTLET OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

But of this I make no account; the dollars are spent; let *them* go. But look at the subject for a moment in its relations to the safety, to the prosperity, and the growth of the country. The Missouri and the Mississippi Rivers, with their hundred tributaries, give to the great central basin of our continent its character and destiny. The outlet of this mighty system lies between the States of Tennessee and Missouri, of Mississippi and Arkansas, and through the State of Louisiana. The ancient province so-called, the proudest monument of the mighty monarch whose name it bears, passed from the jurisdiction of France to that of Spain in 1763. Spain coveted it, not that she might fill it with prosperous colonies and rising States, but that it might stretch as a broad waste barrier, infested with warlike tribes, between the Anglo-American power and the silver mines of Mexico. With the independence of the United States, the fear of a still more dangerous neighbor grew upon Spain, and in the insane expectation of checking the progress of the Union westward, she threatened, and at times attempted, to close the mouth of the Mississippi, on the rapidly increasing trade of the West. The bare suggestion of such a policy roused the population upon the banks of the Ohio, then inconsiderable, as one man. Their confidence in Washington scarcely restrained them from rushing to the seizure of New Orleans, when the treaty of San Lorenzo El Real in 1795 stipulated for them a precarious right of navigating the noble river to the sea, with a right of deposit at New Orleans. This subject was for years the turning point of the politics of the West, and it was perfectly well understood, that, sooner or later, she would be content with nothing less than the sovereign control of the mighty stream from its head spring to its outlet in the Gulf; *and that is as true now as it was then.*

So stood affairs at the close of the last century, when the colossal power of the first Napoleon burst upon the world. In the vast recesses of his Titanic ambition, he cherished as a leading object of his policy, to acquire for France a colonial empire which should balance that of England. In pursuit of this policy, he fixed his eye on the ancient regal colony which Louis XIV. had founded in the heart of North America, and he tempted Spain by the paltry bribe of creating a kingdom of Etruria for a Bourbon prince, to give back to France the then boundless waste of the territory of Louisiana. The cession was made by the secret treaty of San Ildefonso of the 1st of October, 1800, (of which one sentence only has ever been published, but that sentence gave away half a continent,) and the youthful conqueror concentrated all the resources of his mighty genius on the accomplishment of the

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vast project. If successful, it would have established the French power on the mouth and on the right bank of the Mississippi, and would have opposed the most formidable barrier to the expansion of the United States. The peace of Amiens, at this juncture, relieved Napoleon from the pressure of the war with England, and every thing seemed propitious to the success of the great enterprise. The fate of America trembled for a moment in a doubtful balance, and five hundred thousand citizens in that region felt the danger, and sounded the alarm.*

But in another moment the aspect of affairs was changed, by a stroke of policy, grand, unexpected, and fruitful of consequences, perhaps without a parallel in history. The short-lived truce of Amiens was about to end, the renewal of war was inevitable. Napoleon saw that before he could take possession of Louisiana it would be wrested from him by England, who commanded the seas, and he determined at once, not merely to deprive her of this magnificent conquest, but to contribute as far as in him lay, to build up a great rival maritime power in the West. The Government of the United States, not less sagacious, seized the golden moment—a moment such as does not happen twice in a thousand years. Mr. Jefferson perceived that, unless acquired by the United States, Louisiana would in a short time belong to France or to England, and with equal wisdom and courage he determined that it should belong to neither. True he held the acquisition to be unconstitutional, but he threw to the winds the resolutions of 1798, which had just brought him into power; he broke the Constitution and he gained an Empire. Mr. Monroe was sent to France to conduct the negotiation, in conjunction with Chancellor Livingston, the resident Minister, contemplating, however, at that time only the acquisition of New Orleans and the adjacent territory.

But they were dealing with a man that did nothing by halves. Napoleon knew, *and we know*—that to give up the mouth of the river was to give up its course. On Easter-Sunday of 1803, he amazed his Council with the announcement, that he had determined to cede the whole of Louisiana to the United States. Not less to the astonishment of the American envoys, they were told by the French negotiators, at the first interview, that their master was prepared to treat with them not merely for the Isle of New Orleans, but for the whole vast province which bore the name of Louisiana; whose boundaries, then unsettled, have since been carried on the North to the British line, on the West to the Pacific Ocean; a territory half as big as Europe, transferred by a stroke of the pen. Fifty-eight years have elapsed since the acquisition was made. The States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, and Kansas, the territories of Nebraska, Dacotah, Jefferson, and part of Colorado, have been established within its limits, on this side of the Rocky Mountains; the State of Oregon and the territory of Washington on their western slope; while a tide of population is steadily pouring into the region, destined in addition to the natural increase, before the close of the century, to double the number of the States and Territories. For the entire region west of the Alleghanies and east of the Rocky Mountains, the Missouri and the Mississippi form the natural outlet to the sea. Without counting the population of the seceding States, there are ten millions of the free citizens of the country, between Pittsburg and Fort Union, who claim the course and the mouth of the Mississippi, as belonging to the United States. It is theirs by a transfer of truly imperial origin and

* Speech of Mr. Ross, in the Senate of the United States, 14th February, 1803.

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magnitude; theirs by a sixty years' undisputed title; theirs by occupation and settlement; theirs by the Law of Nature and of God. Louisiana, a fragment of this Colonial empire, detached from its main portion and first organized as a State, undertakes to secede from the Union, and thinks by so doing that she will be allowed by the Government and People of the United States to revoke this imperial transfer, to disregard this possession and occupation of sixty years, to repeal this law of nature and of God; and she fondly believes that ten millions of the Free People of the Union will allow her and her seceding brethren to open and shut the portals of this mighty region at their pleasure. They may do so, and the swarming millions which throng the course of these noble streams and their tributaries may consent to exchange the charter which they hold from the God of Heaven, for a bit of parchment signed at Montgomery or Richmond; but if I may repeat the words which I have lately used on another occasion, it will be when the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains, which form the eastern and western walls of the imperial valley, shall sink to the level of the sea, and the Mississippi and the Missouri shall flow back to their fountains.

Such, Fellow-citizens, as I contemplate them, are the great issues before the country, nothing less, in a word, than whether the work of our noble Fathers of the Revolutionary and Constitutional age shall perish or endure; whether this great experiment in National polity, which binds a family of free Republics in one United Government—the most hopeful plan for combining the homebred blessings of a small State with the stability and power of great empire—shall be treacherously and shamefully stricken down, in the moment of its most successful operation, or whether it shall be bravely, patriotically, triumphantly maintained. We wage no war of conquest and subjugation; we aim at nothing but to protect our loyal fellow-citizens, who, against fearful odds, are fighting the battles of the Union in the disaffected States, and to reëstablish, not for ourselves alone, but for our deluded fellow-citizens, the mild sway of the Constitution and the Laws. The result cannot be doubted. Twenty millions of freemen, forgetting their divisions, are rallying as one man in support of the righteous cause—their willing hearts and their strong hands, their fortunes and their lives, are laid upon the altar of the country. We contend for the great inheritance of constitutional freedom transmitted from our revolutionary fathers. We engage in the struggle forced upon us, with sorrow, as against our misguided brethren, but with high heart and faith, as we war for that Union which our sainted Washington commended to our dearest affections. The sympathy of the civilized world is on our side, and will join us in prayers to Heaven for the success of our arms.

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APPENDIX.

APPENDIX A, p. 9.

After the remarks in the foregoing address, p. 9, were written, touching the impossibility, at the present day, of *repealing* the instrument by which in 1788 South Carolina gave her consent and ratification to the Constitution of the United States, I sought the opinion on that point of Mr. George Ticknor Curtis, the learned and accurate historian of the Constitution. It afforded me great pleasure to find, from the following letter, that my view of the subject is sustained by his high authority:

Jamaica Plains,
Saturday Evening, *June* 8, 1861.

My Dear Sir: Since I came home, I have looked carefully at the ratification of the Constitution by South Carolina. The formal instrument, sent to Congress, seems to be much more in the nature of a Deed or Grant, than of an *Ordinance*. An ordinance would seem to be an instrument adopted by a public body, for the regulation of a subject that in its nature remains under the regulation of that body;—to operate until otherwise ordered. A Deed, or Grant, on the other hand, operates to pass some things; and unless there be a reservation of some control over the subject-matter by the Grantor, his cession is necessarily irrevocable. I can perceive no reason why these distinctions are not applicable to the cession of political powers by a People, or their duly authorized representatives. The question submitted to the People of South Carolina, by the Congress, was, Whether they would cede the powers of government embraced in an instrument sent to them, and called the Constitution of the United States. In other words, they were asked to make a Grant of those Powers. When, therefore, the duly authorized Delegates of the People of South Carolina executed an instrument under seal, declaring that they, "in the name and behalf" of that people, "assent to and ratify the said Constitution," I can perceive no propriety in calling this Deed an *Ordinance*. If they had adopted an instrument entitled, "An Act [or Ordinance] for the government of the People of South Carolina," and had gone on, in the body of the instrument, to declare that the Powers embraced in the Constitution of the United States should be exercised by the agents therein provided, until otherwise ordered, there would have been something left for a repeal to operate upon. But nothing like this was done, and everybody knows that such a ratification could not have been accepted.

There are those, as you are well aware, who pretend that the most absolute and unrestricted terms of cession, which would carry any other subject entirely out of the grantor, do not so operate when the subject of the grant is political sovereignty. But a political school which maintains that a deed is to be construed in one way when it purports to convey one description of right, such as political sovereignty, and in another

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way when it purports to convey a right of another kind, such as property, would hold a very weak brief in any tribunal of jurisprudence, if the question could be brought to that arbitrament. The American people have been very much accustomed to treat political grants, made by the sovereign power without reservation, as irrevocable conveyances and executed contracts; and although they hold to the right of revolution, they have not yet found out how a deed, absolute on its face, is to be treated in point of law, as a repealable instrument, because it deals with political rights and duties. If any court in South Carolina were now to have the question come before it, whether the laws of the United States are still binding upon their citizens, I think they would have to put their denial upon the naked doctrine of *revolution;* and that they could not hold that, as matter of law and regular political action, their ratification deed of May 23d, 1788, is "repealed" by their late ordinance. Most truly and respectfully yours,

GEO. T. CURTIS.

MR. EVERETT.

APPENDIX B, p. 22.

Hon. REVERDY JOHNSON to Mr. EVERETT.

BALTIMORE, 24th June, 1861.

MY DEAR MR. EVERETT.

I have your note of the 18th, and cheerfully authorize you to use my name, as you suggest.

The letter I read in the speech which I made in Frederick, should be conclusive evidence that, at its date, Mr. Calhoun denied the right of secession, as a constitutional right, either express or implied.

But, in addition to this, I had frequent opportunities of knowing that this was his opinion. It was my good fortune to be a member of the Senate of the United States, whilst he was one of its greatest ornaments, for four years, from 1845, until I became a member of Gen. Taylor's administration, and during two sessions (I think 1846 and 1847) I lived in the same house with him. He did me the honor to give me much of his confidence, and frequently his nullification doctrine was the subject of conversation. Time and time again have I heard him, and with ever increased surprise at his wonderful acuteness, defend it on Constitutional grounds, and distinguish it, *in that respect*, from the doctrine of Secession. This last he never, with me, placed on any other ground than that of revolution. This, he said, was to destroy the Government; and no Constitution, the work of sane men, ever provided *for its own destruction.* The other was to preserve it, was, practically, but to amend it, and in a constitutional mode. As you know, and he was ever told, I never took that view. I could see no more constitutional warrant for this than for the other, which, I repeat, he ever in all our interviews repudiated, as wholly indefensible as a constitutional remedy. His mind, with all its wonderful power, was so ingenious that it often led him into error, and at times to such an extent as to be guilty of the most palpable inconsistencies. His views of the tariff and internal improvement powers of the Government, are instances. His first opinions upon both were decided, and almost ultra. His earliest reputation was won as their advocate, and yet four years before his death he denounced both, with constant zeal and with rare power, and, whilst doing so, boldly asserted his uniform consistency. It is no marvel, therefore, with those who have observed his career and studied his character, to hear it stated now that he was the advocate of constitutional secession.

It may be so, and perhaps is so; but this in no way supports the doctrine, as far as it is rested on his authority. His first views were well considered and formed, without the influence of extraneous circumstances, of which he seemed to me to be often the victim.

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Pure in private life and in motives, ever, as I believe and have always believed, patriotic, he was induced, seemingly without knowing it, in his later life, to surrender to section what was intended for the whole, his great powers of analysis and his extraordinary talent for public service. If such a heresy, therefore, as constitutional secession could rest on any individual name, if any mere human authority could support such an absurd and destructive folly, it cannot be said to rest on that of Mr. Calhoun.

With sincere regard, your friend,

REVERDY JOHNSON.

Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, Boston.

APPENDIX C, p. 31.

The number of fugitive slaves, from all the States, as I learn from Mr. J. C. G. Kennedy, the intelligent superintendent of the census bureau, was, in the year 1850, 1,011, being about one to every 3,165, the entire number of slaves at that time being 3,200,364, a ratio of rather more than $\frac{1}{3}\frac{1}{6}$ of one *per cent.* This very small ratio was diminished in 1860. By the last census, the whole number of slaves in the United States was 3,949,-557, and the number of escaping fugitives was 803, being a trifle over $\frac{1}{5}\frac{1}{0}$ of one *per cent.* Of these it is probable that much the greater part escaped to the places of refuge in the South, alluded to in the text. At all events, it is well known that escaping slaves, reclaimed in the free States, have in almost every instance been restored.

There is usually some difficulty in reclaiming fugitives of any description, who have escaped to another jurisdiction. In most of the cases of fugitives from justice, which came under my cognizance as United States Minister in London, every conceivable difficulty was thrown in my way, and sometimes with success, by the counsel for the parties whose extradition was demanded under the Webster-Ashburton treaty. The French Ambassador told me, that he had made thirteen unsuccessful attempts to procure the surrender of fugitives from justice, under the extradition treaty between the two governments. The difficulty generally grew out of the difference of the jurisprudence of the two countries, in the definition of crimes, rules of evidence, and mode of procedure.

The number of blacks living in Upper Canada and assumed to be all from the United States, is sometimes stated as high as forty thousand, and is constantly referred to, at the South, as showing the great number of fugitives. But it must be remembered that the manumissions far exceed in number the escaping fugitives. I learn from Mr. Kennedy that while in 1860 the number of fugitives was but 803, that of manumissions was 3,010. As the manumitted slaves are compelled to leave the States where they are set free, and a small portion only emigrate to Liberia, at least nine-tenths of this number are scattered through the northern States and Canada. In the decade from 1850 to 1860, it is estimated that 20,000 slaves were manumitted, of whom three-fourths probably joined their brethren in Canada. This supply alone, with the natural increase on the old stock and the new comers, will account for the entire population of the province.

A very able and instructive discussion of the statistics of this subject will be found in the Boston Courier of the 9th of July. It is there demonstrated that the assertion that the Northern States got rid of their slaves by selling them to the South, is utterly unsupported by the official returns of the census.

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APPENDIX D, p. 37.

In his message to the Confederate Congress of the 29th April last, Mr. Jefferson Davis presents a most glowing account of the prosperity of the peculiar institution of the South. He states, indeed, that it was "imperilled" by Northern agitation, but he does not affirm (and the contrary, as far as I have observed, is strenuously maintained at the South) that its progress has been checked or its stability in the slightest degree shaken.

I think I have seen statements by Mr. Senator Hunter of Virginia, that the institution of slavery has been benefited and its interests promoted, since the systematic agitation of the subject began; but I am unable to lay my hand on the speech, in which, if I recollect rightly, this view was taken by the distinguished senator.

I find the following extracts from the speeches of two distinguished southern senators, in "The Union," a spirited paper published at St. Cloud, Minnesota:

It was often said at the North, and admitted by candid statesmen at the South, that anti-slavery agitation strengthened rather than weakened slavery. Here are the admissions of Senator Hammond on this point, in a speech which he delivered in South Carolina, October 24, 1858:—

"And what then (1833) was the state of opinion in the South? Washington had emancipated his slaves. Jefferson had bitterly denounced the system, and had done all that he could to destroy it. Our Clays, Marshalls, Crawfords, and many other prominent Southern men, led off in the colonization scheme. The inevitable effect in the South was that she believed slavery to be an evil—weakness—disgraceful—nay, a sin. She shrunk from the discussion of it. She cowered under every threat. She attempted to apologize, to excuse herself under the plea—which was true—that England had forced it upon her; and in fear and trembling she awaited a doom that she deemed inevitable. But a few bold spirits took the question up—they compelled the South to investigate it anew and thoroughly, and what is the result? Why, it would be difficult to find now a Southern man who feels the system to be the lightest burden on his conscience; who does not, in fact, regard it as an equal advantage to the master and the slave, elevating both, as wealth, strength, and power, and as one of the main pillars and controlling influences of modern civilization, and who is not now prepared to maintain it at every hazard. *Such have been the happy results of this abolition discussion.*

"So far *our gain has been immense* from this contest, savage and malignant as it has been."

And again he says:—

"The rock of Gibraltar does not stand so firm on its basis as our slave system. For a quarter of a century it has borne the brunt of a hurricane as fierce and pitiless as ever raged. At the North, and in Europe, they cried 'havoc,' and let loose upon us all the dogs of war. And how stands it now? Why, in this very quarter of a century our slaves have doubled in numbers, and each slave has more than doubled in value. The very negro who, as a prime laborer, would have brought $400 in 1828, would now, with thirty more years upon him, sell for $800."

Equally strong admissions were made by A. H. Stephens, now Vice-President of the "Confederacy," in that carefully prepared speech which he delivered in Georgia in July, 1859, on the occasion of retiring from public life. He then said:—

"Nor am I of the number of those who believe that we have sustained any injury by these agitations. It is true, we were not responsible for them. We were not the aggressors. We acted on the defensive. We repelled assault, calumny, and aspersion, by argument, by reason, and truth. But so far from the institution of African slavery in our section being weakened or rendered less secure by the discussion, *my deliberate judgment is that it has been greatly strengthened and fortified*—strengthened and fortified not only in the opinions, convictions, and consciences of men, but by the action of the Government."

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off during the day, and will proceed to the British Provinces.

The British ship Monmouth, from Liverpool and the ship General Parkhill, from the same place, were seen off the bar yesterday and were ordered off, and we understand that the Niagara had previously sent off three other square-rigged vessels. During Sunday the Niagara went well off shore, accompanied by two of the above vessels, and while she was absent the British ship A. and A., Captain Hutchinson, from Belfast, stood in from the eastward, when the Niagara made after her; but the ship, having much the start, was run into shoal water, where the frigate could not well approach her, when the Niagara put about and proceeded south. Should the boats of the Niagara omit to board the A. and A. before morning, she may be got into port with the aid of steam. The race was anxiously watched from the wharves, and also by a party of gentlemen who were out in the pilot boat Rover, Captain Evans. They went alongside and spoke the ship.

—*Charleston Mercury*, May 13.

Doc. 156.

GENERAL HARNEY'S PROCLAMATION.

To the People of the State of Missouri and the city of St. Louis.

MILITARY DEPARTMENT OF THE WEST,
ST. LOUIS, MAY 11, 1861.

I HAVE just returned to this post, and have assumed the military command of this department. No one can more deeply regret the deplorable state of things existing here than myself. The past cannot be recalled. I can only deal with the present and the future.

I most anxiously desire to discharge the delicate and onerous duties devolved upon me, so as to preserve the public peace. I shall carefully abstain from the exercise of any unnecessary powers, and from all interference with the proper functions of the public officers of the State and city. I therefore call upon the public authorities and the people to aid me in preserving the public peace.

The military force stationed in this department by the authority of the Government, and now under my command, will only be used in the last resort to preserve the peace. I trust I may be spared the necessity of resorting to martial law, but the public peace *must be preserved*, and the lives and property of the people protected. Upon a careful review of my instructions, I find I have no authority to change the location of the "Home Guards."

To avoid all cause of irritation and excitement, if called upon to aid the local authorities in preserving the public peace, I shall in preference make use of the regular army.

I ask the people to pursue their peaceful avocations, and to observe the laws and orders of their local authorities, and to abstain from the excitements of public meetings and heated discussions. My appeal, I trust, may not be in vain, and I pledge the faith of a soldier to the earnest discharge of my duty.

WILLIAM S. HARNEY,
Brigadier-General U. S. A., Commanding Dept.

—*National Intelligencer*, May 17.

Doc. 157.

THE FIRST CONNECTICUT REGIMENT.

LIST OF OFFICERS.

STAFF.—Colonel, Alfred H. Terry, of New Haven; Lieut. Colonel, David Young, of Norwich; Major, Robert O. Tyler, of Hartford; Surgeon, Archibald T. Douglass, M. D., of New London; Surgeon's Mate, Francis Bacon, of New Haven.

Infantry Company A, Hartford, Capt., John C. Comstock, 80 men; Infantry Company B, Hartford, Capt., Ira Wright, 77 men; Infantry Company C, Windsor Locks, Capt., Levi L. Hilman, 77 men; Infantry Company D, Waterbury, Capt., John L. Chatfield, 84 men; Infantry Company E, Danbury, Capt., E. E. Wildman, 77 men; Infantry Company F, West Meriden, Capt., Byxbee, 77 men; Infantry Company G, New Britain, Capt., Frederick W. Hart, 89 men; Infantry Company H, Bridgeport, Capt., Richard Fitzgibbons, 77 men; Rifle Company A, Hartford, Capt., Joseph R. Hawley, 84 men; Rifle Company B, Bridgeport, Capt., John Spiedal, 77 men.

—*National Intelligencer*, May 15.

Doc. 158.

APPORTIONMENT OF TROOPS.

THE following is the number of infantry regiments to be received from each State for a total increase of seventy-five regiments of three years' volunteers, under the recent determination of the Government, viz:

Virginia	2	New York	11
Maine	1	Pennsylvania	10
Maryland	1	Ohio	9
Connecticut	1	Illinois	6
New Hampshire	1	Indiana	4
Vermont	1	Massachusetts	5
Rhode Island	1	Missouri	4
Minnesota	1	Kentucky	2
Delaware	1	Wisconsin	2
Kansas	1	Michigan	3
Nebraska	1	Iowa	2
District of Columbia	1	New Jersey	3

The other regiment, namely, of cavalry, is not assigned.

—*N. Y. Herald*, May 13.

Doc. 159.

REPORT OF THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION, MAY 13, 1861.

THE following report from the Committee on the state of the country, was unanimously adopted by the Southern Baptist Convention

in session at Savannah, Ga. It was drawn up by Rev. Dr. Fuller, of Baltimore, who had until recently had the reputation of being a firm friend of the Constitution and the Union:—

We hold this truth to be self-evident, that governments are established for the security, prosperity, and happiness of the people. When, therefore, any government is perverted from its proper designs, becomes oppressive, and abuses its power, the people have a right to change it.

As to the States once combined upon this continent, it is now manifest that they can no longer live together as one confederacy.

The Union constituted by our forefathers was one of coequal sovereign States. The fanatical spirit of the North has long been seeking to deprive us of rights and franchises guaranteed by the Constitution; and after years of persistent aggression, they have at last accomplished their purpose.

In vindication of their sacred rights and honor, in self-defence, and for the protection of all which is dear to man, the Southern States have practically asserted the right of seceding from a Union so degenerated from that established by the Constitution, and they have formed for themselves a Government based upon the principles of the original compact—adopting a charter which secures to each State its sovereign rights and privileges. This new Government, in thus dissolving former political connections, seeks to cultivate relations of amity and good will, with its late confederates and with all the world; and they have thrice sent special Commissioners to Washington with overtures for peace, and for a fair, amicable adjustment of all difficulties. The Government at Washington has insultingly repelled these proposals, and now insists *upon letting loose hordes of armed soldiers to pillage and desolate the entire South, for the purpose of forcing the seceded States back into unnatural Union, or of subjugating them, and holding them as conquered provinces.*

While the two sections of the land are thus arrayed against each other, it might naturally have been hoped that at least the churches of the North would interpose and protest against this appeal to the sword, this invoking of civil war, this deluging the country in fratricidal blood; but with astonishment and grief we find churches and pastors of the North breathing out slaughter, and clamoring for sanguinary hostilities with a fierceness which we would have supposed impossible among the disciples of the Prince of Peace. In view of such premises, this Convention cannot keep silence. Recognizing the necessity that the whole moral influence of the people, in whatever capacity or organization, should be enlisted in aid of the rulers who, by their suffrages, have been called to defend the endangered interests of person and property, of honor and liberty, it is bound to utter its voice distinctly, decidedly, emphatically; and your Committee recommend, therefore, the subjoined resolutions:

Resolved, That impartial history cannot charge upon the South the dissolution of the Union. She was foremost in advocating and cementing that Union. To that Union she clung through long years of calumny, injury, and insult. She has never ceased to raise her warning appeals against the fanaticism which has obstinately and incessantly warred against that Union.

Resolved, That we most cordially approve of the formation of the Government of the Confederate States of America, and admire and applaud the noble course of that Government up to this present time.

Resolved, That we shall assiduously invoke the Divine direction and favor in behalf of those who bear rule among us, that they may still exercise the same wise, prompt, elevated statesmanship which has hitherto characterized their measures; that their enterprises may be attended with success; and that they may attain a great reward, not only in seeing these Confederate States prosper under their administration, but in contributing to the progress of the transcendant kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Resolved, That we most cordially tender to the President of the Confederate States, to his Cabinet, and to the members of the Congress now convened at Montgomery, the assurances of our sympathy and entire confidence. With them are our hearts and our hearty coöperation.

Resolved, That the lawless reign of terror at the North, the violence committed upon unoffending citizens, above all, the threats to wage upon the South a warfare of savage barbarity, to devastate our homes and hearths with hosts of ruffians and felons burning with lust and rapine, ought to excite the horror of all civilized people. God forbid that we should so far forget the spirit of Jesus as to suffer malice and vindictiveness to insinuate themselves into our hearts; but every principle of religion, of patriotism, and of humanity, calls upon us to pledge our fortunes and lives in the good work of repelling an *invasion designed to destroy whatever is dear in our heroic traditions; whatever is sweet in our domestic hopes and enjoyments; whatever is essential to our institutions and our very manhood; whatever is worth living or dying for.*

Resolved, That we do now engage in prayer for our friends, brothers, fathers, sons, and citizen soldiers, who have left their homes to go forth for the defence of their families and friends and all which is dearest to the human heart; and we recommend to the churches represented in this body, that they constantly invoke a holy and merciful God to guard them from the temptations to which they are exposed, to cover their head in the day of battle, and to give victory to their arms.

Resolved, That we will pray for our enemies in the spirit of that Divine Master, who "when he was reviled, he reviled not again," trusting that their pitiless purposes may be

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frustrated, that God will grant to them a more politic, a more considerate, and a more Christian mind; that the fratricidal strife which they have decided upon, notwithstanding all our commissions and pleas for peace, may be arrested by that Supreme Power, who maketh the wrath of man to praise him; and that thus, through a divine blessing, the prosperity of these sovereign and once allied States, may be restored under the two Governments to which they now and henceforth respectively belong.

Resolved, We do recommend to the churches of the Baptist denomination in the Southern States, to observe the first and second days of June, as days of humiliation, fasting, and prayer to Almighty God, that he may avert any calamities due to our sins as a people, and may look with mercy and favor upon us.

Resolved, That whatever calamities may come upon us, our firm trust and hope are in God, through the atonement of his Son, and we earnestly beseech the churches represented in this body, (a constituency of six or seven hundred thousand Christians,) that they be fervent and importunate in prayer, not only for the country, but for the enterprises of the Gospel which have been committed to our care. In the war of the Revolution, and in the war of 1812, the Baptist bated no jot of heart or hope for the Redeemer's cause. Their zeal and liberality abounded in their deepest afflictions. We beseech the churches to cherish the spirit and imitate the example of this noble army of saints and heroes; to be followers of them, who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises; to be steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as they know that their labor is not in vain in the Lord.

Resolved, That these resolutions be communicated to the Congress of the "Confederate States" at Montgomery, with the signatures of the President and Secretaries of the Convention.

P. H. Mell, Ga.
Jas. E. Broome, Fla.
G. H. Martin, Miss.
W. Carey Crane, La.
R. Fuller, Md.
Jas. B. Taylor, Va.
R. B. C. Howell, Tenn.
L. W. Allen, Ky.
J. L. Prichard, N. C.
E. T. Winkler, S. C.
B. Manly, Sr., Ala.
} Committee.

The vote being taken, the report was unanimously adopted.

True extract from the minutes.

R. Fuller, President.

W. Carey Crane, } Secretaries.
Geo. B. Taylor. }

—*N. Y. Times*, May 21.

Doc. 160.

MAJOR MORRIS'S LETTER,

TO JUDGE GILES, AT BALTIMORE.

At the date of issuing your writ, and for two weeks previous, the city in which you live and where your Court has been held, was entirely under the control of revolutionary authorities. Within that period United States soldiers, while committing no offence, had been perfidiously attacked and inhumanly murdered in your streets; no punishment had been awarded, and I believe no arrests had been made for these atrocious crimes; supplies of provisions intended for this garrison had been stopped; the intention to capture this fort had been boldly proclaimed; your most public thoroughfares were daily patrolled by large numbers of troops armed and clothed, at least in part, with articles stolen from the United States; and the Federal flag, while waving over the Federal offices, was cut down by some person wearing the uniform of a Maryland soldier. To add to the foregoing, an assemblage elected in defiance of law, but claiming to be the legislative body of your State, and so recognized by the Executive of Maryland, was debating the federal compact. If all this be not rebellion, I know not what to call it. I certainly regard it as sufficient legal cause for suspending the writ of *habeas corpus*. Besides, there were certain grounds of expediency on which I declined obeying your mandate.

1st. The writ of *habeas corpus* in the hands of an unfriendly power might depopulate this fortification and place it at the mercy of "a Baltimore mob," in much less time than it could be done by all the appliances of modern warfare.

2d. The ferocious spirit exhibited by your community toward the United States army would render me very averse from appearing publicly and unprotected in the city of Baltimore to defend the interests of the body to which I belong. A few days since a soldier of this command, while outside the walls, was attacked by a fiend or fiends in human shape, almost deprived of life, and left unprotected about half a mile from garrison. He was found in this situation and brought in, covered with blood. One of your evening prints was quite jocose over this laughable occurrence.

And now, sir, permit me to say, in conclusion, that no one can regret more than I this conflict between the civil and military authorities. If, in an experience of thirty-three years, you have never before known the writ of *habeas corpus* to be disobeyed, it is only because such a contingency in political affairs as the present has never before arisen. I claim to be a loyal citizen, and I hope my former conduct, both official and private, will justify this pretension.

In any condition of affairs, except that of civil war, I would cheerfully obey your order, and as soon as the present excitement shall pass away I will hold myself ready, not only to

produce the soldier, but also to appear in person to answer for my conduct; but, in the existing state of sentiment in the city of Baltimore, I think it your duty to sustain the federal military and to strengthen their hands, instead of endeavoring to strike them down. I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant, W. W. MORRIS,

Major, Fourth United States Artillery,
Commanding Fort McHenry.

Doc. 161.

SENATOR BAYARD ON SECESSION.

To the People of the State of Delaware:

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—Though, like all men who have mingled actively in political contests, I have often been subjected to misrepresentations and calumnies, under no past circumstances have I ever felt it necessary to reply to merely personal attacks, but have been content to let my general character and course of action be the answer to my assailants. From occurrences, however, within the last ten days, and the excited state of popular feeling, which seems to accept the falsest and most absurd charges as truths, it is due to myself to make to you the following statement, which, though it will not satisfy the bitterness of partisan hostility or the malignity of personal hatred, will, I trust, vindicate, in the opinion of the mass of my fellow-citizens, both my motives and my acts, though I may differ from many of them in my political opinions.

In the speech which I made in the Senate in March last, you have my views and opinions expressed frankly and without reserve on the present unhappy and distracted condition of our country, and the course which I believed the happiness and welfare of the people of the United States required should be adopted by the General Administration. The views and opinions then expressed were the result of grave consideration and positive conviction, and subsequent events have not changed but confirmed that conviction. I preferred peaceful separation of a part of the States from the Union, leaving that Union unbroken as to the far greater number, and the Federal Government as the Government of a powerful and great nation, to the alternative of civil war. Time and the progress of events will, I confidently believe, vindicate the wisdom of my counsel. If the arguments and views presented in that speech and my past course cannot convince you of my attachment to the Union, it would be hopeless to urge others now.

On the 8th of April last, I left home on a short visit to New Orleans, solely for social and business purposes—a visit I had contemplated and promised to make more than a year before, but which my professional and public duties had compelled me to postpone. I had no political purpose or object in view in making that visit, nor did I, during my absence, engage in any political arrangement or consultation intended or calculated to affect the action of the people of Delaware in relation to their allegiance and fidelity to the Union. I trust you have known me long enough, and I am sure you ought to have known me well enough, to be certain that, whatever political action I contemplated, I would openly and boldly avow and advocate before you. If I err in this, then it will be a vain hope for any public man to expect, however candid and open may have been his past course, that his fellow-men will justly estimate his character. When I left home, though the political horizon was clouded, no excitement existed beyond the ordinary conflict of party warfare, and I neither did nor could anticipate the events which occurred after my departure, or my visit certainly would not have been made. I took the Southern route, and reached Montgomery on Friday afternoon, the 12th of April, remained there till Sunday following, and left that day on the steamer for New Orleans. I saw many persons in Montgomery whom I had known well and intimately in Washington, but I had no political arrangements to make with them, nor were any proposed to me. After reaching New Orleans, in consequence of the rapid progress of events, I remained but three days, cut short my visit, and returned home as speedily as practicable up the river, though I had originally intended to return by sea to New York.

I make this statement, because I have been told that many fair-minded and well-intentioned men have attributed my visit to the South to political objects, and it is only to such it is intended to be addressed.

I reached home on Saturday, the 4th of May, and was met by a telegram, purporting to be from Middletown to Philadelphia, in which it was stated that I had been two weeks at Montgomery, in consultation with the leaders of the Confederate States. My answer is, that the telegram is utterly and unqualifiedly false, and whether it came from Middletown or elsewhere, it was the mere coinage of a reckless political partisan or a personal enemy. This was followed by an announcement placarded in Wilmington, and published in the papers, that a Prince of the Golden Circle had returned home, or some such absurd stuff. On principle, I never had the slightest connection with any secret association in my life; and, in my connection with the Democratic party, I have never been even a member of a club. I was told, also, that rumors had been spread in my absence, such as that I had gone to Montgomery to sell my State, and others of like kind. I paid little attention to these things, as I believed I could live them down, for I was not aware of the extent of passionate excitement to which the public mind had been strung, and still less did I dream that there was a deliberate intention by such means, to induce personal violence against me here, in my native town, or in Philadelphia.

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I was mistaken in this, and have become satisfied that there was a deliberate conspiracy to make me the victim of a mob on the first occasion on which I went to Philadelphia. I have no knowledge of the parties engaged in this conspiracy either here or in Philadelphia, nor do I fear the ruffians who would instigate such action here, because I have confidence that in the people of Delaware, however decided may be their dissent from my political views, the love of order and law is too deeply implanted to tolerate lawless violence.

Without the slightest anticipation of any intended violence, I left home in the morning train for Philadelphia, on Tuesday last, and arrived at the Prime station about half-past 8 A. M. There was no mob or assemblage at the station and I took my seat in the second passenger railway car, which, after it had turned into Catherine street, was stopped by a police officer, and the inquiry made, "Is Senator Bayard here?" I answered affirmatively, and the reply was, "Come here if you please, we want you." I left the car at once, and it went on, and the officer said immediately, "There is a mob ahead waiting for you, and you had better go with us," alluding to another officer who had joined him.

Having no desire to encounter or be the victim of a mob, I assented, and walked on with them down Catherine street for three or four squares. One of the officers then turned off, and I went with the other to the Mayor's office. During our walk I had some conversation with the officer, and expressed my utter surprise at the existence of the mob, and my then belief that it had been instigated by the false statements in the telegrams and newspapers as to the object of my recent visit to the South. The officer also told me he had arrested me for my own protection. I remained at the Mayor's office till the arrival of Mr. Henry, with whom I had a short conversation, and then left with a friend.

I must add that the conduct of the police officers was both courteous and judicious, and not having a sufficient force at the station to disperse or control a mob, they protected me from its violence by wisely evading it.

I did not see this mob, but from the statement of others, it was between two and five hundred in number. That it was prearranged in consequence of a communication from Wilmington, cannot be doubted, for it had organized for the sole purpose of assaulting me, and selected its position on Fifteenth street, about three squares from the station, where I should, in a passenger car, have been entirely defenceless. It was utterly impracticable that such a mob could have been so collected and arranged between the time of the arrival of the train, and the few minutes afterward when I was called by the officer out of the passenger car, without previous information that I was coming in the train.

The car was stopped for a moment, about two squares from the place I left it, and I was inquired for, and, being told that I was at the station, it was permitted to proceed without further interruption. I have no knowledge as to the further action of my intended assailants.

I am well aware that in cities and large towns, there will always be men ready to instigate and embark in lawless action, but it can scarcely be considered evidence of strong attachment to the Union, when a mob can be collected in the city of one State to assault a citizen and representative of another, on the false statements of unknown persons by telegraphic or other communications in the newspapers. That I escaped a danger greater than I then realized, I cannot doubt, but I do not hold the deluded men who composed this mob in Philadelphia, as morally culpable as I do the Press of Philadelphia, for the mode in which it sought in its reports of this affair to slur over, palliate and encourage, and in some papers even to justify such mob action.

It is true that, in a single paper, such action is condemned in an editorial, but in the same paper to its report of this lawless attempt, is appended a statement relating to my political action on two previous occasions, utterly false, and intended as justification of the action of the mob in the particular case.

Perhaps, when one of their own citizens has become the victim of an outrage similar to that intended to be perpetrated upon me, the people of Philadelphia will begin to realize the dangers attendant upon these reckless and mendacious slanders upon individuals, which are now so common in the papers of that city, induced generally by partisan bitterness, but not unfrequently by personal enmity.

At a time when there is so much excitement in the community, I do not expect to escape personal defamation either here or there; but Wilmington is my residence, and though I may avoid personal violence in Philadelphia, I shall meet it, if attempted here, as best I may. I know my duties, both as a citizen of Delaware and of the United States, and am conscious of no violation of them; but I know also my rights, and shall not shrink from maintaining them.

The object of this address, fellow-citizens, has been to give a general refutation to groundless calumnies accumulated during my absence in part springing from political motives, with a view merely to political effect, and in part from the malevolence of personal enemies. Having done this, I shall rest hereafter, as hitherto, on my character, my past course, and my future actions as the surest safeguards against either class of assailants.

My standard of duty and of action has always been conscious rectitude of purpose, and, though many may misjudge me now, I shall leave to time and the progress of events, the correction of present errors of opinion.

I am one of your representatives in the Senate of the United States, and my term of office

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does not expire until March, 1863. I view, however, the relation of constituent and representative as one of confidence, and when I am satisfied that civil war cannot be averted, and find that the public sentiment of my State prefers such a result to the peaceful separation of those States which have withdrawn from the Union, I shall cheerfully and gladly resign into your hands an office which I obtained without solicitation, and which neither my sense of duty nor my self-respect would permit me to hold, when I ascertain that I differ in opinion with you on so momentous and vital a question as peace or war. It can require but few days after Congress has assembled to determine whether the last hope of peace has fled, if, indeed, the hope can linger until then; and before that time I shall become fully satisfied as to your will. Do not fear that I will betray the confidence you have reposed in me, or be capable of misrepresenting that will. If I cannot conscientiously obey your mandate, I will not use the position I occupy as your representative, to prevent its performance by another agent. But the right of private opinion and its expression, is a personal right, beyond public control. It is secured to every freeman under a government of laws, and a Republic must be a government of laws alone, or it will end in anarchy or despotism. I have no faith either in the government of the sword or the mob, and shall resist the establishment of either.

JAMES A. BAYARD.

WILMINGTON, May 13, 1861.

—*N. Y. Tribune*, May 20.

Doc. 162.

GEN. HARNEY'S PROCLAMATION.

"MILITARY DEPARTMENT OF THE WEST,
ST. LOUIS, May 14, 1861.

"*To the People of the State of Missouri:*

"ON my return to the duties of the command of this department I find, greatly to my astonishment and mortification, a most extraordinary state of things existing in this State, deeply affecting the stability of the Government of the United States, as well as the governmental and other interests of Missouri itself.

"As a citizen of Missouri, owing allegiance to the United States, and having interests in common with you, I feel it my duty as well as privilege to extend a warning voice to my fellow-citizens against the common dangers that threaten us, and to appeal to your patriotism and sense of justice to exert all your moral power to avert them.

"It is with regret that I feel it my duty to call your attention to the recent act of the General Assembly of Missouri, known as the Military bill, which is the result, no doubt, of the temporary excitement that now pervades the public mind. This bill cannot be regarded in any other light than *an indirect secession ordinance, ignoring even the forms resorted to by other States.* Manifestly its most material provisions are in conflict with the Constitution and laws of the United States. *To this extent it is a nullity, and cannot and ought not to be upheld or regarded by the good citizens of Missouri.* There are obligations and duties resting upon the people of Missouri under the Constitution and laws of the United States which are paramount, and which I trust you will carefully consider and weigh well before you will allow yourselves to be carried out of the Union, under the form of yielding obedience to this Military bill, which is clearly in violation of your duties as citizens of the United States.

"It must be apparent to every one who has taken a proper and unbiased view of the subject, that, whatever may be the termination of the unfortunate condition of things in respect to the so-called 'cotton States,' *Missouri must share the destiny of the Union.* Her geographical position—her soil, productions, and in short all her material interests, point to this result. We cannot shut our eyes against this controlling fact. It is seen, and its force is felt throughout the nation. So important is this regarded to the great interests of the country, that I venture to express the opinion that *the whole power of the Government of the United States, if necessary, will be exerted to maintain Missouri in her present position in the Union.* I express to you in all frankness and sincerity my own deliberate convictions, without assuming to speak for the Government of the United States, whose authority, here and elsewhere, I shall at all times and under all circumstances endeavor faithfully to uphold.

"I desire, above all things, most earnestly to invite my fellow-citizens dispassionately to consider their true interests as well as their true relation to the Government under which we live, and to which we owe so much.

"In this connection I desire to direct attention to one subject, which no doubt will be made the pretext for more or less popular excitement. I allude to the recent transactions at Camp Jackson, near St. Louis. It is not proper for me to comment upon the official conduct of my predecessor in command of this Department, but it is right and proper for the people of Missouri to know that the main avenue of Camp Jackson, recently under command of General Frost, had the name of Davis, and a principal street of the same camp that of Beauregard; and that a body of men had been received into that camp by its commander, which had been notoriously organized in the interests of the secessionists, the men openly wearing the dress and badge distinguishing the army of the so-called Southern Confederacy. It is also a notorious fact that a quantity of arms had been received into the camp, which were unlawfully taken from the United States arsenal at Baton Rouge, and surreptitiously passed up the river in boxes marked marble.

"Upon facts like these, and having in view what occurred at Liberty, the people can draw

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their own inferences, and it cannot be difficult for any one to arrive at a correct conclusion as to the character and ultimate purpose of that encampment. No government in the world would be entitled to respect, that would tolerate for a moment such openly treasonable preparations.

"It is but simple justice, however, that I should state the fact that there were many good and loyal men in the camp, who were in no manner responsible for its treasonable character.

"Disclaiming, as I do, all desire or intention to interfere in any way with the prerogatives of the State of Missouri or with the functions of its executive or other authorities, yet I regard it as my plain path of duty to express to the people in respectful, but at the same time decided language, that, within the field and scope of my command and authority, the '*supreme law*' of the land must and shall be maintained, and no subterfuges, whether in the forms of legislative acts or otherwise, can be permitted to harass or oppress the good and law-abiding people of Missouri. I shall exert my authority to protect their persons and property from violations of every kind, and I shall deem it my duty to suppress all unlawful combinations of men, whether formed under pretext of military organizations or otherwise.

"WM. S. HARNEY, Brigadier-General
"United States Army, Commanding."

—*St. Louis Republican*, May 14.

Doc. 163.

THE CONFEDERATE FAST.

IN the open session of the Confederate Congress, May 14, several resolutions of interest were offered and adopted. The first of these is a resolution presented by Mr. T. R. R. Cobb, of Georgia, in reference to a general day of Fasting and Prayer.

As the sentiments and intent of the resolutions are good, I shall give them to your readers entire, as follows:

"The dependence of nations, as of individuals, upon an overruling Providence, at all times, we fully recognize; but when perils surround, and national existence is threatened, it peculiarly becomes a people to manifest their submission to the will and guidance of the Omnipotent Ruler of the universe. If the cause be righteous and the quarrel just, we may confidently rely on Him who reigneth alike over the armies of earth and the hosts of heaven. At the same time, we recognize our duty to appeal humbly to Him who hath said: 'I will be inquired of my people.' To the end, therefore, that the whole people of these Confederate States may, in union and with one accord, approach the Throne of the Most High, to invoke his blessing upon us in our defensive struggle for the right of self-government, and the enjoyment of the liberty He vouchsafed to our fathers, and to protect us from those who threaten our homes with fire and sword, our domestic circles with ruthless lust, our fathers' graves with the invaders' feet, and our altars with infidel desecration:

"*Resolved by the Congress of the Confederate States*, That the President be requested to issue his Proclamation, appointing a day of fasting and prayer, in the observance of which all shall be invited to join, who recognize our dependence upon God, and who desire the happiness and security of that people 'whose God is the Lord.'"

It is hardly necessary to say that the preamble and resolution were unanimously adopted.

—*Charleston Courier*, May 18.

Doc. 164.

EAST BALTIMORE RESOLUTIONS, MAY 14, 1861.

Resolved, That we will still cling to the Union with fidelity and faith, believing that our rights can be better maintained and protected in the Union than out of it, and in pursuance of the above sentiment we do hereby solemnly pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honors in defence of the same.

Resolved, That the State of Maryland is part and parcel of the Federal Government, and that the said Federal Government has a right to all roads leading through our State; and it is furthermore our duty to protect and assist them in their transit to the National Capital, (in obedience to the call of the President,) which is now threatened by domestic traitors.

Resolved, That the chairman appoint a committee of five, whose duty it shall be to enroll the Union men of East Baltimore, and to make such other arrangements as they may deem necessary for the preservation of our State, honor, and our duty as loyal citizens of the Union.

—*National Intelligencer*, May 17.

Doc. 165.

GEN. BUTLER'S PROCLAMATION.

DEPARTMENT OF ANNAPOLIS,
FEDERAL HILL, BALTIMORE, May 14, 1861.

A DETACHMENT of the forces of the Federal Government under my command have occupied the city of Baltimore for the purpose, among other things, of enforcing respect and obedience to the laws, as well of the State—if requested thereto by the civil authorities—as of the United States laws, which are being violated within its limits by some malignant and traitorous men, and in order to testify the acceptance by the Federal Government of the fact that the city and all the well-intentioned portion of its inhabitants are loyal to the Union and the Constitution, and are to be so regarded and treated by all. To the end, therefore, that all misunderstanding of the purpose of the Government

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may be prevented, and to set at rest all unfounded, false, and seditious rumors; to relieve all apprehensions, if any are felt, by the well-disposed portion of the community, and to make it thoroughly understood by all traitors, their aiders and abettors, that rebellious acts must cease; I hereby, by the authority vested in me as commander of the department of Annapolis, of which Baltimore forms a part, do now command and make known that no loyal and well-disposed citizen will be disturbed in his lawful occupation or business, that private property will not be interfered with by the men under my command, or allowed to be interfered with by others, except in so far as it may be used to afford aid and comfort to those in rebellion against the Government, whether here or elsewhere; all of which property, munitions of war, and that fitted to aid and support the rebellion, will be seized and held subject to confiscation, and, therefore, all manufacturers of arms and munitions of war are hereby requested to report to me forthwith, so that the lawfulness of their occupation may be known and understood, and all misconstruction of their doings be avoided. No transportation from the city to the rebels of articles fitted to aid and support troops in the field will be permitted, and the fact of such transportation, after the publication of this proclamation, will be taken and received as proof of illegal intention on the part of the consignors, and will render the goods liable to seizure and confiscation.

The Government being ready to receive all such stores and supplies, arrangements will be made to contract for them immediately, and the owners and manufacturers of such articles of equipment and clothing, and munitions of war and provisions, are desired to keep themselves in communication with the Commissary-General, in order that their workshops may be employed for loyal purposes, and the artisans of the city resume and carry on their profitable occupations.

The acting Assistant-Quartermaster and Commissary of Subsistence of the United States here stationed, has been instructed to proceed and furnish, at fair prices, 40,000 rations for the use of the army of the United States, and further supplies will be drawn from the city to the full extent of its capacity, if the patriotic and loyal men choose so to furnish supplies.

All assemblages, except the ordinary police, of armed bodies of men, other than those regularly organized and commissioned by the State of Maryland, and acting under the orders of the Governor thereof, for drill and other purposes, are forbidden within the department.

All officers of the militia of Maryland, having command within the limits of the department, are requested to report through their officers forthwith to the General in command, so that he may be able to know and distinguish the regularly commissioned and loyal troops of Maryland from armed bodies who may claim to be such.

The ordinary operations of the corporate government of the city of Baltimore and of the civil authorities will not be interfered with, but, on the contrary, will be aided by all the power at the command of the General, upon proper call being made, and all such authorities are cordially invited to coöperate with the General in command to carry out the purposes set forth in the proclamation, so that the city of Baltimore may be shown to the country to be, what she is in fact, patriotic and loyal to the Union, the Constitution, and the laws.

No flag, banner, ensign, or device of the so-called Confederate States or any of them will be permitted to be raised or shown in this department, and the exhibition of either of them by evil-disposed persons will be deemed, and taken to be evidence of a design to afford aid and comfort to the enemies of the country. To make it the more apparent that the Government of the United States by far more relies upon the loyalty, patriotism, and zeal of the good citizens of Baltimore and vicinity than upon any exhibition of force calculated to intimidate them into that obedience to the laws which the Government doubts not will be paid from inherent respect and love of order, the commanding General has brought to the city with him, of the many thousand troops in the immediate neighborhood, which might be at once concentrated here, scarcely more than an ordinary guard, and until it fails him, he will continue to rely upon that loyalty and patriotism of the citizens of Maryland, which have never yet been found wanting to the Government in time of need. The General in command desires to greet and treat in this part of his department all the citizens thereof as friends and brothers, having a common purpose, a common loyalty, and a common country. Any infractions of the laws by the troops under his command, or any disorderly, unsoldierlike conduct, or any interference with private property, he desires to have immediately reported to him, and pledges himself that if any soldier so far forgets himself as to break those laws that he has sworn to defend and enforce, he shall be most rigorously punished.

The General believes that if the suggestions and requests contained in this proclamation are faithfully carried out by the coöperation of all good and Union-loving citizens, and peace and quiet, and certainty of future peace and quiet are thus restored, business will resume its accustomed channels, trade take the place of dulness and inactivity, efficient labor displace idleness, and Baltimore will be in fact what she is entitled to be, in the front rank of the commercial cities of the nation.

Given at Baltimore, the day and year herein first above written. BENJ. F. BUTLER,

Brig.-General Com. Department of Annapolis.

E. G. PARKER, Lieut.-Col., Aide-de-Camp.

Gen. Butler's proclamation was scattered in extras by the thousands. Everybody on the

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streets and in the hotels seemed to have it. The assurance contained in it that the troops were not in their midst to interrupt the business of the city, but to protect the people, preserve the peace, and sustain the laws, gave general satisfaction.

—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*, May 15.

Doc. 166.

GOV. HICKS' PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, The President of the United States, by his proclamation of 15th April, 1861, has called upon me, the Governor of Maryland, for four regiments of infantry or riflemen to serve for a period of three months, the said requisition being made in the spirit and in pursuance of the law, and

Whereas, To the said requisition has been added the written assurance of the Secretary of War, that said four regiments shall be detailed to serve within the limits of the State of Maryland, or for the defence of the Capital of the United States and not to serve beyond the limits aforesaid;

Now, therefore, I, Thomas Holliday Hicks, Governor of Maryland, do, by this my proclamation, call upon loyal citizens of Maryland to volunteer their services to the extent of four regiments, as aforesaid, to serve during a period of three months within the limits of Maryland, or for the defence of the capital of the United States, to be subject under the conditions aforesaid, to the orders of the Commander-in-chief of the army of the United States.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State of Maryland, at the city Frederick, this fourteenth day of May, eighteen hundred and sixty-one. THOS. H. HICKS.

—*N. Y. Times*, May 16.

Doc. 167.

SECOND CONNECTICUT REGIMENT.

LIST OF OFFICERS.

Colonel, Daniel Tyler, Norwich; Lieut.-Colonel, George S. Burnham, Hartford; Major, John L. Chatfield, Waterbury; Adjutant, Theodore C. Bacon, New Haven; Quartermaster, Justin Hodge, Harkhamsted; Surgeon, C. P. Stearns, Hartford; Surgeon's Mate, Frederick Dibble, New Haven; Sergeant-Major, J. L. Spalding, Norwich; Quartermaster Sergeant, J. V. B. Williams, Preston.

—*National Intelligencer*, May 17.

Doc. 168.

BY THE QUEEN—A PROCLAMATION.

VICTORIA R.

Whereas, We are happily at peace with all Sovereigns, Powers, and States;

And whereas hostilities have unhappily commenced between the Government of the United States of America and certain States styling themselves "the Confederate States of America;"

And whereas we, being at peace with the Government of the United States, have declared our Royal determination to maintain a strict and impartial neutrality in the contest between the said contending parties;

"We, therefore, have thought fit, by and with the advice of our Privy Council, to issue this our Royal Proclamation:

And we do hereby strictly charge and command all our loving subjects to observe a strict neutrality in and during the aforesaid hostilities, and to abstain from violating or contravening either the laws and statutes of the realm in this behalf, or the law of nations in relation thereto, as they will answer to the contrary at their peril.

And *whereas*, in and by a certain statute made and passed in the fifty-ninth year of His Majesty King George III., entitled "an act to prevent the enlisting or engagement of His Majesty's subjects to serve in a foreign service, and the fitting out or equipping, in His Majesty's dominions, vessels for warlike purposes, without His Majesty's license," it is, among other things, declared and enacted as follows:

"That if any natural born subject of His Majesty, his heirs and successors, without the leave or license of His Majesty, his heirs or successors, for that purpose first had and obtained, under the sign manual of His Majesty, his heirs or successors, or signified by Order in Council, or by proclamation of His Majesty, his heirs or successors, shall take or accept, or shall agree to take or accept, any military commission, or shall otherwise enter into the military service as a commissioned or non-commissioned officer, or shall enlist or enter himself to enlist, or shall agree to enlist or to enter himself to serve as a soldier, or to be employed, or shall serve in any warlike or military operation in the service of, or for, or under, or in aid of any foreign Prince, State, Potentate, Colony, Province, or part of any Province or people, or of any person or persons, exercising or assuming to exercise the powers of government in or over any foreign country, colony, province, or part of any province or people, either as an officer or soldier, or in any other military capacity; or if any natural born subject of His Majesty shall, without such leave or license as aforesaid, accept, or agree to take or accept, any commission, warrant or appointment, as an officer, or shall enlist or enter himself, or shall agree to enlist or enter himself, to serve as a sailor or marine, or to be employed or engaged, or shall serve in and on board any ship or vessel of war, or in and on board any ship or vessel used or fitted out, or equipped, or intended to be used for any warlike purpose, in the service of, or for, or under, or in aid of any foreign power, prince, State, potentate, colony, province, or part of any province or people, or of any person or persons exercising or assuming to exercise the powers of government in or over any foreign country,

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colony, province, or part of any province or people; or, if any natural born subject of His Majesty shall, without such leave and license as aforesaid, engage, contract, or agree to go, or shall go, to any foreign State, country, colony, province, or part of any province, or to any place beyond the seas, with an intent or in order to enlist or enter himself to serve, or with intent to serve, in any warlike or military operation whatever, whether by land or by sea, in the service of, or for, or under, or in aid of any foreign prince, State, potentate, colony, province, or part of any province or people, or in the service of, or for, or under, or in aid of any person or persons exercising or assuming to exercise the powers of government in or over any foreign country, colony, province, or part of any province, or people, either as an officer or a soldier, or in any other military capacity, or an officer or sailor, or marine in any such ship or vessel as aforesaid, although no enlisting money, or pay, or reward shall have been or shall be in any or either of the cases aforesaid actually paid to or received by him, or by any person to or for his use or benefit; or if any person whatever, within the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, or any part of His Majesty's dominions elsewhere, or in any country, colony, settlement, island or place belonging to or subject to His Majesty, shall hire, retain, engage, or procure, or shall attempt or endeavor to hire, retain, engage, or procure any person or persons whatever to enlist, or enter, or engage to enlist, or to serve or to be employed in any such service or employment as aforesaid, as an officer, soldier, sailor or marine, either in land or sea service, for or under or in aid of any foreign prince, State, potentate, colony, province, or part of any province or people, or for, or under, or in aid of any person or persons exercising or assuming to exercise any powers of government as aforesaid, or to go or to agree to go or embark from any part of His Majesty's dominions, for the purpose or with intent to be enlisted, entered, engaged or employed as aforesaid, whether any enlisting money, pay or reward shall have been or shall be actually given or received, or not; in any or either of such cases every person so offending shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon being convicted thereof, upon any information or indictment, shall be punishable by fine and imprisonment, or either of them, at the discretion of the Court before which such offender shall be convicted."

And it is in and by the said act further enacted:

"That if any person, within any part of the United Kingdom or in any part of His Majesty's dominions beyond the seas, shall without the leave and license of His Majesty, for that purpose first had and obtained as aforesaid, equip, furnish, fit out, or arm, or attempt or endeavor to equip, furnish, fit out, or arm, or procure to be equipped, furnished, fitted out, or armed, or shall knowingly aid, assist, or be concerned in the equipping, furnishing, fitting out, or arming of any ship or vessel, with intent or in order that such ship or vessel shall be employed in the service of any foreign prince, State, or potentate, or of any foreign colony, province, or part of any province or people, or of any person or persons, exercising or assuming to exercise any powers of government in or over any foreign State, colony, province, or part of any province or people, as a transport or store ship, or with intent to cruise or commit hostilities against any prince, State, or potentate, or against the subjects or citizens of any prince, State, or potentate, or against the persons exercising or assuming to exercise the powers of government in any colony, province, or part of any province or country, or against the inhabitants of any foreign colony, province, or part of any province or country, with whom His Majesty shall not then be at war; or shall, within the United Kingdom, or any of His Majesty's dominions, or in any settlement, colony, territory, island, or place belonging or subject to His Majesty, issue or deliver any commission for any ship or vessel to the intent that such ship or vessel shall be employed as aforesaid, every such person so offending shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall upon conviction thereof, upon any information or indictment, be punished by fine and imprisonment, or either of them, at the discretion of the Court in which such offender shall be convicted; and every such ship or vessel, with the tackle, apparel, and furniture, together with all the materials, arms, ammunition and stores which may belong to or be on board of any such ship or vessel, shall be forfeited; and it shall be lawful for any officer of His Majesty's Customs or Excise, or any officer of His Majesty's navy, who is by law empowered to make seizures, for any forfeiture incurred under any of the laws of Customs or Excise, or the laws of trade and navigation, to seize such ships and vessels aforesaid, and in such places and in such manner in which the officers of His Majesty's Customs or Excise and the officers of His Majesty's navy are empowered respectively to make seizures under the laws of Customs and Excise, or under the laws of trade and navigation; and that every ship and vessel, with the tackle, apparel, and furniture, together with all the materials, arms, ammunition, and stores which may belong to or be on board of such ship or vessel, may be prosecuted and condemned in the like manner, and in such courts as ships or vessels may be prosecuted and condemned for any breach of the laws made for the protection of the revenues of Customs and Excise, or of the laws of trade and navigation."

And it is in and by the said act further enacted:

"That if any person in any part of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, or in any part of His Majesty's dominions beyond the seas, without leave and license of His Majesty, for that purpose first had and obtained as afore-

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said, shall, by adding to the number of the guns of such vessel, or by changing those on board for other guns, or by the addition of any eqnipment for war, increase or augment, or procure to be increased or augmented, or shall be knowingly concerned in increasing or augmenting the warlike force of any ship or vessel of war or cruiser, or other armed vessel, which at the time of her arrival in any part of the United Kingdom, or any of His Majesty's dominions, was a ship of war, cruiser, or armed vessel in the service of any foreign prince, State, or potentate, or of any person or persons exercising or assuming to exercise any powers of government in or over any colony, province, or part of any province or people belonging to the subjects of any such prince, State, or potentate, or to the inhabitants of any colony, province, or part of any province or country under the control of any person or persons so exercising or assuming to exercise the powers of government, every such person so offending shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall, upon being convicted thereof, upon any information or indictment, be punished by fine and imprisonment, or either of them, at the discretion of the Court before which such offender shall be convicted."

Now, in order that none of our subjects may unwarily render themselves liable to the penalties imposed by the said statute, we do hereby strictly command, that no person or persons whatsoever do commit any act, matter or thing whatsoever, contrary to the provisions of the said statute, upon pain of the several penalties by the said statute imposed, and of our high displeasure.

And we do hereby further warn all our loving subjects, and all persons whatsoever entitled to our protection, that if any of them shall presume, in contempt of this Royal Proclamation, and of our high displeasure, to do any acts in derogation of their duty as subjects of a neutral sovereign, in the said contest, or in violation or contravention of the law of nations in that behalf—as, for example and more especially, by entering into the military service of either of the said contending parties as commissioned or non-commissioned officers or soldiers; or by serving as officers, sailors, or marines on board any ship or vessel of war or transport of or in the service of either of the said contending parties; or by serving as officers, sailors, or marines on board any privateer bearing letters of marque of or from either of the said contending parties; or by engaging to go or going to any place beyond the seas with intent to enlist or engage in any such service, or by procuring or attempting to procure within Her Majesty's dominions, at home or abroad, others to do so; or by fitting out, arming or equipping any ship or vessel to be employed as a ship-of-war, or privateer, or transport, by either of the said contending parties; or by breaking, or endeavoring to break, any blockade lawfully and actually established by or on behalf of either of the said contending parties; or by carrying officers, soldiers, despatches, arms, military stores or materials, or any article or articles considered and deemed to be contraband of war according to the law of modern usage of nations, for the use or service of either of the said contending parties, all persons so offending will incur and be liable to the several penalties and penal consequences by the said statute, or by the law of nations, in that behalf imposed or denounced.

And we do hereby declare that all our subjects and persons entitled to our protection who may misconduct themselves in the premises will do so at their peril and of their own wrong, and that they will in nowise obtain any protection from us against any liability or penal consequences, but will, on the contrary, incur our high displeasure by such misconduct.

Given at our Court at the White Lodge, Richmond Park, this 13th day of May, in the year of our Lord 1861, and in the 24th year of our reign.

GOD save the QUEEN.

—*London Gazette*, May 14.

DISCUSSION IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

In the House of Lords, on the 16th ult., the Earl of Ellenborough said he wished to put a question to his noble friend the Lord President, on the subject of Her Majesty's recent proclamation. It seemed to him to be of essential importance that the proclamation which instructed Her Majesty's subjects how they were to conduct themselves with regard to the unfortunate war which now existed in America, should be so clear and unambiguous, that it should not be necessary for a man to consult his lawyer how it should be interpreted, or if he did consult his lawyer, that the lawyer should have the means of giving a clear answer, which as things now stood, he did not think he had. As to the law of England, the proclamation was clear enough, but it was different with regard to that part which treated of the law of nations. A great deal of doubt existed as to the meaning of the proclamation on that point. Her Majesty's subjects were "warned not to break or endeavor to break any blockade lawfully and actually established by either of the belligerent parties." Now, he wanted to know in what sense they were to understand the expression, lawfully and actually established. They were at present under an obligation to adhere to the Maritime law agreed to by the Plenipotentiaries at the Congress of Paris, which declared that, "in order to be binding, a blockade must be an effectual blockade"—that was to say, that it should be maintained by a force sufficient to prevent access to the enemy's coasts. If these words were to be understood in their strict literal signification, a blockade was a thing almost physically impossible, because no nation in the world possessed a fleet large enough for this purpose. It must, therefore, be capable of receiving some explanation. Blockades were carried on by ships at sea, and by ships under

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sail, because no ships could carry coal enough to keep up a constant blockade by steam. During the war of the Revolution, he recollected, when their ships were blockading Toulon, they were on one occasion driven by storm across the Mediterranean to the coasts of Africa. Such an event might occur again, and, according to the strict literal meaning of the words, if it did, it would not be an effective blockade. Therefore, the words must be susceptible of some explanation, and he thought they must be understood with that qualification which commanded all the operations of man at sea—namely, wind and weather. If the words were to be taken with that qualification, then he thought it was to be regretted that Her Majesty's Government, instead of adopting words totally new, had not adopted the usual form, namely, "lawfully established and effectually maintained," because a blockade was not lawful unless it was effectual. He wished to know in what sense they were to understand the words used in the proclamation. Did they intend to convey the exact meaning of the words used in the Treaty of Paris, or, on the other hand, did they intend to qualify it? As to the second question, he could not help regretting that there was so much vagueness in the expression, "contraband of war according to the law and modern usage of nations." How were plain men to find out what was considered contraband of war by the law and modern usage of nations? They must look to all the recent decisions of the Courts of Admiralty, not only in this, but in foreign countries, and it was probable that those decisions would be found conflicting. He wished to know what were the further articles not mentioned, to which the proclamation applied, and which Her Majesty's subjects were cautioned not to convey. He apprehended that the articles contraband of war were constantly changing, and followed all the alterations made in the mode of conducting war. The time was when the armor alone would have been considered contraband of war. But he thought he had read in books of law that all these changes were controlled by one principle, which was *that contraband of war was that which, in the possession of an enemy, would enable him the better to carry on the war.* That was clear, reasonable, and intelligible to every one. He regretted that Her Majesty's Government did not go back to that principle which all could understand, instead of using new words; he therefore wished to know what were the articles not mentioned to which the proclamation referred.

Earl Granville said the questions put by the noble Earl were very important and very difficult to answer. At the same time it was his duty to give the noble Earl all the information in his power. If, however, he fell into any mistake on the subject, he should feel grateful to any noble and learned lord on either side of the house to correct him. With regard to the first question as to the meaning of the words "lawful and actual blockade," he thought the noble Earl somewhat embarrassed the question by referring to the Declaration of the Congress of Paris. He apprehended that no change had been made by that Declaration as regarded those countries who were not parties to that agreement. The question of international law remained the same as previously, except with regard to paper blockades, which were formerly held to be good. *There was no doubt that blockade was lawfully and actually established, if maintained in a proper form and manner, and by such a force as to make it, not impossible, but difficult, for vessels to enter or come out.* It was more difficult to give an answer to the second question put by the noble Earl. But the Government pursued the same course on the present occasion as had formerly been pursued. The noble Earl had partially answered his own question, because he had admitted that the meaning of contraband of war must vary with the changes in the mode of conducting war. Certain articles were clearly contraband of war, and the character of others could only be determined by the decision of the prize courts. Her Majesty's Government, therefore, had pursued a wise course, in his opinion, in not specifying what was contraband of war. [Hear, hear.]

The Earl of Derby said the answer of the noble Earl was entirely satisfactory. He did not feel inclined to complain of the terms of the proclamation as being vague and uncertain. It was impossible to introduce such a definition of a blockade, or of contraband of war, as his noble friend seemed to wish should be laid down. Nor did he complain of the proclamation as going beyond the necessity of the case—he meant as to the warning given to all British subjects with regard to their taking part in privateering expeditions. The proclamation wisely and properly informed the subjects of Her Majesty that whatever might be the result, if they engaged in these expeditions they would have no right to claim the protection of this country in case of any penal consequences arising from their own act. He did not complain of that extensive and solemn warning being given. But there were two points upon which it was absolutely necessary that Her Majesty's Government should lose no time in coming to a thorough understanding with the Government of the United States. First, with regard to this blockade, the Northern States have given notice of their intention to blockade the whole of the Southern ports. Now they knew that even if the fleet of the United States was three times as numerous as it was, it was not in their power to effectually blockade the whole coast of the Southern States; and though, no doubt, they might effectually blockade a port here and there, it was important that Her Majesty's Government should not commit themselves to the doctrine that the United States were to lay down the principle of a universal blockade, or that that universal blockade would be recog-

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nized by Her Majesty, or that all Her Majesty's subjects would be liable to penalties. Her Majesty's Government should make it clearly understood that a mere paper blockade, alleged to extend over a wide extent of coast which it was impossible to blockade, would not be recognized as valid by the British Government. But there was another more important point. Words had been used by his noble and learned friend on a previous occasion, which, coming from such high authority, might give rise to serious consequences if misconstructed. His noble and learned friend said that by the law of nations privateering was piracy, and if that were so, the Northern States would be justified in carrying out the theory and treating privateering as piracy. *He apprehended that if any thing was clearer than another, it was that privateering was not piracy, and that no law could make that piracy, as regarded the subjects of one nation, which was not piracy by the law of nations.* (Hear, hear.) *Consequently the United States must not be allowed to entertain this doctrine, and to call upon Her Majesty's Government not to interfere.* They must not strain the law so as to visit with penalty of death, as for piracy, persons entitled to Her Majesty's protection. That was a question which could not be viewed with indifference, but must be seriously considered by the Government. It is quite right that the people of this country should be warned of the peril; but, on the other hand, it was essential that the United States should not be induced to deny the general interpretation of international law, and to inflict a punishment on privateering which was never inflicted by that law. He knew it was said that the United States treated the Confederate States of the South as mere rebels, and that as rebels these expeditions were liable to all the penalties of high treason. That was not the doctrine of this country, because we have declared that they are entitled to all the rights of belligerents. The Northern States could not claim the rights of belligerents for themselves, and, on the other hand, deal with other parties not as belligerents, but as rebels. These were the two points on which it was most desirable that no misunderstanding should exist between the Government of Her Majesty and the United States—that we would not recognize any thing but a clear and effectual blockade actually enforced, and that we would not recognize the doctrine that any declaration or law of the United States against the Southern States should have the power, as regarded others, of constituting privateering piracy, and visiting it with all the penalties attached to piracy. (Hear, hear.)

Lord Brougham said it was clear that privateering was not piracy by the law of nations, however much it might be lamented that it was not so. But if any person or subject of this country entered into an expedition against another country, with which we were at peace, that was of itself a piratical act, and they had themselves to blame who, after full warning, chose to take that course, and could not expect their Government to interpose to save them from the extreme penalties attached to that course. As had been said in the previous discussion upon this subject, their blood would be upon their own heads. With regard to articles contraband of war, it would have been much better if the Government could have introduced some invariable, certain, and definite descriptions, but with the progress in naval science things become contraband of war which were not so before, and it was impossible, therefore, to lay down any fixed or invariable terms. He entirely agreed with his noble friend in holding that it was not necessary to constitute a blockade that every port of the coast should be so blockaded as to make entrance impossible, but it was enough that it should be made such as to afford a reasonable chance that no entrance could be effected.

Lord Chelmsford thought it might be as well to bring his noble and learned friend's opinion to a test. The Southern Confederation was admitted by the Government of this country to be a belligerent Power. Now, he wanted to know whether his noble and learned friend meant to say that if an Englishman was commissioned by the Southern Confederation—it being recognized as a belligerent Power—to fit out a privateer against the Federal Government, that that person, under those circumstances, would be guilty of piracy. *That he ought to be, was the opinion of many judges.* [The Lord Chancellor: "*No, No.*"] *Well, it was the opinion of many.* Now, undoubtedly those persons would be answerable to their own Government for an infraction of the Foreign Enlistment Act; but it was clear, upon the question of international law, that they would not be liable to be treated as pirates. The warning given by the proclamation was very useful and most necessary; and if persons would engage in expeditions of this kind after the notice that the Government would not interfere, they must take the consequences they had drawn upon themselves. If the Southern Confederacy had not been recognized as a belligerent Power, he agreed with his noble and learned friend, that, under those circumstances, if any Englishman were to fit out a privateer for the purpose of assisting the Southern States against the Northern States, he would be guilty of piracy. (Hear, hear.) And the question arose, after the abdication of James II., when he commissioned persons to fit out enterprises against the commerce of this country. The question arose after James II. had been expelled from Ireland, and when he had not a foot of territory there, and when, therefore, he was merely claiming the right *de jure*. Now the question came before the Lords of the Privy Council, and they desired to have the opinions of learned civilians, and a report was given in a very grave and curious way by Dr. Tindal, who was one of the counsel. Sir

Thomas Pinfold had asserted that those persons were not pirates, and for a very strange reason—he said he argued against this being piracy, as it was impossible they could be pirates, for a pirate was *hostis humani generis*—but they were not enemies to all mankind, and therefore they were not pirates. (Laughter.) Whereupon, the report said, "all smiled." (Renewed laughter.) And he was asked if there was any such thing as piracy, if to be a pirate a man must be at war with all mankind? To which, as was natural, Sir Thomas made no reply, but only repeated what he had laid down before. (Laughter) Upon which one of the Lords of the Privy Council pressed the learned civilian with another question. He said: "Supposing any of His Majesty's subjects, by virtue of a commission of the late King, should by force seize the goods of their fellow-subjects by land—whether that would excuse them from being guilty at least of robbery; and if it would not of robbery, why should it more excuse them of piracy?" To which he made no reply. Now it was perfectly clear, under these circumstances, that those parties would be guilty of piracy, but he thought it was equally clear that in the case assumed by his noble and learned friend they would not be guilty of piracy. That was a matter that ought to be clearly understood, and as his noble and learned friend had, he thought, left it in some uncertainty, he had taken the liberty of trespassing upon their lordships' attention—(hear.)

The Lord Chancellor said his noble friend, the President of the Council, had laid down the law upon this subject in a perfectly correct manner. There was no doubt that if an Englishman engaged in the service of the Southern States, he violated the laws of the country and rendered himself liable to punishment, and that he had no right to trust to the protection of his native country to shield him from the consequences of his act. *But though that individual would be guilty of a breach of the law of his own country, he could not be treated as a pirate, and those who treated him as a pirate would be guilty of murder.* (Hear, hear.)

Lord Kingsdown said, *as to the state of the law there could be no doubt a privateer acting under a Government was not a pirate.* No doubt the United States did not put the extravagant proclamation they had issued upon the ground that privateers were pirates, because they themselves insisted upon the right of privateering. But they put it upon this ground, that they were dealing with rebels, and that they would hang them not, properly speaking, as pirates, but as persons who were guilty of high treason against the State to which they were subject. (Hear, hear.) Of course it was a matter for their own consideration what was to be the operation of that proclamation. He believed that the enforcement of that doctrine would be an act of barbarity which would produce an outcry throughout the civilized world, but he hoped that it was a mere *brutum fulmen*, and not intended to be carried out. But that being the case with regard to their own country, the case with regard to England was quite different. We had recognized the Southern Confederacy, not as an independent State, but as a belligerent Power; and therefore, *if the Federal Government should act upon the principle they had laid down as against British subjects, he apprehended that this Government might with perfect justice interfere, and under some circumstances they might, by the influence of public opinion, be compelled to interfere.* (Hear, hear.). Yet, at the same time, the offender could not as a right, having acted in violation of the feeling of his own country, and therefore of his own Government, call upon his Government to interfere. That, he apprehended, was the state of the case, and he must say he thought it impossible that the Government could have framed the proclamation more prudently than they had done with respect to articles contraband of war. For instance, provisions might become contraband of war, if sent to a port where there was an army of a State at war, and that army was in great want of provisions. Again, coals sent to a country at war, if sent for manufacturing purposes, were not contraband of war; but they would become so if sent where there were war steamers, and for the purpose of supplying those war steamers. It was, therefore, quite impossible to frame a proclamation under which there would be no difficulty of definition. With respect to the matter of blockade, the practice had been very much modified and altered by the introduction of steam, as one steamship would take the ground of a number of sailing vessels; but it had been held that a blockade could not be constituted by drawing a line which would prevent vessels from going to particular ports to which they had a right to go.

Lord Brougham hoped and trusted that all persons would take notice of the warning given in the proclamation that British subjects serving in the American war must run the risk of whatever penalty they might be liable to, whether they served on the one side or the other, at sea or on land. *A case had occurred about thirty years ago, where two British subjects were tried and hanged for piratical interference on land, and no step was taken to save their lives or avenge their death.*

The Earl of Ellenborough said the object of the proclamation was certainly to deter Englishmen from engaging on either side in war in America, and they were told that if they acted in this respect against the law of their country and against the law of nations, they must not expect any protection from the British Government. But he very much feared that a great deal that had passed that night would tend much to diminish the effect of the proclamation. He only hoped that it would not do so, because he was quite sure that long before diplomacy could interfere in the matter, the offender would be hanged.

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THE PRESS ON THE DEBATE.

The answer that can be given to Lord Ellenborough is, that a blockade must be, on the one hand, a great deal more than a mere paper prohibition. A hen may be induced to believe that a broad chalk line forms a barrier which she cannot pass, but mankind have a right to require that before their natural liberty be taken from them, something more substantial shall be interposed between them and the port they desire to enter. On the other hand, *it would be absurd to say that a blockade shall not be respected unless it be completely effective.* Such a rule would be to invite a perpetual breaking of blockades, since the very fact of a successful evasion would prove conclusively, according to the definition, that it was no blockade at all, on the same principle that treason never prospers, because rebellion, when triumphant, ceases to be treason.

Still less reasonable was the complaint of Lord Ellenborough, that the proclamation did not enable plain men to find out what articles are contraband of war. Until some means can be devised of defining, not only all that has been, but all that will be invented by the perverse ingenuity of man, acting upon a very rapidly increasing development of physical science, for the systematic destruction of his fellow-creatures, it will be utterly impossible to point out beforehand what is to be considered contraband of war. The most harmless materials, when taken alone—the ingredients of gunpowder, for instance—when associated together, may produce the most deleterious compounds; and things apparently quite unconnected with war—such as food and fuel, for instance—may, with reference to the purpose with which they were shipped, assume a highly contraband character. War is a great exploder of fiction; its conduct and its rules are based upon the very sternest of all stern and practical realities. It eludes the attempt to circumscribe it by metaphysical definitions, and bases itself instead upon the laws of nature and the possibilities open to us by the discoveries of physical science. A topic far more worthy of mature consideration than the questions proposed by Lord Ellenborough, was the doctrine with regard to "privateering" enunciated by Lord Derby. The argument of Lord Derby seems to be that the North, by declaring a blockade of the Southern ports, claims from neutral nations the respect due to its rights as a belligerent Power; and, therefore, that, whatever the North may choose to do with the citizens of the Southern States captured on board the privateers fitted out under letters of marque from Mr. Jefferson Davis, the North has no right to treat the belligerent rights of the South as a nullity with regard to the subjects of countries from whom it claims respect for its own belligerent rights. The result would be that the North, by declaring a blockade of the Southern ports, has bound itself not to execute as pirates the subjects of neutral States serving on board such privateers. The argument is one of great subtlety and refinement, and seemed to receive confirmation from the arguments of subsequent speakers. It is clear that English subjects serving on board an American "privateer" are not pirates, though, if they choose so to act, the English Government, by the Proclamation, seems to avow its intention of leaving them to a pirate's fate. It may possibly deserve consideration whether this decision can be strictly adhered to. At any rate, we cannot doubt that the authoritative declaration of the law by so many judges of eminent authority, will go very far to prevent the danger apprehended, and may possibly be the means of introducing into the very commencement of a dreadful civil war those principles of humanity and moderation, the operation of which might otherwise be suspended until enforced and demonstrated by the barbarous logic of reprisals.

—*London Times.*

The uniform tenor of intelligence from the United States cannot be expected to please the secret sympathizers with the Secessionists, or the still more numerous class among us who, dwelling rather upon differences between the forms of administrative Government in England and America than upon their common possession of Anglican liberty, have disqualified themselves for fairly judging the acts of the Federal Administration. It is now seen how false and shallow were the estimates of the Washington Government, which, until lately, obtained currency here. Simply because people did not know what Mr. Lincoln was doing, they were quite sure they knew he was doing nothing. The favorite argument from ignorance has never been carried further. All who had paid any attention to American affairs knew well enough what the President must be about. The slight and flimsy work for doing which Jefferson Davis got unmeasured praise, was nothing to that which had to be done. At Montgomery they had simply to make a government. Mr. Lincoln had also to do that; but he also had to unmake one. He had to destroy the coils which Southern traitors had taken care to wind about the new President, to dispossess a whole army of disaffected officers before it was safe to venture a single step. The instant that was effected the whole scene changed. The North then displayed a military energy which has astonished the South, and which has already changed the tone of the Secessionists. Instead of the cheap boast of a march to Washington, the braggarts at Montgomery are whining about their rights, and thinking how best to defend themselves from the justice which is shortly to call them to account. The force at the disposal of the Federal Government is overwhelming. So obvious has this fact become, that a new difficulty is started, and those who were lately chiding Mr. Lincoln for not exerting himself, now insist that it is all in vain, and ask incredulously

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what he is going to do. And here, again, as Governments do not usually publish the plans of their campaigns, the argument from ignorance appears to great advantage. For our parts, we prefer to notice from day to day the success which attends Mr. Lincoln's action. The progress of disintegration has been stopped with a strong hand, and in States which, like Maryland and Virginia, were falling under the tyranny of the lawless and violent, enlightened and peaceable citizens are recovering their due influence. From the Ohio to the Gulf of Mexico men talk more reasonably, and if the voice of patriotism gains a hearing there, it will be because Mr. Lincoln has so ordered it. If the destinies of the Union are to be submitted to the arbitrament of war, he has acted wisely. If a peaceful separation, with all the difficulties attendant upon such questions as tariffs, extradition treaties, division of territories, and the like, is to be attempted, we say again he has taken the only prudent course, for no settlement could be lasting if made under the menace of a Slave Power.

All the facts that come to hand only place in a stronger light the duty which lies upon neutral Powers, and above all upon England, of leaving the people of the United and Confederate States to settle this quarrel in their own way. The English Government has done its duty in issuing the Proclamation which lately appeared in our columns, and which was the subject of an important discussion on Thursday evening in the House of Lords. The manifold relations between this country and the American States, the probability that one of the parties now engaged in civil war will apply to British subjects for aid, and importance to the North of being able to close up the Southern ports, made it desirable that the law upon the various legal questions which may arise should be clearly defined. After perusing the speeches of the various eminent lawyers who delivered their opinions upon the points mooted by Lord Ellenborough, it must be confessed that the unanimity of opinion is not so striking as might be desired. It is necessary to bear in mind continually that ministers have determined to grant to both parties in America—the North and the South—belligerent rights. The meaning of this is, that England is prepared to treat the United States and the Confederate States as two Powers, not, indeed, independent, but at war with each other, and entitled to belligerent rights. England, therefore, occupies towards each of them the position of a neutral, and is bound to conduct herself with perfect impartiality to both parties. The fact, however, that to us these parties occupy such a position as entitles them to belligerent rights, does not alter the relations of the North and South to each other. President Lincoln may still regard himself as President of the thirty-three United States and may treat Jefferson Davis and his followers as traitors and rebels. *In strict law it must be admitted that the South cannot claim to be at war with the North, for in the eyes of the Northern constitutionalists the South has no independent existence.* As Lord Kingsdown said, whether President Lincoln chooses to treat the Southern seceders literally as rebels must be matter for his own consideration, but he could not help thinking that to act upon such a view would be to have recourse to a piece of barbarity which would raise an outcry throughout the whole civilized world. If, then, President Lincoln and his Cabinet adopt the opinion of Lord Kingsdown, there can be no doubt that any citizen of a Southern State—although a rebel—will be entitled, if taken by the North, to all the rights of an enemy.

—*London News.*

Doc. 169.

BISHOP WHITTINGHAM'S CIRCULAR.

REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER: I have learned, with extreme regret, that in several instances, the "Prayer for the President of the United States, and all in Civil authority," has been omitted, of late, in the performance of divine service in the diocese.

Such omission, in every case, makes the clergyman liable for presentment for wilful violation of his ordination vow, by mutilation of the worship of the Church, and I shall hold myself bound to act on any evidence of such offence laid before me, after the issue of this circular.

I beseech my brethren to remember that current events have settled any question that might have been started concerning citizenship and allegiance. Maryland is admitted and declared by the Legislature and Governor of the State, to be at this time one of the United States of America. As resident in Maryland, the clergy of this diocese are citizens of the United States, and bound to the recognition and discharge of all duties appertaining to that condition. It is clearly such a duty by the express word of God, to make supplication and prayer for the Chief Magistrate of the Union, and for all that are in authority, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life, in all godliness and honesty; and it is clearly my duty, by the same direction, to put those whom God has committed to my charge in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates, to speak evil of no man, to be no brawlers.

To my deep distress and disgust I have too much reason to fear that in at least one instance a minister of Christ may have so far forgot himself, his place and his duty, as actually to commit the canonical offence known as "brawling in Church," while venturing to do what an archangel durst not do, and to defend transgression of an injunction of the Word of God.

We of the clergy have no right to intrude our private views of the questions which are

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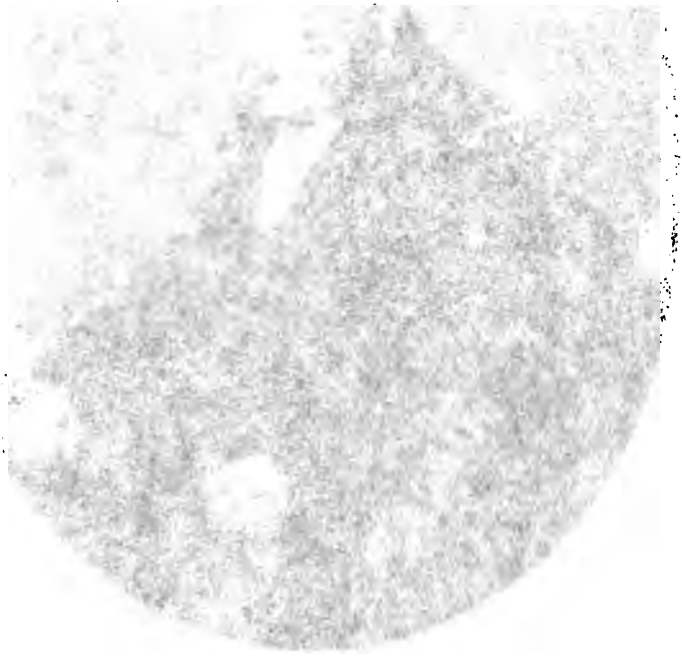
PREVENTION OF THE SMOKE NUISANCE.

CHARLES WYE WILLIAMS, Assoc. Inst. C.E.

LONDON:

JOHN WEALE, 59, HIGH HOLBORN.

1856.



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PRIZE ESSAY

ON THE

PREVENTION OF THE SMOKE NUISANCE.

BY

CHARLES WYE WILLIAMS, Assoc. Inst., C.E.

AUTHOR OF THE "ESSAY ON THE COMBUSTION OF COAL, CHEMICALLY AND PRACTICALLY CONSIDERED."

THE SPECIAL GOLD MEDAL WAS AWARDED FOR THIS ESSAY, BY THE SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF ARTS, MANUFACTURES, AND COMMERCE.

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ment is, that it rendered repetitions occasionally necessary, each head becoming, as it were, a separate subject.

In this essay no new theory is offered—no new view of the nature of combustion is attempted, neither is any inference drawn that is not in strict accordance with the highest chemical authorities, and with the results of successful experience.

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PRIZE ESSAY

ON THE

PREVENTION OF THE SMOKE NUISANCE.

SECTION I.

ON THE QUESTION OF PREVENTING THE NUISANCE OF SMOKE.

ESSAYS on the prevention of the nuisance of smoke cannot fail to elicit much useful information, and are especially called for at the present time, not only on account of the prevailing misapprehensions respecting the cause of smoke, but of the erroneous impression that, to abate the nuisance, it is only necessary that the smoke should be "*burned*," although no attempt has been made to prove that it is *combustible*.

This latter misapprehension manifestly influenced those who prepared the late act (16 & 17 Vict., chap. 128), seeing that its compulsory clauses require that "every furnace shall, in all cases, be constructed or altered so as to *consume or burn the smoke* arising from such furnace;" a condition which practically involves an impossibility; and, chemically considered, is at variance with all authority, and incapable of proof.

We here see the necessity of examining the subject scientifically, and *pari passu* with that of its practical application. In truth, we cannot make a single step in the *practical* inquiry except by the aid, and in conformity with, *chemical* laws; which, in this case, are the mere expression of the processes of nature. The observations of his Royal Highness Prince Albert, in his late address at Birmingham, on the "Connexion between Science and Art," are peculiarly in point in reference to the subject under consideration, and the prevailing neglect of chemistry in the construction of furnaces:—

> "In all our operations, whether agricultural or manufacturing, it is not *we* who operate, but the *laws of nature* which we have set in operation. It is, then, of the highest importance that we should *know these laws, in order to know what we are about*, and the reason why certain things are, which occur daily under our hands, and what course we are to pursue with regard to them. Without such knowledge we are condemned to one of three states: either we merely go on to do things just as our fathers did, and for no better reason than because they did them so—or, trusting to some personal authority, we adopt at random the recommendation of some specific in a speculative hope that it may answer; or, lastly, we ourselves improve upon certain processes. From none of these can we hope for much progress. But these laws of nature—these divine laws—are capable of being discovered and understood, and of being taught and made our own. This is the task of *science;* and whilst science discovers and teaches those laws, *art* teaches their application."

We have here then to examine, First, The laws of nature which control the process of combustion: Secondly, How, practically, they influence the operations in the furnace. To begin by considering how a nuisance may be abated, before defining in what it consists, would be seeking for a remedy before understanding the character of the disease to which it was to be applied.

The mere fact of a dark cloudy mass issuing from a chimney-stack conveys no idea of the bodies of which it is composed. Common observation would suggest that smoke must be merely a part of the coal which had passed away unconsumed, and, therefore, that nothing was required but the adoption of some means by which its combustion might be effected. A brief examination, however, soon satisfies us that what passes away is a compound of numerous other bodies. What these are, therefore, manifestly calls for inquiry.

At a time when all dark-coloured, vapoury matter was called smoke, and when to *burn a body* was synonymous with saying it was *utterly destroyed*, an inquiry, such as is now called for, could not have appeared necessary. Within the last half century chemistry has thrown new lights on the subject. We now know that what passes away, though invisible, has but changed its form and appearance, and as much demands attention as that which, from its colour, comes more immediately within the scope of our senses. It has been proved that the supposed homogeneous cloud, called smoke, consists both of *solid and gaseous, simple and compound* bodies—the characteristics of which, although now thoroughly understood, were, even within our own memories, but little known.

Looking at the numerous theories of the present day, and the confusion which prevails on the subject, it is manifest that a correct definition of the term smoke, and the ascertaining the distinction between *gas and smoke*, is absolutely necessary as a preliminary step in an inquiry as to how either should be dealt with. Proceeding in this way we are practically led to this distinction, that the vapour called *gas* is generated from the coal by the application of heat; and that *smoke* is the products which result from the process towards combustion of those vapours, whether perfectly or imperfectly effected. The advocates of the new smoke-burning theory assert, that smoke is *an original formation*, and that it proceeds *direct from the fuel before* the process of combustion has even commenced. When pressed, however, to explain the distinction between *gas* and what they call *smoke*, instead of describin

ingredients or defining their properties, they merely refer to the fact of the coloured vapours which issue direct from the coal, either in the furnace, the house grate, or the retort. In this way practical men are led astray, and their efforts misdirected. They are told that smoke, necessarily, must be formed. That it consists of tar, tar vapour, and other compounds, and that some means are absolutely necessary to *raise these compounds to the required temperatures* for ignition and combustion.

Among the publications on this head may be taken one as a type of a numerous class of the most recent on the smoke nuisance, elaborately prepared and read before the Society of Arts, and inserted in their Journal, January 19th, 1855. In that paper it is stated that, "In the furnace, smoke is formed *from the fresh fuel*:—it passes to the bridge when it meets with a supply of air, and if the furnace be hot enough to supply the *initial heat*, it—that is, the smoke,—will ignite and be consumed to all intents and purposes." No explanation is given of what is meant by "initial heat,"—the term being here unintelligible and inapplicable.

Again,—"Smoke can be consumed; by that is meant that the *gas, vapours, smoke, or whatever else it may be called* which the *constables* of the metropolitan police would call smoke, can be consumed." This very loose mode of expression; such incorrect use of terms, and unscientific treatment of a chemical subject; and even the reference to the *constable*, rather than the *chemical professor*, is not only behind our time, but much to be deplored. It makes confusion worse confounded, and leads to anything but a correct or practical solution of the difficulty. It is needless to add that this new theory of smoke being primarily formed from the fresh fuel, is opposed to all chemical authority. Take the following proofs.

Doctor Ure observes—"When coal is subjected in close vessels to a red heat, it gives out a vast quantity of *gas*, which being collected and purified, is capable of affording a steady light." Here we are shown that it is *gas*, and not *smoke*, that proceeds from the fresh fuel.

Peckston, in his Treatise on the Manufacture of Gas, says, "When pit coal is burnt in an open fireplace, it emits flame which is occasionally exhibited in streams of peculiar brightness. This *flame is coal gas* in a state of combustion." Here also nothing is said of the existence of smoke, as an original formation. "The flame of coal gas," he adds, "when properly managed, by allowing no more gas to pass through the burner than can be entirely consumed, *produces no smoke*." Here, the distinction between gas and smoke is clearly indicated; the former being the direct issue from the heated coal, and *before* it enters into the process of combustion; the latter, *after* it has been in the state of flame, and showing, that if properly managed there will be *no smoke to be burned*. Now this is the precise state of things, which it is desirable to bring into effect in furnace operations.

Professor Brande, speaking of coal gas, says, "Mixtures of *hydro-carbons and other gaseous* compounds are abundantly produced during the destructive distillation of coal, and the gases thus obtained are employed for the purposes of illumination." Here, from this unexceptionable authority, we learn that, not *smoke*, but hydro-carbons and other *gases*, are the direct products from coal. It would be unnecessary to say more on this smoke-formation and smoke-burning theory, were it not that it is so obstinately pressed on public notice, and even continue to be made the basis of so many patents.

In the paper above-mentioned it is further state that "the burning of *smoke* is the consumption *carburetted hydrogen gas*, evolved from the fuel," thu making smoke and carburetted hydrogen gas syn nymous.

The great practical and chemical error on whi this new theory rests consists in this, that no di tinction is drawn between those bodies which pa from the furnace, *before* and *after* they have been i the state of flame; yet this very distinction involv the whole question of what smoke is. It ignor all consideration as to the constituents of these bodie chemically considered, and leaves us in the dark o the main point at issue, as to how the existence o smoke may be prevented.

Sir H. Davy, in his *Researches on Flame*, ha given correct views of the nature of combustion while Dalton and his successors have defined th laws by which gaseous bodies are influenced in thei mutual relations. Thus, we of the present day hav within our reach whatever can be required for en abling us sufficiently to comprehend the subject fo all practical purposes. Under such circumstance then, we have but ourselves to blame if we are an longer led astray by popular errors, or the theorie of those who (while each asserts that he has dis covered the true mode of "burning smoke") avoi all inquiry into the grounds on which their assertion are based. This, surely, is not consistent with th analytical character of the present day.

That the required search need not be evaded on the score of labour or expense, it is but necessary to refer to those few authorities which are of easy access—Dr. Ure's *Dictionary of Arts*, Brande's *Manual of Chemistry*, and Sir Robert Kane's *Elements of Chemistry*. These contain all that can be required by general readers, and to which, for that reason chiefly, references will here be confined.

In the absence of inquiry, practical men have been taught that by mere attention to the *dimensions* of furnaces and boilers complete combustion of the fuel may be effected. To avoid so grave an error, let us observe what takes place in open domestic fire-grates, where *dimensions* can have no influence. On coals being thrown on a fire, much gaseous matter is seen to be evolved. This, in ordinary language, is called smoke, and although incorrect, it is not necessary when thus used in ordinary conversation to fall out with the term. When, however, the inquiry becomes one of *chemical detail*, with a scientific analysis of the constituents of the body to be examined, the subject assumes a different character. It then becomes necessary (if our meaning is to be rightly understood), that, setting aside popular idioms and impressions, we pursue the inquiry in strict accordance with recognised scientific principles and phraseology.

This coloured matter evolved from coal on an open fire, or in the furnace, is precisely what is discharged into the retorts of the gas works, and though called smoke by many, will be found to have distinct characteristics of its own, sufficient to prevent the possibility of mistake. Among these may here, in anticipation, be mentioned one, which, though generally overlooked, ought to prevent any observant person from being so led astray as to believe this evolved matter to be smoke;—namely, the utter *absence in it of visible or tangible black carbon*, which is, however, the main element of the *colouring matter*

smoke; for, while this mass of coloured vapour is ning in profusion from the coal in the grate or the tort, if we present to it a sheet of paper, not a gle atom of carbon can be collected or observed it,—the paper remaining unsoiled. This test, wever, applied to smoke, *arising from flame*, will found to present a very different result—the paper ing instantly covered with unquestionable black rbonaceous matter, as when passed across the flame a candle.

But to proceed. After this vapour, of a dark own or blue colour, is expelled, it passes away, *ignited*, by the chimney; or into the condensing paratus of the gas works. In this state, its ating power and value is evidently lost, or wasted. esently, however, in the open grate, it may be served to become ignited, in detached places, and ttering on the process of combustion in the cha- cter of flame: at other places, this flame, changing colour from white to red, as often seen in the rge flame of a tallow candle, and generating a antity of tangible, unmistakeable smoke. Occa- onally single small jets may be observed issuing ith considerable force from pieces of black coal, rticularly when placed in front, with a strong heat hind them. These jets are often ignited, or may so by applying a lighted taper to them, and pro- cing a white flame, equal in brilliancy to that of gas burner.

Here, then, in an open fire-grate, are represented he usual varieties in the stages of perfect and im- erfect combustion:—white or red flame, with or ithout smoke. These varieties, however, are the sult exclusively of one cause, namely, the varying uantities of gas evolved, and the extent to which, n each case, they have obtained contact with the air, efore their temperature had been too much reduced. rom these appearances we justly infer what takes lace in the furnace.

In the case of coal placed in the retorts, and the eat applied *externally*, the gaseous vapours are ischarged *internally*; and though subjected to the igh temperature of a red-hot retort, do not undergo ither ignition or combustion: from this single reason —that *atmospheric air is expressly excluded*. In the etorts, the object is not *to burn* the evolved gas, but collect and retain it for combustion elsewhere. Now, although this fact is recognised by all engineers, re nevertheless find, in furnace arrangements, the ost unaccountable indifference to the one thing eally needful—namely, the due supply of air, and he conditions under which it should be introduced. In many instances, indeed, the air is absolutely ex- cluded, or its approach so impeded, that it is im- possible the required quantity could obtain access. This strange proceeding can only be accounted for by inattention to the chemical conditions under which combustion is effected.

Dr. Ure states the constituents of Newcastle coal to be as follows, viz.:—

Carbon	87·952
Hydrogen	5·239
Nitrogen and oxygen	5·416
Ashes	1·393
	100

The varieties of products which may be formed out of these few constituents are numerous. Sir Robert Kane observes,—

"The products of the distillation of coal may be arranged according to the temperature at which they may be produced—namely,

1st, or lowest temperature,	solids, as napthaline, resins, and fluids with high boiling points.
2nd, or next temperature,	fluids which are very volatile.
3rd stage,	olefiant gas (bi-carburetted hydrogen).
4th stage,	light carburetted hydrogen gas.
5th, or highest temperature,	hydrogen gas."

Here we have the varieties of products into which the gaseous constituents and "ultimate elements" of coal may be resolved under the mere influence of temperature.

Professor Brande observes, on the generation of gas,—"The coal is placed in retorts kept at a bright red heat, and the volatile parts are conveyed by a tube, called the hydraulic main, into a *condensing vessel, kept cold*, by immersion in water, and in which the water, tar, ammoniacal liquor, and other *condensible vapours* are retained." Here we detect the error of considering this tar, or tar vapour, to be among the *direct products* of coal, whereas they are the results of subsequent and deliberately-performed *cooling and condensing processes*.

Doctor Ure has shown that these products had not previously existed in the coal. Speaking of Newcastle coal, he observes, that this is "incorrectly called *bituminous*, for it contains *no ready formed bitumen*, but merely *its elements*—carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen."

"If," says Professor Brande, "we consider the principal elements of coal as carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, and sulphur, it is obvious that they may give rise to an almost infinite variety of *secondary compounds*. Mixtures of hydro-carbons and other gaseous compounds, are abundantly produced during the destructive distillation of coal." Here we find nothing of this *smoke* as being *primarily formed*. We see, on the contrary, that these "secondary products" require a cooling and condensing process for their formation, and without which they would pass away in the vaporous state. In the *furnace*, however, where no such cooling or condensing operation could possibly take place, they are at once, and *in their gaseous form*, ready for the process of combustion, *if the due contact with the air be obtained*.

"The first operation which coals undergo," says Doctor Ure, "on being heaved into a common furnace, is distillation, attended with a great absorption of heat, and may be compared to the distillation of sulphur in refining it, for which purpose much external heat is required. But if the fumes of sulphur *or the coals* be, *after accension, or kindling, intermingled with the due quantity of atmospherical oxygen*, they will, on the contrary, *generate from the beginning their respective calorific effects*." This is much to the point; for whatever these fumes or vapour may be, they will all, "*from the beginning*,"—meaning from their first issue from the coal—generate their respective calorific effects, if "mingled with the due quantity of air." Can we have a more instructive lesson as to the supply of air to the vapours *as they first issue from the coal*, or one more suggestive of what is required in furnace operations?

It is important, also, to observe what takes place in the gas works, as it further explains the error of assuming that tar, tar vapour, or any of the secondary formations, require the application or aid of red-hot

fuel to raise them to the temperature required for combustion—an opinion which prevails to a considerable extent, as hereafter will be shown.

Professor Brande states that these *secondary products* are the results of a cooling and condensing process. This process, however, is adopted for the sole purpose of separating the *condensible* from the *incondensible* vapours, as they first issue from the coal; the former of which, if not so separated, would become condensed in the pipes through which they had to be conveyed, and soon choke them up. It is clear, therefore, that if we enable these vapours, condensible and incondensible, at once, and "*from the beginning*," to enter into combustion, by supplying them with the necessary quantities of air, we absolutely prevent the formation or existence of such *secondary formations*. With equal propriety, indeed, might it be alleged that provision should be made in the furnace for the combustion of naphtha, chrysene, or other of the infinite variety of "secondary compounds" into which the combustible and volatile products of the coal might be reduced. Is it, then, necessary to ask if we be justified in looking to the unscientific portion of the public, who ignore all chemical authority, for setting the world right in this new theory of smoke-formation and smoke-combustion?

Apart from all chemical considerations, it appears unaccountable that, in a community so familiar with the use of coal gas for illuminating and culinary purposes, we should so long have been inattentive to it in our *furnaces*. The gas, the air, and the processes of nature are the same — similar causes produce similar effects; nevertheless, we reject in the one case what we adopt in the other. Some reason should be given for the change. The truth appears to be, that, previous to the use of coal gas for illuminating purposes, the question and process of *combustion* was considered one of mere abstract chemistry, in which the community at large took no interest—that they are still under the influence of popular, but unscientific errors and false theories—and that it will require a probationary term before the bulk of men become familiar with even those elementary truths with which every chemical professor is as familiar as with the rudiments, or mere alphabet, of the science.

SECTION II.

OF THE VARIOUS PLANS WHICH HAVE BEEN PUT FORTH AS REMEDIES, WITH THE EXPERIENCE OF THEIR SUCCESS OR FAILURE.

A REVIEW of such plans involves an examination *scientifically* considered, in reference to their respective merits;—and *practically*, as to the results of their application. This has become the more necessary seeing that the Patentees themselves have not given any rational or sufficient explanation of the grounds on which they call for public confidence, though all insist on the superior merit of their respective inventions, claiming, not only to *burn, consume, prevent*, or *subdue* the smoke, as the case may be, but to effect a considerable economy in fuel.

With reference to their success or failure, we have no means of ascertaining the truth. Several have obtained individual testimonials of successful application. These, however, on examination, were so often found to be unconnected with any known principle, that no reliable inference could be dra from them. Not unfrequently, indeed, abundant sons presented themselves for proving that t success had been wholly irrespective of that on wh the Patentees themselves had even ostentatio relied. Of this practice, so unworthy of any fessing to be professional or scientific, a some notable instance is afforded in the patent ven blind valves of M. Prideaux, in which the ve themselves and all that is *unimportant* on the of effecting combustion, is dwelt on with the exaggerated attractions; while that by which useful result is really produced, in aid of com tion, is treated with an almost studied neglect.

Again, cases of success are very often decep in this respect, that an apparatus which might all-sufficient, where the wants of the steam-en were satisfactorily supplied by moderate firing slow combustion, would nevertheless fail, wh much steam was required, and where heavy fir and large furnaces were necessary: as for insta for the heating manufactories, or in the sugar refin operations.

As to the principles on which the several pl were alleged to be based, it cannot be expected inventors of patent furnaces, any more than of pa medicines (mere commercial profit being, in b cases, the sole object), should be liberal in supp ing information which might lead to the detect of their several fallacies. Not unfrequently, s posed inventions or real imitations are intentiona obscured by complicated details, or overlaid by u less and expensive mechanical contrivances, int duced, as well for the purpose of concealment mystification as of justifying high charges a "Patent Right." Proof of this will hereafter given.

To enumerate the various plans which have be put forth as remedies, in connexion with the smo question, would here be as useless as impossib The new cheap Patent Law brought rapidly in existence above one hundred so-called inventio for the purpose of *kindly helping nature* to burn gas of the coal, and which, adopting the popu term, and with the view of keeping up the attract illusion, they call smoke. These continue springi weekly into existence. Many of the more rec ones, though similar in all that could produce s good effect, yet vary in some unimportant and ev mischievous adjuncts and details, but which t public are wholly incompetent to distinguish or preciate. The mere increase in the number of pate can be no objection. Were the description, *mo operandi*, or ascertained effect given in trustwort intelligible terms, the community would be direc benefited, and *number* would be a positive good, each would convey some new idea or modificati of well-known movements or processes. It is t incongruous character and often positive deceptio set out in plausible specifications, and more plausil *ad captandum* descriptions, that create a new ev Where mystery and studied concealment take t place of sound and simple statements, the communi are bewildered—discrimination or choice are out the question, and the mere rubbish so predominat as to be a positive nuisance. This might have be anticipated in the new patent law — rendering obligatory on patentees that their several specific tions should be fiated by some competent offici department, from which explanations might be o tained and obscurities cleared up.

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In addition to the list of inventions for smoke-consuming furnaces, inserted in the ample catalogue of the last (the seventh) exhibition of inventions of the Society of Arts, a more copious list was published in pursuance of the public meeting held at Leeds in 1842, Wm. Beckett, M.P., in the chair. The exhibition of models and presence of patentees was there considerable, and the meeting numerously attended. A long discussion followed. Each patentee explained the peculiar and supposed merits of his own apparatus. Nevertheless, the whole ended with the following lame and impotent conclusion, viz. :—"That in the opinion of this meeting the smoke rising from steam-engine fires and furnaces *can be consumed*, and that, too, in many cases, without injury to the boilers, and with a saving of fuel!" A committee was appointed for the purpose of inquiry, consisting of sixty highly respectable members. A subscription was entered into for defraying the expense of future investigations, and so ended a meeting, carried through with considerable spirit and promise, but utterly barren of fruit—the subject itself remaining *in statu quo*.

It was manifest that the meeting and Committee were alike incompetent to the task of extracting any useful information from the incongruous materials brought before them. Instead of a qualified jury, or selection of scientific men (*not patentees*), competent to examine the subject in its chemical and practical bearings, and test the merits of each invention, the committee consisted of mechanical engineers, manufacturers, clergymen and others, and who were expected to examine and report on a subject which had already received the attention of the highest chemical authorities of the age. The great and besetting evil which had hitherto pervaded the inquiry here again prevailed, viz.—that the *true character of the disease complained of was not either recognised or investigated.*

Of the incompetence of Parliamentary committees or bodies of men indiscriminately brought together to investigate such a subject there cannot be a more striking proof than is to be found in the report of the "General Board of Health" of the metropolis, addressed to her Majesty's Secretary of State, though but recently printed by Parliament; and which appears to have suggested the details of the recent act called Lord Palmerston's Act.

This report of the Board of Health purports to be a "Digest of Information obtained with Regard to the Operation of Inventions for the Consumption of Smoke." The mere enunciation of such a purpose and such a result is amply sufficient to stamp the whole proceedings with that character of wrong-headedness which its perusal so fully justifies. It is, with rare exceptions, a mere incongruous collection of the sayings and doings of patentees and stokers. The Board, as it were, to put their incompetency to the test, and bring it more prominently into view, sum up their *quasi* deliberations with "twelve conclusions."

These, however, are in general so incorrect and misleading as to call for an examination in detail, and which will hereafter be given. (See appendix, No. 1.)

With the view, then, of leading to some useful inference, it will here be necessary, instead of giving a list of patentees and titles, to range their claims under such heads as will convey a correct idea of their respective peculiarities. The following classification will be sufficiently comprehensive :—

Firstly,—Those which affect to "burn the smoke" by bringing it into connexion with *a body of fuel already in an incandescent state.*

Secondly,—Those which rely on the *use of hot air* as the means of effecting the combustion of the smoke or volatile portion of the coal.

Thirdly,—Those which rely on producing a uniform and continuous supply of fuel in the furnace by some *mechanical apparatus.*

Fourthly,—Those in which the supplying the *necessary quantity of air* is relied on as the main principle in effecting perfect combustion, and avoiding the formation of smoke. These will here be considered under their respective heads.

SECTION III.

OF THE CLASS OF INVENTIONS WHICH AFFECT TO BURN THE SMOKE OR GAS IN A FURNACE BY BRINGING IT INTO CONNEXION WITH A BODY OF FUEL ALREADY IN AN INCANDESCENT STATE.

AMONG the patented inventions which affect to burn the smoke or gas issuing from coal in this way, that of the justly-celebrated James Watt claims the first attention, not only as being first in point of time, but from the well-merited fame of the patentee.

Watt's patent was taken out in 1785; and was founded on the supposition that smoke was a mass of combustible matter, and therefore required, literally, *to be burned.* In his specification he sums up in these words :—"Lastly, my invention consists in the method of consuming smoke and increasing the heat by causing the smoke and flame of fresh fuel to pass through very hot funnels or pipes, or among, *through, or near to fuel which is intensely hot*, and which has ceased to smoke :"—and then follows that part of his instructions which his successors have so strangely neglected,—"and by mixing it with fresh air, when in these circumstances."

It is clear Watt felt the necessity for mixing the air with the gas, which he naturally called smoke. His error lay in considering the application of *extraneous heat* as essential to its combustion. His followers have neglected that part of his instructions in which he was right,—the "mixing with fresh air;" and have adopted that in which he was wrong,—the bringing the gas or smoke "*through, over, or among intensely hot fuel.*" In justice, however, to that eminent man, we must bear in mind that when his patent was taken out, nothing was known as to the quantity of air required for the process of combustion,—the part, chemically considered, which air acted in that process,—or even of what the combustible itself consisted.

The idea that a separate body of incandescent fuel was necessary to supply the heat supposed to be required for effecting combustion, has, unfortunately, been continued to our time, although any chemical work of authority would have shown that no possible degree of heat alone can effect combustion, which means, the *chemical union* of the combustible with atmospheric oxygen.

All authorities concur in showing that the bringing the gaseous products of coal into contact with other fuel, already "intensely hot," is essentially wrong. That on the other hand, if it be duly brought into *contact with the air*, apart from incandescent fuel, the process of combustion will be completed. As this principle of Watt is still adopted by many

of the most recent patentees, it will be necessary further to examine the subject in reference to the degree of heat which should be maintained in a furnace, and the object which that heat has to effect.

It is asserted by a recent writer in the Society's Journal and reiterated by many, that "the conditions requisite for combustion, meaning the fuel and the oxygen, must be brought into, and subjected to a sufficient heat to unite them." This, however, is but a repetition of the erroneous theory of Watt, and involves a manifest absurdity, since, according to it, there must always be a pre-existing continuous and separate body of incandescent fuel, to supply this "*sufficient heat.*"

Chemistry on the other hand shows that for the continued combustion either of the hydrogen or the carbon of the gas of coal, the necessary heat comes, not from any separate or extraneous source, but *literally from themselves* on their union, and in a continued succession. As well may it be said that the presence of some separate and intensely heated fuel is required for producing the flame and continuing the combustion of the gas from our ordinary burners. Common observation, on the contrary, shows, that after the application of a mere lighted taper to the issuing gas, the heat required for *continued ignition and combustion*, is *derived from* itself. Flame and subsequent combustion is demonstratively proved to be a self-generated succession, increasing, or diminishing, in the ratio of the supply of the combustible, and its contact with the due equivalent of air—and ceasing the moment when that succession is interrupted.

It seems strange, indeed, that so self-evident a proof of this continuous character of flame should have been overlooked by Watt; and that he should be possessed with the idea that to effect the combustion of the gaseous matter evolved from coal, it required to be passed through or over a body of incandescent fuel; yet still more strange is it that any one in modern times, with such clear proofs under their eyes, by the constant use of this coal gas, that such is not necessary, should nevertheless persevere in entertaining so unscientific a system.

The continuous character of flame, and its own heat-generating principle, may be illustrated by the familiar experiment of a train of gunpowder. On applying a taper to the first grain of the series, the heat evolved by its combustion performs the same office for the grain next adjoining, as the taper did for the first; and so successively to the last — thus proving the continuous character of combustion without the aid of other sources of heat. So it is with the gas issuing from the beak of the burner, or direct from the coal in the furnace. So in the combustion of even the carbon alone, apart from the gas, the continuously raising the temperature of the atoms next in succession, may be seen when we light a piece of paper. On blowing out the flame, and leaving its carbon unconsumed (and which really is, then, *the coke* of the paper), we perceive the continued process of combustion going on,—each atom, as it combines with the oxygen of the air, raising the temperature of the atom next in contact to that of incandescence, and thus enabling the latter to effect its own combustion with the appearance of a brilliant running or continuing spark. Looking, then, at the continuous character of the combustion, either of the hydrogen or carbon of the gas, *if the access of the air be also continued*, we see that the process is wholly irrespective of, and has no possible connexion with, a mass of "*intensely hot fuel*," as supposed by Watt and still asserted by many.

That the idea of Watt still prevails is unmistakeably shown by the recent patents, embodying the principle, and in its very terms. In a late number of the *Glasgow Practical Mechanics Journal* is given the description of a recent patent for a "smoke-consuming furnace," in which it is stated that, "the smoke or bituminous vapour of the green fire is caused to pass *through fuel that has been previously coked:*" yet nothing can be more incorrect than such statement of patentees, or more opposed to the processes of nature;—what was wanted being air, not heat, to effect combustion. While such errors and contradictions pass current on the unscientific public, how is truth to be developed, and who is to undertake the task?

Connected with this theory of Watt may be mentioned a numerous class of patents, the leading feature of which is the supplying the fuel from hoppers placed in front of the furnace. Under this arrangement the fresh coal is placed near the door, the gas from which passes over the incandescent fuel on the after part of the bars, and is then said *to be burnt*. Chemistry, however, teaches us that the passing the gas through incandescent fuel *aids* considerably in the generation, not of *incombustible carbonic acid*, but of *combustible carbonic oxide;* and that incandescent fuel is a powerful generator of this latter gas, but which, if not itself supplied with air, though it passes away *invisibly*, is nevertheless a *pro-tanto* loss of combustible matter.

Professor Graham in his *Elements of Chemistry* observes with great clearness,—"Carbonic oxide may be obtained by transmitting carbonic acid over red-hot fragments of charcoal. It is easily kindled, combines with half its volume of oxygen, forming carbonic acid, which retains the original volume of the carbonic oxide. The combustion is often witnessed in a coke or charcoal fire. The carbonic acid produced in the lower part of the fire is converted into carbonic oxide as it passes up through the red-hot embers." This is conclusive, not only as to the existence of this gas in large volumes (as may be seen in the fire-box of a locomotive engine), but of the absolute necessity of supplying a large quantity of air to effect the combustion of this gas, and at a time when, because the products are invisible, it is erroneously supposed that no further supply of air should be admitted.

Of the object then for which a body of fuel should at all times be maintained on the furnace grate in the state of incandescence, we see it can have no more reference to effecting the combustion of the gas (called the smoke), than if that gas had to be collected and burned elsewhere for illuminating or culinary purposes. Its use, then, consists in being the means, First, of effecting the continuous generation of the volatile portion of the coal from each fresh charge; and Secondly, leading to its own combustion by the air received from the ash-pit.

SECTION IV.

OF THE CLASS OF INVENTIONS WHICH AFFECT TO "BURN SMOKE" BY THE USE OF HOT AIR.

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HAVING shown the error into which Watt fell in supposing that smoke could be burned by being passed "through fuel that is intensely hot," we have

…t to consider the class of inventions based on … prevailing erroneous theory, that it may be …ted by the use of *hot air*.

…his theory is founded on the assumption that air, …n heated, becomes more effective in promoting …bustion than when at atmospheric temperature. …er this impression much ingenuity has been …cted to the devising means by which the air may …eated before being introduced to the flame and …s in the furnace. Its advocates, however, neither …r to any authority, nor assign any reason for …r belief. To say that the air has been heated, …at it has produced any given effect, is but a mere …rtion. In this age of strict analysis, mere asser…, however, no matter who may be the authority, …ly goes for nothing. What is stated as having …n done, must be *proved;* and the proof must be …hin the power of all inquirers or experimenters. …t is probable that those who first thought of …lying the principle of hot air to the ordinary fur…es of steam boilers (among the earliest of whom …s Mr. Coad), really had faith in its supposed efficacy …generating heat. The delusion was a natural one, …l was manifestly promoted by the success of the …-*blast* system in the manufacture of iron, a less …ight of coke being consumed in the reduction of a …n of iron than when cold air was employed. It …ing alleged that the same *weight* of air continued … be forced into the furnace, although at a *higher* …perature, this assumed fact excited the attention … some scientific men in Glasgow, who could not …econcile the idea that a given weight of air, increased …n volume by its increased temperature, could be im…elled through the same orifices, and by the same …mount of pressure. As the quantity of heat generated …ould only be in the ratio of *the weight*, not *the volume* of oxygen taken into union with the combustible, consequently, a ton weight of air would generate but the same number of units of heat, whether it was at 50 degrees or 500. The history of the original misconception as to the quantity of air that actually entered the furnace, and its subsequent rectification, was fully given in the *Glasgow Chronicle* of 1829.

When hot-air blast is used to smelt iron, the air, being heated *in transitu*, and by a *separate furnace*, enters the smelting furnace at 600 deg. The *volume* is, of course, doubled. By means, however, of the enlarged tuyeres, or orifices of introduction, subsequently adopted, the *same weight* is now introduced as before its being heated. In making a ton of iron the weight of air is greater than that of all the other materials—*ore, fuel and flux*. If thrown in *cold* at the place where the lumps of metal ore are required to be kept at the greatest heat and highest temperature, and being projected against them, it would necessarily chill their surfaces, then at the melting point. This is, in a great measure, prevented by heating the air, and in this consists the chief advantage of the hot-blast.

On the effect of the hot air, Mr. Neilson, the inventor of the hot-blast system, was himself evidently mistaken. In his letter (see the *Transactions of the Civil Engineers*), describing the origin of his discovery, he observes:—"In prosecuting the experiments, circumstances became apparent to me which induced the belief, on my part, that, *heating the air introduced for supporting combustion into air furnaces, materially increased its efficacy in this respect.*" This was shown to be erroneous—the efficacy being increased not in "*supporting combustion*," but, as already observed, by *sustaining the high temperature of the surface of the ore lumps*, and thus facilitating their fusion, but which the contact of cold air would have retarded.

We see, then, that no analogy whatever exists between the application of hot air in the furnaces of steam boilers, where the air comes into contact with the *fuel alone*, and in those for the manufacture of iron, where it acts directly on the body to be melted, namely—the ore. The hot-blast system, nevertheless, continuing in favour, the public have since been led into innumerable errors by the smoke-burning patentees, who adopted the supposed use of *hot-air* as a mere *ad captandum* ruse. Numerous patents were taken out, under which it was assumed that the air would be even *intensely heated*, but which proved to be mere attractive expedients for gaining public favour.

In 1839, the so-called *Argand furnace* brought under notice the necessity for introducing a separate and large additional supply of air to the *gases* generated in the furnace, independently of what passed to the *coke* portions of the coal through the bars—the gross quantity to be introduced being, then, far greater than had previously been contemplated, or even considered practicable (see Dr. Ure's *Dictionary of Arts*,—title, "Smoke Nuisance"). This introduction of cold air to the furnace excited much opposition on the part of furnace architects, inasmuch as it necessitated a total change in their calculations. It was then asserted by many, and in a printed letter by a Manchester engineer who then assumed to be an authority, that, "Cold air passing into the flame, drives the latter up against the boiler bottom in the manner of *a blow-pipe*, causing it to impinge with peculiar intensity up against that part of the boiler bottom immediately exposed to the direction of the blast." Again, that, "On the other hand, as soon as the fire-grate had burned bright, the cold air, striking against the same part of the boiler bottom which had just before been so unduly expanded by intense heat, a sudden contraction of the metal necessarily ensues, producing such an *alternate heating and cooling*, with accompanying *expansion and contraction* of the boiler plates as would inevitably cause their destruction." The application of a little common-sense and common observation might have prevented this display of prejudice or ignorance. A moment's inspection, indeed, of what takes place *within a furnace* at once exposes the absurdity of these comments. Besides that, so long as the water remains in contact with the boiler plates, such a thing as alternate contraction and expansion of the plate is a physical impossibility, the temperature of the plate never exceeding that of boiling water.*

That a body of air entering the furnace chamber in a soft, expanding, diverging form—as water from the rose of the watering pot, should "*drive the flame before it*" and then act as a *blow-pipe*,—in other words, should at once be *expanded* and *concentrated*,—needs no comment; but that this cold air should also *pass through the flame*, and then chill and contract the iron plates, is too absurd to require notice, except that it is necessary to direct attention to statements which had, and still have, currency and influence among the unreflecting or inexperienced. Besides, that so many patentees continue to have a direct interest in upholding the imaginary and mysterious value of hot

* See treatise, *On the Combustion of Coal*, chapter xii., "On the circulation of the water in relation to the durability of the plates."

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air, by which they are sustained, and which forms their commercial capital.

Among the plans for heating the air, the passing it through hollow bars, or passages in the sides of the furnace, were patented to a great extent. No proof, however, was offered as to the temperature to which the air would be raised, or whether it was, in any sensible degree, increased by such means. Indeed, when we consider how difficult it is to heat a mass of air, and that the quantity required for the combustion of *the gas only* of a ton of coal would fill a tube of twelve inches square (the area of an ordinary furnace door), and above *thirty miles in length*, the idea of heating such an enormous volume by such insignificant means almost borders on the ridiculous.

Another of the patented attempts at heating the air, by Chaunter, Stevens, and others, even to the present day, consists in the adoption of a supplemental grate beneath the back end of the ordinary furnace bars, thus forming, as it were, a *double*, or *secondary small fire, between which two fires the air passed* (and by which it was said to be *intensely heated*), finally issuing through the aperture of the well-known split bridge of Mr. Parkes, to the gases and flame which passed over it.

The principle on which that patent of Parkes was based is chemically correct. By it the air was introduced in a thin film, through, or behind the bridge, and thus brought directly into contact with the passing flame and gases. Where the generation of gas was continuous and moderate, as was then practised under a system of large charges of many hours' duration, with slow combustion, the effect was complete. Where, however, the firing was required to be active, and the demand for steam was great, or irregular, the supply of air by the split bridge became insufficient and unavailable.

As an instance in which this simple and useful mode of introducing the air has been re-invented, and re-patented, though overlaid with contrivances by which the air was supposed to be heated, the following extracts may be given in the words of the patentee himself. In this every plausible lure is enlisted, viz., the use of "*calorific plates*"—without any explanation as to what that use effected:—the "passing the air through *two strata of fire*"—as if such were possible without its parting with much of its oxygen—the assuming "the air to be *intensely heated*"—but without any proof of the fact;—the supposed, "*entire combustion of the gaseous products* of the fuel"—equally without proof:—the obtaining the "advantages of the hot blast, without any pneumatic apparatus," but without explaining in what those advantages consisted; and lastly, the asserted—"saving of at least 20 per cent. of fuel." When also it is taken into account that these wondrous results were to be produced by "the mere scoriæ or cinders voided from the upper set of bars," this description is reduced to its *quantum meruit* of value. All this, however, is still pressed on public attention, and doubtless credited by those who are unable to detect its numerous fallacies, or see that whatever good effect might be produced was solely attributable to the introducing the air in a thin film through the split bridge; and which, when applied to small furnaces, where *the air had previously been altogether excluded*, could not fail of effecting more or less the combustion of the gases, as Mr. Parkes did, and of course, with a commensurate diminution of the formation of smoke—the whole of which however was erroneously placed to the credit of the *hot air*, *calorific plates, and double fires.*

As the supposed advantage of the hot-air theory continues to be urged, it will be necessary to enter further into the inquiry. What then, it may be asked, is the effect of heating *on the air itself*? *Chemically*, there would be none whatever. *Mechanically*, however, an injuriously effective change would be produced, namely, the increasing its bulk, in the ratio of its increased temperature, doubling that bulk for every 480 degrees of heat. Now, as the bulk of the air *absolutely required* is already inconveniently large—being *ten times that of the gas*, independently of the *extra* quantity hereafter alluded to—any further enlargement can only increase the difficulty in effecting that mixing and diffusion, which is the *sine qua non* of chemical action.

As each cubic foot of gas requires absolutely the oxygen of ten cubic feet of air at a temperature of 50 deg.—the point for consideration is, whether these would be more effective in generating heat, if introduced at 50 deg., or 500 deg. This is determined by the fact already mentioned, that it is not the *volume* but the *weight* of oxygen taken up by the combustible that determines the measure of effect in combustion. On this there is no doubt.

To test the fact of enlargement of the volume of the air by increasing its temperature, introduce into a large bladder 100 cubic inches of air at 50 deg.—the weight of which would be about 31 grains. The bladder being then but half filled—suspend it before a strong fire until its temperature be raised to 500 deg.; the result will be, that the *bulk will be doubled*—the bladder will then be full, and will contain 200 cubic inches of air. Nevertheless, *its weight* will continue as before—namely, but 31 grains. If, then, these 200 cubic inches at 500 deg. contain no more oxygen than the 100 at 50 deg., it necessarily could produce no more heat, and effect no greater amount of combustion.

Now, suppose this performed on the large scale of the furnace. The quantity of gas evolved from each ton of coal being about 10,000 cubic feet, requiring 100,000 cubic feet of air, were this quantity of air *doubled in volume by being heated*, it would then be necessary to introduce 200,000 cubic feet to effect the same purpose. On this it is only necessary to observe, that such a volume of air could not possibly obtain access, unless introduced *in a mass*, as when the furnace door is opened, or by the aid of mechanical pressure, as in the reduction of iron ore.

Thus, we see how idle and even mischievous must be the result of any process for heating the air with the view, as it were, of assisting nature in its work of combustion. It is, in truth, wilfully flying in the face of nature's processes and chemical laws, and with the suicidal and absurd purposes—first, of increasing the temperature of the furnace by robbing it of its own heat; secondly, of causing the enlargement of the already almost unmanageable bulk of air which must be introduced to effect combustion; and, lastly, of endeavouring to raise the temperature of the combustible carbon which was already, and at the very moment at that of incandescence, or above 3,000 deg.

It may here be well to contrast the opposition to the introduction of the air *direct to the gases in the furnace* which for so many years prevented the adoption of so simple and natural a process, with its almost universal adoption by modern patentees. For this purpose, several of the most recent proofs of the value of the system will be hereafter mentioned.

It is true, in general it is accompanied with the attractive statement that it is "*heated.*" Until, however, some proof is given that any appreciable increase of temperature has been obtained, these statements may be placed in the category of assertions made for the sole purpose of mere mercantile attraction.

SECTION V.

OF THE CLASS OF INVENTIONS WHICH RELY FOR THE COMBUSTION OR PREVENTION OF SMOKE ON MECHANICAL APPARATUS.

THE most prominent, as well as the most successful of these, are, Brunton's revolving grate; Stanley's self-feeding apparatus; and Juckes's moving bars. That any merely *mechanical* movement could be instrumental in effecting *combustion*, which is so exclusively a *chemical* process, cannot be entertained. All that mechanism can do, is to give motion to the solid or coke portion of the fuel resting on the bars—the extent to which that motion may influence the action or introduction of the air is alone the cause and measure of its value, but which is practically so overlooked.

The object of the three plans here mentioned, and in which they are all successful, is, the supplying continuously a given quantity of coal to the furnace, and preserving a uniform depth over the entire surface. From this mechanical uniformity of supply and distribution, however, all its advantages, as regards *combustion*, are derived.

Brunton's invention was fully explained by himself before a committee of the House of Commons (See "Report on Steam Engines and Furnaces, 1819")—as follows:—"First, I put the coal upon the grate by small quantities, and at very short intervals, say two or three seconds; Secondly, I so dispose of the coal upon the grate, that the smoke evolved must pass over that part of the grate upon which the coal is *in full combustion, and is thereby consumed;* Thirdly, as the *introduction of the coal is uniform in short spaces of time, the introduction of air is also uniform, and requires no attention from the fireman.*"

Here is a correct description of the plan, mechanically considered, and its useful effect,—the latter being comprised in this, that—"the *introduction of the air is uniform.*" Now, if a stratum of coal on the bars be kept *thin, and uniformly spread over the whole surface*, the result will be a uniform admission, or passage of air through it in all parts, and concurrently with the evolution of the gas from such coal. The effect therefore will be complete,—satisfying, as it does, the law that no more gas (erroneously called smoke by Brunton), will be evolved in any one place than can come instantaneously into contact with the due quantity of air, and by which its combustion will be effected. This description and effect is equally applicable to the other two plans mentioned.

That Brunton's idea (following the erroneous theory of Watt), as to the smoke being consumed by passing over that part of the grate upon which the coal is in full combustion, was erroneous, is shown by the effect being equally complete in Stanley's apparatus, where no provision of the kind exists—the coal being there spread equally, and at once, over the entire surface of the fuel.

Juckes's apparatus is described as "an arrangement of endless chains, which, being caused to revolve upon cylinders, stretch the chains, as it were, from one end of the furnace space to the other: such chains, being formed of links a few inches long, constitute in themselves the fire-bar surface of the furnace. Over the outward end is fixed a contrivance for feeding the apparatus with *small coal*, and motion being given to the machine the fuel is *carried gradually onward.*" In this description nothing is said as to the principle on which it is based, or the cause of the advantage attributed to the bar movement and thin stratum of fuel; neither is any notice taken of its influence on the introduction of the air; yet on this exclusively its value rests. This may be stated in the words just quoted from Brunton. In one large establishment it is declared to be satisfactory as regards the prevention of smoke, and that a considerable economy has attended its use. This, however, is admitted by the proprietor to be attributable to the circumstance—not that less weight of coal was used, but that it enabled him to use a *less costly description* of coal.

Stanley's apparatus has been largely in use in the manufacturing districts. It imparts no motion to the furnace or bars, its peculiarity and action consisting in the mode by which an inferior description of coal is distributed, or, as it were, blown over the whole surface. The coal falls from a hopper in front, between two rollers, by which it is crushed fine, and dropping continuously in an uniform quantity, is flung with considerable force by revolving fans over the entire surface of the bars. Although these three plans are different in their mechanism, they are, as regards combustion, essentially the same, the useful effect being, as described by Brunton, "*the introduction of the coal being uniform, and forming a thin stratum, the admission of the air is also uniform.*" This effect corresponds with the circular series of small vertical jets of gas as now used for culinary purposes. On looking into a furnace thus supplied with coal, the appearance is that of a bed of crocus flowers — the flame rising in numerous detached vertical jets over the whole surface of the thin bed of fuel by reason of the air passing upwards through it in small streams. All these systems, however, are incompatible with the requirements of heavy charges and more active firing.

So long, then, as the manufacturer for general operations or his steam-engine requires no more heat or steam than is compatible with the system of thin firing, combustion will be complete, and no smoke will be formed. The great defect, however, of a system of mechanical appliances for furnaces consists in its *inflexibility*, and consequent inapplicability to a more irregular state of things. For, so soon as the quantity of heat or steam required becomes greater than could be produced by that uniformity of moderate supply and demand; and when a more rapid or irregular supply of steam is called for, the uniformity on which the whole depended is broken through, and the apparatus becomes inapplicable. An irregular supply of fuel necessarily produces an irregular supply of gas, with a commensurate irregular demand for air and all the liabilities of imperfect combustion and the formation of smoke. This at once accounts for the fact, that such plans, though found all-sufficient in some manufactories, are often the reverse in others.

It would be a waste of time to enumerate the many mechanical contrivances by which the smoke-burning and hot-air advocates seek to attract attention; and the more so, as the descriptions given of their

respective peculiarities are, not unfrequently, altogether erroneous, or even imaginary; having no connexion, as already remarked, with the principle on which they are said to be based. Of this there is abundant proof in the numerous patents which, though varying in detail or unnecessary adjuncts, are, however, manifestly based on the same principle: for instance, the double or split bridge of Mr. Parkes, before noticed, and the introduction of the air through its narrow orifice to the flame and gases as they pass from the furnace.

The *Venetian blind* system has also been taken as the base of several supposed patent inventions. In one, it is introduced as having the double power of both causing the air to be *heated*, and the smoke burned. In another, the same contrivance, when applied in the ash-pit, is described as keeping both the air and the furnace bars in the *coolest state*. In a third (Prideaux), the effect is described as both *heating the air* in its passage, and *regulating the supply*, but in an (erroneously) assumed "gradually diminishing manner, in harmony with the gradually diminishing requirements of the fuel, sufficient to prevent all smoke," although no such "gradually diminishing requirements of the fuel" can possibly exist—such being a mere theoretic assumption, and incapable of proof. These Venetian blind valves are inserted in *the front* of the furnace door — to be opened on each fresh charge of coal being thrown in—to close gradually, and be shut, and the air entirely excluded, at the expiration of about eight minutes; when the charge is expected to be *one-half expended;* and when, as erroneously assumed, there would be no more gas generated during the remaining one-half of the charge, and, of course, no more demand for air.

Unfortunately, the patentee has fallen chemically and practically into error, both as to the *rate* and the *degree* in which the gas is produced from the coal.* In some cases, where this apparatus has been applied, the stokers discovered these errors, and relieved themselves from the consequences by absolutely neutralising the action of the valves and keeping them *continuously open*. By this fact (and which the writer of this essay has practically verified), the valves and their self-closing action are proved to have no value, and no relation whatever to the promoting combustion or preventing the formation of smoke—that being exclusively attributable to the series of close set and permanently fixed iron laths, set in the *back* of the door box (the valves being in the *front* part), and by which the air on its admission is divided and made to enter in thin separate streams. (See Dr. Ure's *Dictionary of Arts*, article "Smoke Nuisance.")

That a furnace producing perfect combustion under one class of circumstances and accompanied by any particular mechanical apparatus, should, under other circumstances, fail in producing the same effect, though demonstrably clear, may appear difficult of explanation: the cause, however, must be sought for anywhere but in the processes of nature. A remarkable and instructive case of this kind will be hereafter given in chapter 9.

If an Argand oil lamp burn brilliantly at one time, and be defective at another, producing much red flame and smoke,—knowing that nature's processes are uniform and invariable, we rightly infer that the cause of such defect must be either in the manipulation, or the imperfection of the apparatus. It would therefore be no reproach to Davy or Argand that their lamps should be ill-constructed or mismanaged. So in the case of the furnace. It would be unsound reasoning to infer, that the mode of introducing the air to the gases in a furnace, which in one instance would be all-efficient, must be defective, because, in another furnace, an equally good result was not produced. It cannot be the *principle*, but the *mode* of carrying it into practice that would in such case be at fault. We have then only ourselves, or our mode of investigation, to blame if we are unable to discover the cause of the discrepancy. It thus becomes the special business of the engineer to seek for the cause, and not to throw that office on the mere owner of the mill or the boiler, or to expect that the skill of the stoker is to remedy the defects or malconstruction of the furnace, or the imperfect admission of the air.

If the principle on which combustion is effected in a furnace be correct, and in conformity with nature's processes and chemical laws, and proved to be so in but a *single instance*, the scientific engineer or inquirer should be able at will, and with absolute certainty, to repeat the same *perfect* process, or to discover the source of error in the *imperfect* one. Should he be unable to do so, he must suspect his own power of investigation—as any chemist would, if he failed in effecting any process laid down in the *Pharmacopœia*. Assuredly, he is not justified in throwing the onus on the unscientific millowner or his stoker. If, however, a mystified collection of merely mechanical movements, without reference to any recognised principle or to nature's laws, is to be dignified with the title of a patent smoke-burner, and as such pressed on the uninformed public, and sanctioned by public boards, or the silence of professional engineers, it will be in vain that the public search for the cause of those varying results which are daily experienced, or the mode of remedying them.

Again, when we look at the numberless circumstances by which the most perfect processes may be defeated by accident, carelessness, or design, it is the more incumbent on the engineer to be able to distinguish between the *principle* and the *practice:* and the more so, seeing that in all these mechanical systems and patented expedients the really important condition of success is often utterly neglected, namely, the arrangements for introducing the *required quantity of air*, and the proper *mode of bringing it into contact and action* with the combustible.

But there is a description of mechanical apparatus which has not yet been patented or applied, although it is the most desirable and the most wanted—namely, that which will act the part of *the stoker* under the varying circumstances of light or heavy firing, with large or small furnaces, thus making us independent of the so-called, but hitherto *undescribed skill* said to be inherent in the office of the common stoker. In the above-mentioned three plans we see that *mechanical feeders*, or stokers, are really effective under some classes of circumstances. It is yet to be explained why they may not be made applicable to all classes and sizes of furnaces.

It is in every one's mouth that experienced stokers can, not only effect the combustion of the smoke, but produce a great saving of fuel. Are we then gravely to be told, and seriously expected to believe, that by

* The rate of generation of the gas, from a charge of coal as practically ascertained, is tabulated in the *Treatise on Combustion*, chapter 5, on "Regulating the Supply of Air by Self-acting Apparatus."

some undefined qualifications on the part of the most uneducated and hard-worked class of mere labourers, they can effect all that has been sought after by the ablest engineers, in the judicious, economic, and complete combustion of the fuel which they are employed to throw into a furnace,—irrespective of its possible mal-arrangement or ill-construction,—in the absence of due provision for the admission of air in the right quantity and manner; or under the too common miscalculation of the areas for the escape of the heated products? This cannot be insisted on. It would, in fact, be giving the office of Handel, or the organ *builder*, to the mere organ bellows *blower*, whose real duties (as in the case of the stoker) should consist in *feeding their respective machines.*

In the "Digest of the Information obtained with Reference to the Operations of the Inventions for the Consuming of Smoke," the Metropolitan Board of Health state, that, "in many cases smoke has been prevented by *good stoking alone.*" In the same strain Tredgold quotes as follows, from an author he describes as having "much experience and worthy of attention" (Alban on the High Pressure Engine) —"The best way to ensure a regular method of firing which shall be properly adapted to the requirements of the engine,—shall be most free from smoke, and shall most tend to the saving of fuel, is to employ *a good and careful stoker.* No ingenious mechanical arrangement, no scientific apparatus, can supply his place, be it ever so approved or ever so *scientific in principle or perfect in execution.* A good fireman can, however, only be retained by preventing his occupation from becoming *too easy and simple* for him, and by thus keeping his watchfulness and care in constant action and salutary exercise. The less exertion [query, bodily or mental?] such men generally have to make, and the more convenient their occupation is for them, the more *careless and inattentive* they have a tendency to become; and, at last, nothing, not even their own danger, can awake them out of their lethargy. All machines for feeding, smoke-burning, and the like, only increase the quantity of apparatus about a steam-engine in an unnecessary and prejudicial degree, and withal, augment the derangement and danger which ensue when they fall into disorder."

Here is a sad jumble of inconsistencies from which nothing can be ascertained as to the required qualities of this good and careful stoker, or how he is to be selected or instructed. After extolling his assumed inappreciable value, he is at once supposed to belong to the lowest grade of the least trustworthy and most inconsiderate class of labourers. Now, it is strange that after such a description of the value of a good stoker, this high authority of Tredgold should himself appear unable to define in what such influential duties consist. This, therefore, demands a further inquiry.

Among the difficulties with which the stoker has to contend, there is none that creates more embarrassment, and imposes more labour on him, than an insufficient draught. This, however, is not taken into account when comparing the merits and demerits of good or bad stokers. Now if the draught were always good, we should have fewer bad stokers. This is often tested by the mere change of men and vessels. A good stoker in one steam ship is often a bad one, and eternally at variance with his engineer and commander, in another. The man was the same, but the draught—the facility it afforded him was wholly different in the different vessels. His labour was comparatively light in one, but laborious and exhausting in the other. A sufficient draught economises the labour of the stoker, leaves him few cinders to be removed, and relieves him from the necessary fatigue of stirring and forcing his fires.

All writers speak of the power of *checking* the draught by the use of *dampers*, but none give the stoker the means of *increasing* it. Tredgold points to the dampers in the Cornish boiler "by which the draught may be *regulated.*" This is a misnomer. *Regulation* means *increasing*, as well as *diminishing* the amount of draught. Now, the effect of the draught is also twofold in another respect—namely, not only in aiding the *introduction* or pressure of the *entering* air, but the *eduction* of the gaseous products of the furnace. If this latter be satisfactory, we may be sure of the former. It is evident all writers assume the draught to be sufficient when they speak of the use of the damper. Yet, the insufficiency of the draught is, in the generality of cases, the main difficulty to be contended against; and to this is often attributable, as will hereafter be shown, the impossibility of introducing the great volume of air absolutely necessary for the combustion of the furnace gases. This will be seen as we proceed in the consideration of the respective merits of the *mechanical* and the *living* human stoker.

OF THE DUTIES OF THE STOKER.

AN attempt at defining the duties of this so much be-praised official has recently been made in an anonymous tract which is now circulating largely in consequence of its coming from "The Inspector of Machinery's office, Royal Arsenal." On this account it has here also an authoritative claim to attention. In this tract we find the following extraordinary estimate and definition of the duties and qualifications of the stoker, and on which a running comment will here be made for the sake of brevity, viz.:

"It is a common mistake to suppose that any man will make a good stoker,—that any man will learn to throw coals upon the fire" [and which ought to be his sole duty],—"is quite true. But there are some men who can make a pound of coal go nearly as far as two pounds in the hands of other men" [it is to be regretted that no attempt is made to show in what this power consists, or how it is to be obtained]; "who will do so with comparatively little fatigue to themselves, and have seldom to use the poker, or have the fire door open" [no doubt with good free-burning coal and good draught]; "who manage to keep up a constant supply of steam" [by force of their own intuitive genius, of course, and without reference to the size or character of the furnace or boiler]; "who have every part of the boiler perfectly clean—all the brass work bright and polished—the stoke-hole always swept and tidy—who use the white-wash brush freely whenever they see a black spot" [which duties surely require no great exercise of reflection]; "who are always mending up the fire-bridge, and other parts of the furnace" [but which they should never be allowed to tamper or touch]; "who at the same time manage to make little or or no smoke." [By what magic influence is not stated.] "Such a man is a master of his business, and is sure to be appreciated."

Why, then, it may be asked, has not the Inspector of machinery—furnaces included, explained in what this wonder-working business consists, that has such all-commanding influence over the supply of steam

—the economy of fuel, and even the prevention of smoke? Yet, if inquiry be made, it will be found that the merit of the good stoker is often contingent on well-constructed furnaces, good draught, and good coal, and *vice versa*. If, however, unfortunately, these are wanting, the stoker has then to bear the blame which ought to be laid on the shoulders of others.

But we have next the *per contra*: "On the other hand, there are some men who do not seem to be fitted for this duty" [this undefined duty],—"who have difficulty in keeping up steam" [this of course depends on the skill of the stoker and not on the size or description of boiler or furnace, or quantity of steam required]; "who forget to watch the various gauges,—who have the place always in a litter, and who seem oppressed with hard work" [possibly, *hot* work, in an atmosphere of 100°, with frequent clearing the bars from hard or running clinkers]. "Such men are frequently poking at the fire and recklessly throwing on coal" [of course without cause or necessity, and merely for amusement and recreation]; "who have the ash-pit half filled with red-hot ashes" [possibly from bad coal, crooked, half-burnt, or ill-fitting bars]. "The chimney draught seems to forsake them" [query? should not a coal which covers the bars with a hard sheet of clinker be chargeable with this crime?]; "and all for want of a little *reflection, management, and method*."

The reply in this case should be that once given by a hard-working and intelligent stoker to his employer, who, condemning his mode of firing, observed, "If you had given it a moment's thought you would not have done so." "But, Sir," said the stoker, "I am not paid for *thinking*, but for *using the shovel*." The stoker, in truth, might have retaliated, and said, that had *the engineer* who constructed the furnace, given it a *moment's thought*, in providing for the admission of the air, the duties of the stoker would have been confined to their proper sphere.

Now, where no special provision is made for the introduction of the air, and where it is left to chance, —to the keeping the door ajar,—or to its making its way upwards through the bars, with all the irregularities contingent on the depth of fuel and the character of the coal; in such case, the mode of charging by the stoker will have an important influence on its admission or non-admission. Under such disadvantages the duties of the stoker are not only increased but *essentially altered* in their character, and his qualifications as a *thinking*, rather than a *working*, man, are necessarily called into requisition. Yet, Brunton's description shows that "no attention need be required from the stoker,"—thus neutralising all the required good qualities of that official.

Although a distinction is here drawn between the qualifications of a supposed good and bad stoker, nevertheless, we are still left in the dark with reference to his true business, namely, *the management of the fuel;* and not to the polishing the brasses and such like trifles. The concluding words of the above extract lead us to believe that, notwithstanding the total absence of any instructions, written or verbal, the stoker is expected to exercise "*reflection*," with some peculiar "*management and method*" of his own, but which surely should be dictated by some higher power.

On this point an experience continued through the last twenty years in the practical management of numerous large and small steam vessels and land furnaces, justifies the remark, that the duty of the stoker should be confined to the mere *feeding the furnaces, under clearly-defined instructions;* and that nothing should be left to or expected from his own untaught judgment, skill, reflection, management, or method. The sooner, then, that the operations of the *living stoker* are brought to a par with the *automaton* action of that of Brunton or Juckes, the sooner will the best mode of generating heat and steam, of avoiding the formation of smoke, and of economising the fuel, be realised. Where much is required from the stoker, we may be assured there is something seriously and radically wrong, though undiscovered or unsuspected, in the construction or arrangement of the furnaces, flues, draught, or other details, as will hereafter be shown. Let these be but properly adjusted—not by the slide rule, or rule of thumb—but by calculations based upon and in harmony with nature's now well-understood demands; —let the admission of *the air* be duly provided for, and, as it were, *measured*, with as much care and certainty as we measure *the fuel;*—let as much attention be given to the one ingredient of combustion as to the other;—and the stoker will have no duty to perform that may not be learned in a single day by any able-bodied and willing man, who will follow his instructions, and make no more draught on his own reflection or peculiar ideas of management, than when polishing the brasses or whitewashing the black spots.

From the character of these duties, as laid down by the inspector of machinery, it would appear that his observations were more in accordance with what might be seen in the nicely-flagged and white walls of some pet and model room, with a dandy engine of 4 or 5 horse-power, rather than the rough work of the steamer, where there are six or eight large furnaces for supplying three or four large boilers, with engines of 200 or 300 horse-power—in a stoke room 15 or 20 feet below decks—an atmosphere of 80° to 100° of temperature, and where the stokers are glad to wipe their dusky brows with a handful of greasy cotton waste, and are as little able to keep themselves clean or cool as an underground collier.

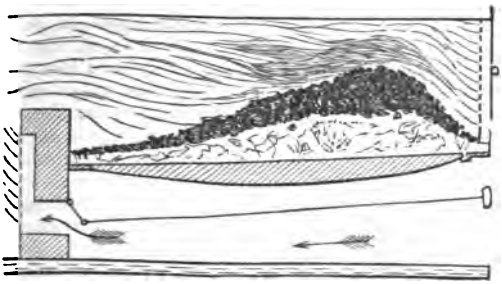
It is not to be doubted, certainly, that a stoker who will doggedly persevere in exercising his own judgment, following his own crude notions, or, what is most usual, *consulting his own ease* by charging many of the furnaces together, and in such large quantities that he will have *longer intervals of rest*—it is not to be doubted that such a man may so *mismanage* the fuel as to require two pounds to do the work of one. This, however, only proves that his instructions were insufficient (if, indeed, he had any), or that his furnaces and their appendages were so imperfect as to make a constant demand on his *thought and reflection*, rather than on his *manual labour*.

The following short code of instructions has long been advantageously adopted, accompanied by two printed placards, as in the annexed figures, descriptive of the *right and the wrong way of firing*, and which latter is so prevalent in large steamers:—

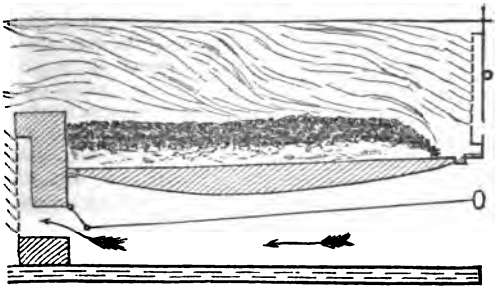
INSTRUCTIONS FOR FIREMEN.

1. The passages for the admission of air, at the door or bridge end of the furnace, should be kept open and clear of ashes.
2. Begin to charge at the end next the bridge.
3. Never allow the fire to be so low before charging that there shall not be from four to five inches of red-hot fuel equally spread on the bars.
4. At all times keep the bars equally and well covered, particularly at the sides and bridge end, where the coals burn away most rapidly.
5. Large coals should be broken into pieces not bigger than a man's fist.

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WRONG WAY OF FIRING.



RIGHT WAY OF FIRING.

Now, contrast these few and intelligible instructions (which have been found all-sufficient *where the furnaces, flues, &c., are properly adjusted, and the demand for air as fully provided for as that of the coal, but not otherwise*) with the above-mentioned call for skill, reflection, management, and method on the part of the stoker, and we see the error of expecting that this hard-worked—and, too frequently, illiterate official is to remedy the miscalculations, the omissions, neglect, or want of information of the draughtsman, the boiler maker, the engineer, or the builder of the chimney-stack.

It may be asked, how it happens that this necessity for having *skilful stokers* is so generally entertained. This is susceptible of a rational explanation. An *imperfect* machine of any kind necessarily calls for greater care in *keeping it in working order* than a *perfect* one. If this were not so, watches, clocks, and other machines would not require so much attention or repairs. So it is with boilers and furnaces, flues and chimney-stacks. They are as likely to be ill-constructed, and their several parts out of harmony with each other, as any apparatus or instrument employed in the arts. Look to the real but unsuspected influence which even an ill-adjusted chimney-stack often injuriously exercises. (For a case of this kind, see that described in Section IX.) If, however, due provision be not made for bringing the two ingredients together, *the air* and *the fuel*, in the right quantity, place, and manner;—if, in fact, it be left to the stoker, of himself, practically to *discover* at what part of the furnace the fuel should be placed, and how the air may be admitted, either through the mass of the fuel on the bars, or near the door, or at the bridge end of the grate surface (for each is recommended, and on high authority);—if due areas do not exist for the *ingress* of the required great volume of air, and the *egress* of the still greater volume of heated invisible products;—under such circumstances the demand for skill, experience, and reflection on the part of the stoker will, doubtless, be great; and he who will be best able to work so imperfect a machine may well be considered, in the language of the Inspector, as "a master of his business, and sure to be appreciated."

But why should all these imperfections exist? Why should such a demand be made on the skill or reflection of this mere coalheaver? Why should he be called on to do the business, and exercise the thought which belongs to other and higher departments, or be the scape-goat to bear the blame of failures? In the absence of instructions, stokers usually adopt the plan that will give them least trouble and longer time to rest. In *steam vessels*, this is done by heaping the coal on the centre and front of the furnace and up to the doors, as shown in the figure of "the wrong way of firing," necessarily leaving the back end near the bridge with little or no coal on the bars, and where the air will, of course, enter in irregular quantities. In *land* furnaces the fuel generally appears heaped along the centre of the bar surface, as it most rapidly burns away along the sides.

In the tract just mentioned, it is said,—"There is no part of the stoker's *art*" [stoker's art!] "more difficult to acquire than the *prevention of smoke*"—thus assuming that its prevention is really within the compass of that indescribable art. With equal truth might it be said that no part of the *working engineer's art* in a steam vessel is more difficult to acquire than the preventing the waste of heat or deficiency of steam, where he has to work an engine full of defects, and a boiler possibly leaking internally and externally, or with ill-constructed furnaces and imperfect draught. In such case, the same questions arise—why should these defects exist; and why should the engineer's skill and judgment be so taxed?

Now, a *mechanical* stoker which will relieve us from this undue dependence on the "art, reflection, and management of the living *human stoker*, is a great desideratum, and assuredly will, before long, be applied—seeing that we have at length the means of surmounting the great difficulty, and have ascertained all that belongs to the introduction of the air. To some extent we see this desideratum has been supplied, as in the Cornish boilers, where the boast is that they have no stokers, at least, where nothing is required that can justify the eulogy pronounced on the good stoker making one pound of coal go as far as two, and keeping up steam," &c. "No fire-feeding or smoke-burning apparatus," says Tredgold, "are ever used in Cornwall, where they are thought unnecessary." Again, "It would be an undeserved libel on the character of the Cornish *attendants* (who *themselves* manage the fires) no *extra labouring stokers* being employed." (There is some confusion here, as the so-called *attendants* are manifestly *stokers*.) "The mode of firing adopted in Cornwall," says Tredgold, "is spreading the charge of fuel equally and thinly over the fire, and feeding the fire frequently with small quantities at a time, and with coal broken into small pieces. It is, in fact, merely a return to the method recommended by Smeaton and Watt. The former in his direction for working the York Waterworks engine, August 29, 1785, says:—'Break every coal that is bigger than a goose's egg, and the oftener you fire, and the thinner, the better. The fire should be kept an equal thickness and free from open places or holes, which are extremely prejudicial, and should be filled up as soon as they appear.'" In this respect we appear to have degenerated since 1785.

Now in these references to the Cornish boiler, we

have the precise characteristics and effect produced by Brunton, Juckes, and Stanley's mechanical feeders. When Tredgold, therefore, says, "No smoke-burning apparatus is ever used in Cornwall, where they are thought unnecessary," he should rather have said that the *most effective smoke preventive* is, in truth, there adopted,—namely, *the generating on each square foot of furnace no more gas than can be instantly supplied and combined with the due quantity of air*, and its combustion instantly effected. This is the true and only principle, whether adopted on a smaller or a larger scale—in Cornwall or Lancashire. *Nature requires no smoke-burner.* All that it requires is, not to be obstructed, and that the air be allowed the means of reaching the flue as *rapidly as the gas is generated*, before its carbon loses its high temperature, and in the way most in accordance with that diffusion which is essential to their common action.

In steam vessels, and in crowded manufacturing districts, where space is so circumscribed, and where, for that reason, the Cornish system cannot be applied, other expedients must be resorted to. Under that system, three or four large boilers are employed to produce the same quantity of steam that is done by one only, in Lancashire. Tredgold observes,—of the Cornish system :—

"1stly. The ratio of heating surface of boiler plate in the Cornish boiler is more than *twice as great* as in the common boiler.

"2ndly. The proportion of heating surface to the quantity of water evaporated or fuel consumed in a given time, is about *ten times* as great.

"3rdly. The rate of combustion is slower with the Cornish boiler than with the common one, in the proportion of 1 to 4."

The effects of perfect combustion we see are produced equally in the Cornish boiler, as by the mechanical appliances alluded to; under the same system of thin and frequent firing. It remains, however, to be seen whether this mechanical stoking may not be equally available where a more active firing, a greater and more irregular demand for steam, and a more rapid and larger consumption of fuel is required; and without having recourse to the costly Cornish system of *many and large boilers*. The very essence of success in the *mechanical*, as well as the *Cornish systems*, consists in reducing to a *minimum* the weight of fuel consumed in each square foot of furnace grate, in given times—such a system being so peculiarly favourable to the due *access of the air* to the *gaseous* part of the coal, and by which its combustion proceeds, *pari passu*, with that of the *solid* or coke portion from which it has proceeded. This may be thus practically demonstrated. In the action of the furnace about 150 cubic feet of air, at atmospheric temperature, are the absolute equivalents for the combustion of each pound of coal,—$\frac{1}{3}$ or 50 cubic feet of which are taken up by the *gas*; and $\frac{2}{3}$, or 100 cubic feet, by the *coke*.

Now, if the body of fuel on the bars be so thinly spread that the 50 shall continuously have access to the *gas*, and enter into combustion in *the same time* that the 100 are taken up by the *coke*,—the entire calorific effect of both will be obtained. The moment, however, that we *increase the thickness* of the body of coal on the bars (whether by the human or the mechanical stoker) the whole case is altered: a less than the due portion of the 150 cubic feet of air will then pass, in given times, through the fuel to the gas, while a greater proportion of it will be taken up by the coke. Thus, the latter will be more rapidly urged and consumed than is consistent with that of the former. If the above proportions of air be not thus relatively appropriated, the gas of the coal cannot be supplied with air as fast as it is generated, and hence its imperfect combustion and its conversion into smoke, and the necessity for other expedients.

In steam vessels, and in the furnaces of land boilers in Lancashire, where much steam is required, instead of confining the demand for steam to the quantity that would be produced from each square foot of the furnace under the Cornish system, or of those mechanically fed, recourse is had to a *more active* state of the furnace, a *thicker bed* of fuel, and a more *rapid generation of heat* and steam. In Cornwall, under such circumstances, recourse would be had to *increasing the size and number* of boilers,—still, however, wisely retaining the *leading principle* of the system, viz., *thin and frequent firing*. Thus the Cornish system depends, not on adapting the mode of firing and stoking to the demand for steam, but *the reverse;*—the adapting the boiler, by means of its increased dimensions, to that system of stoking which they find has such advantages, and which we see is also the peculiar feature of the *mechanically-fed* furnaces.

In a word, the Cornish *system* (not the Cornish *boiler*) effects the greatest economy of *fuel* at the expense of *time*, *space*, and *first cost* of boilers. The *Lancashire system*, on the other hand, economises all these latter at the expense of the *fuel*, which, in the north, is comparatively cheap. There is, then, no grounds for boasting on the part of the Cornish engineers, for effecting economy of fuel, seeing that it is accompanied by what would be impracticable, or ruinous evils elsewhere, as in close manufacturing towns.

As to the peculiar description of boiler used in Cornwall, it is a mistake to attribute any special merit to it. Any other description of boiler would be equally effective, if managed on the Cornish system of *thin and frequent firing*, and accompanied by the extraordinary care taken in husbanding the heat and preserving the steam generated. The important question then remains to be tested—whether *mechanical stoking* may not be made available in all cases.

SECTION VI.

OF EFFECTING COMBUSTION BY ATTENTION TO THE DUE ADMISSION OF THE AIR TO THE FURNACES.

HAVING examined the inventions founded,—1st. on Watt's erroneous theory of passing the volatile products of coal "through a body of incandescent fuel" —2ndly, of those who advocate the use of *hot air*,—and 3rdly, those who rely on moving *mechanical* apparatus; it now remains to be considered how Nature's processes may be best promoted by mere attention to the supply of atmospheric air. This is unquestionably the most important division of the subject, although least examined by professional engineers.

In considering the question of combustion in reference to its chemical relations, the safest course is that adopted by Sir H. Davy when engaged on a similar inquiry,—namely, by an analytical examination of the several bodies to be dealt with. On this we have now no difficulties. Chemistry has been so popularised that we are no longer in the

position of those who, some fifty years back, were ignorant of the great elementary truths which now characterise the science. On this head, Dr. Ure, one of the oldest and ablest labourers in the vineyard of science, observes,—"It was the rival logic of Sir H. Davy, aided by his unrivalled felicity of investigation, that first recalled chemistry from the labyrinth of fancy, to the more arduous career of reason. His researches on flame and combustion would alone place him in the first rank of scientific genius." To avoid being again led into the regions of fancy it is important that we steer clear of that empyricism which seems to run riot in our own time,—repudiating those theories which take their rise in mere commercial speculations.

To show that this danger is not an imaginary one, many proofs might be here adduced. Indeed we have only to look at our periodicals, and even to the pages of the Society's Journal, for unmistakeable evidence of the fact. In the paper already referred to and read before the Society, the author observes as follows:—"To save confusion I here explain what I mean by *being combustible*." It would have been more satisfactory, and certainly less pretentious, had he examined, and given the meaning attached to the term by men of less questionable authority. But he thus proceeds: "By that term I understand the property of being *decomposable*—the *decomposition* being accompanied by heat and light; and in this sense *smoke is combustible*."

Seeing how the public and even the Legislature have been led astray by such crudities in pursuit of the chimera of "*burning the smoke*," in contempt of high chemical authority and of Nature's laws, it may well here be asked—"Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?"

It is only necessary to say, that no cross-reading could have brought together greater errors than are here promulgated, and with the *ipse dixit* air of professional authority. As a refutation of this new dogma of combustibility it would alone be sufficient to say that carbon is a combustible—yet carbon is absolutely *undecomposable*.

It is manifest that none of our chemical professors will condescend to refute such assertions, and thus, even the pages of the Society's Journal are made the channel for circulating and perpetuating such fallacies. As well might we expect our own Faraday to enter the arena with every tyro who would undertake to give him new views of electricity. As the present essay, however, is intended, not for the instruction of a class of scientific men who could not be led astray by such absurdities, but to be practically useful to the unscientific part of the community, it becomes necessary that such mistakes be pointed out, and the public cautioned against the risk of contagious errors. The following will be sufficient for this purpose.

In a work of authority—*Chemistry*, by Gmelin (printed by the Cavendish Society), it is thus stated, and in direct contradiction to the above theory: "The *combination* of oxygen with other bodies attended with light and heat is called burning, or *combustion*. In this process the oxygen is the supporter of combustion." Here we have *combination*, not *decomposition*, shown to be the principle of combustion.

Sir Robert Kane, in his *Elements of Chemistry*, observes, "In all cases where bright light is produced in combustion, one of the bodies engaged must be solid, and the light is really derived from its being ignited." Here again it is shown that combustion with light means not *decomposition*, but *the union of two bodies*, one of which must be a solid; and this is peculiarly in point, the light being caused by the *ignited carbon* (the solid), raised to the highest temperature of luminosity. Dr. Ure also speaks of "the disengagement of light and heat which accompanies *combination*," not *decomposition*.

All that can be necessary for practical purposes, then, is so distinctly laid down, even in the few works here referred to, that, to go astray would almost seem impossible. If, however, overlooking such all-sufficient public instructors, we suffer ourselves to be led into the wide field of conjecture, and expect to learn from commercial patentee speculators some principle which has hitherto escaped the researches of chemists and philosophers, we may go back to the theories of the last century when Priestly and Stahl, with their phlogostic theory, were leading scientific men astray. All that moderns require is within reach,—the work of our own time, and effected within the recollection of living men. The writer of these pages himself, when a student, heard, in the courses of William Higgins, chemical professor to the Dublin Society, the first enunciation of the atomic theory,—the foundation of that system which, in our day, has made chemistry an exact and positive science. He remembers the series of developments which subsequently marked the career of the illustrious Dalton and the no less illustrious Davy, who first laid open the processes of Nature in all that belongs to flame and combustion.

From the labours of these philosophers, we learn, that the primary and absolute condition of chemical union is, that bodies *combine in relative quantities*, called *equivalents*,—as to number, weight, and volume. Now, here is a law of nature which peculiarly demands the attention of engineers, seeing that on this depends the whole theory and practice of combustion in furnaces. What, then, can be said of those patentees, who in laying down rules for the construction of furnaces, rely on mere "*mechanical apparatus and dimensions*," in neglect of all that belongs to *one* of the two bodies to be introduced, and by which alone combustion is to be effected,—namely, *the air?*

Professor Brande says, "Combustion cannot be considered as dependent on any peculiar principle or form of matter, but as a general result of intense chemical action." By the researches of Despretz, the heat evolved in all cases of combustion, depends, not on the *combustible*, but upon the *quantity of oxygen combined*. Thus a pound of oxygen in combining respectively with hydrogen, charcoal, alcohol, or ether, evolved in each case very nearly the same quantity of heat,—each raising 29lbs. of water from 32° to 212°. Here again we find combustion to be the effect of *combination*, not *decomposition*.

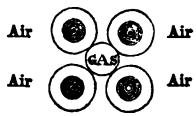
It is here necessary to remove a misapprehension as to what is meant by the term *mixture, or contact* in connexion with the term *atomic*. If two *solid* bodies touch each other, that is properly called contact. In treating, however, of the action of *fluid or gaseous* bodies, the term means *atomic*, not *collective* contact. The bodies to be brought into such contact are, not two masses of gas and air in their *collective* capacities, but the *individual atoms*, or particles, of which such masses are respectively composed; for these are the bodies in their separate and *individual relations* between the equivalents of which the union is to be effected. Thus, to effect the combustion of a single atom of the gas, it is absolutely necessary

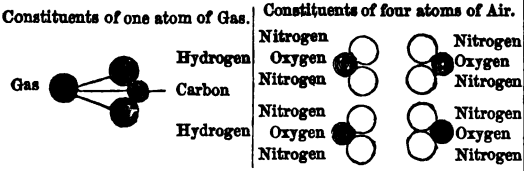
that it obtain, as it were, *personal* contact with four atoms of air; and for this reason, that the oxygen which these four contain are the precise and indispensable equivalents of the hydrogen and carbon which formed its constituents; and so of every atom of the mass. The annexed diagram will sufficiently point out not only the constituents and equivalents of the gas and atmospheric air, but the respective volumes of each and their several unions during the process of combustion.

SYNOPSIS OF THE COMBUSTION OF COAL GAS IN ATMOSPHERIC AIR.

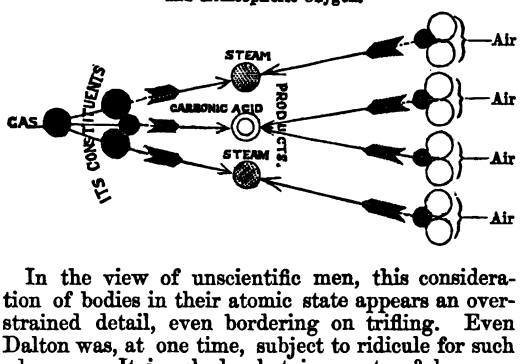


Mechanical *mixture* preparatory to Chemical *union*.





Chemical union or combustion of the respective equivalents of Gas and Atmospheric Oxygen.



In the view of unscientific men, this consideration of bodies in their atomic state appears an overstrained detail, even bordering on trifling. Even Dalton was, at one time, subject to ridicule for such advocacy. It is asked, what is an atom? how can we distinguish it or determine its weight or volume? and where can be the use, for practical purposes, of this microscopic view of nature? This, however, is not the place to admit of such a controversy.

When Professor Faraday was consulted by the Athenæum Club on the injury arising from the use of gas in their library, they were not deterred from "rushing into the bosom of high chemical authority." On the contrary, it was to that very authority they applied, and on a subject closely in connexion with the one here under consideration. Neither was the Professor himself deterred from a chemical analysis of combustion when suggesting a remedy against this mere domestic inconvenience. In his report to the Athenæum Club he describes, in detail, the constituents of the gas and the air, and the products of their union and combustion:—finally pointing to the remedy at which he arrived by this

In what is called the *Argand furnace* the effect is produced exclusively by aiding the immediate mixing operation among these chemical equivalents,—the air, for that purpose, being introduced to the gas in a *divided state in numerous jets or films*, as water is more effectually mixed with the air by passing it through the perforated rose of the watering pot or by the artificial jet d'eau. On the value of this, Sir Robert Kane, in a letter to the author of this essay, observes:—

"The introduction of the air to supply the oxygen necessary for the combustion of the volatile products of the coal,—the diffusion of this air, secured by its issuing from a *great number of small jets*, and the consequent full combustion of the gaseous fuel, are all *elements of real economy and success* in practice. The value of this, although, perhaps, obscurely felt by others from the imperfection of the older methods, has been certainly first placed in its important and just aspect by your illustrations."

This authority needs no confirmation, and sets the question at rest as to the value and necessity of introducing the air in a *divided state*.

The supplying the air in such quantities, and in such a manner as will effect the combustion of *both the hydrogen and the carbon*, is not sufficiently attended to in practice; for if the air be slowly, or too scantily, or improperly supplied, the *entire of the oxygen* will be taken up by the *hydrogen, and none whatever will remain for the carbon*, thus producing the light of flame without the combustion of the carbon (the solid) which caused its luminosity. It is this which practically renders it necessary that the supply of air should always be *in excess of the absolute theoretic demand* for combustion.

The opinion of that able chemist, the late Professor Daniell, of King's College, is much to the point. Having been consulted expressly on this subject, he gave his deliberate opinion in the following words:—

"With regard to the different forms of hydrocarbon it is well known that the *whole of the carbon* is never combined with oxygen in the process of detonation, or silent combustion, *unless a large excess of oxygen be present*. For the complete combustion of olefiant gas, it is necessary to mix the gas with *five times* its volume of oxygen, though *three* only are consumed. If less be used, part of the carbon escapes combination and is deposited as a *black powder*. Even sub-carburetted hydrogen (our common coal gas) it is necessary to mix with more *than twice its bulk of oxygen, or the same precipitation will occur*. It is clear, therefore, that the whole of the *hydrogen* of any of the compounds of carbon may be combined with oxygen, while a part of *their carbon* may escape combustion, and that, even, when enough of oxygen is present for its saturation."

Here it is clearly shown that *an excess of air should always be supplied, to give the excess of oxygen required beyond what the combustion of the gas demands*. This Professor Daniell has shown is the case of deliberate laboratory practice, and to apply it to the case of a furnace, he adds:—

"That which takes place when the mixture is *designedly made in the most perfect manner*, must undoubtedly arise in the common process of combustion (in a furnace) where the mixture is *fortuitous, and much less intimate*."

This at once disposes of the objection to the supply of air being *in excess* of the theoretic demands of the gas. The professor sums up in this emphatic manner:—

"Any method of insuring the complete combustion of fuel, consisting partly of the volatile hydrocarbons, must be founded upon the principle of producing an *intimate mixture* with them of atmospheric air *in excess, in that part of the furnace to which they naturally rise*. In the common construction of furnaces this is scarcely possible, as the oxygen of air which passes *through the fire-bars is mostly expended on the solid part of the ignited fuel* with which it first comes into contact."

These concluding words are peculiarly important as pointing to the error which prevails, even to this

day, in supposing that the entire supply of air may most judiciously be introduced *through the bars* and from the ash-pit.

From this clear and unexceptionable evidence, we see the utter fallacy of supposing that a sufficiency of air for the perfect combustion of the gas in a furnace could be thus introduced.

The prevailing inattention of engineers to those details which involve the quantity, place, and mode of admission of the air may be traced in a great measure to overlooking the fact, that in the use of coal there are two distinct classes of combustibles to be dealt with,—namely, the *gaseous* constituent, and the remaining *fixed carbon or coke;* each requiring its own separate supply of air, not only at *different times*, that is, successively, but in *different parts* of the furnace. Further, that as the gas itself contains two separate elements—hydrogen and carbon, these also require to be consecutively supplied with their respective equivalents of air. These constituents may be thus shown.

Each pound weight of good coal will give out 5 cubic feet of *gas*, and require for its special use 50 to 60 cubic feet of air, according to the quality of the gas; while the remaining *coke*, being about 50 to 60 per cent. of the gross weight of the coal, will require an addition of about 100 to 120 cubic feet. The products from each hundred-weight, then, in round numbers, will be as follows :—

Hydrogen	5 lbs.
Carbon in combination with the hydrogen, and forming the gas	20 lbs.
Carbon remaining as coke	60 lbs.
Nitrogen, sulphur, oxygen, and ashes	15 lbs.
	100 lbs.[1]

We here distinguish the *three* bodies into which the coal is resolved, and each requiring its own special equivalent of air, viz.—The coke, the hydrogen, and the carbon of the gas. Now, the whole question of perfect or imperfect combustion,—the utilisation of all the elements of the coal, and obtaining their relative and entire calorific effect, will be determined exclusively, and absolutely, by the facilities afforded these three bodies in obtaining their respective contact and quotas of the air supplied.

It will not be enough, therefore, for engineers to look to the naked fact, that each pound of coal will require 150 cubic feet of air, and to expect that all the contingencies of combustion will be satisfied, *if they provide that quantity*. So far from that being the case, it is exclusively on the *special application* of these 150 cubic feet to these *three separate portions* of each pound of coal, as above described, that success will depend. For, if the air be taken up by the incandescent *coke* (and to which it first finds access) more rapidly, or in greater quantities, than the *gaseous* matter can simultaneously be supplied with *its own due quantity*, the entire operation in the furnace will be deranged. In a word, the gas should have its own equivalent of air, and enter into combustion as rapidly as it is generated, and in due relation to the combustion of the coke *in equal times*.

From these facts we obtain the necessary data which are to determine the areas of the several parts of the furnace: first, for the admission of the air to the incandescent fuel on the bars; secondly, for the *ingress* of the air to the two constituents of the evolved gas; and, thirdly, for the *exit*, or escape, of the volatile products of *both the coke and the gas* to the chimney shaft, and their due current through it. These details will be commented on hereafter.

Of the value of the principle of introducing the air in a *divided state*, no stronger practical illustration need be given than its now almost universal adoption by modern patentees. Among these may be mentioned those particularly noticed by the periodicals :—Woodcock, Prideaux, O'Regan, Parker, Robertson, Hill, Bayless, Gardner, and many others. It is true the principle of introducing the air, as above described, and confirmed by so many chemical authorities, is not commented on, or even acknowledged, by such patentees; in fact, for their *personal* objects it is kept as much out of sight as possible. Nevertheless, their several specifications attest the fact that it is thus silently, though surreptitiously, making its way into practice.

In the examination of these patents, we have a further proof of the impossibility of obtaining any correct or reliable information as to the working of their several so-called inventions, seeing that each relies and expatiates on something specially introduced to support the character of originality, although they all depend for success on the one principle of introducing large supplies of air in a *divided state*, so as the more rapidly to effect the mixing and diffusion with the gas in the furnace.

On the expiration of the patent of 1839, when this mode of introducing the air became public property, many patentees, who before had opposed it, seeing its importance, made it the basis of new patents, while many new speculators entered the field of competition. A brief examination of some of the recent patents will furnish sufficient evidence of the fact, and also of the *improved practice* of the present time.

The first change worthy of notice is, that the old and unsound doctrine of introducing the air to the furnace exclusively *through the bars* and the fuel on them, is now passed by,—that of introducing it direct to the gases at length taking its place, after a continued and vigorous opposition of fifteen years. The claim to the mode of admitting the air, as described by the specification of the patent of 1839, and which should be known that the public may see the extent of the imitation, is as follows, viz.—"The use, construction, and application of perforated air distributors, by which the air is more immediately and intimately blended with the combustible gases in the furnace." It will now be seen how fully this mode is appreciated, and how closely it is adhered to by the *reinvention class* of patentees.

In Woodcock's patent, the gas and the air are brought into contact by "a plate *with numerous perforations*, through which the air is admitted." Again, the patentee observes, "I prefer to administer it [the air] in thin *films, or through very small orifices.*" How far his inverted, or hanging bridge, and other adjuncts may mar the operation and affect the draught, must be determined by experience. They are, however, altogether unnecessary.

O'Regan's patent is an undisguised and identical, though unacknowledged, imitation of the Argand furnace of 1839. As usual, however, several unnecessary appendages are introduced to disguise the directness of the imitation and give the patentee something to talk about.

By Prideaux' patent, already mentioned (see his *Elementary Treatise*), the air passes through a series of perforations in the door plate. Subsequently, a

[1] Mr. Sewell, in his elementary treatise, gives the above as the mean average of 28 varieties of Lancashire coal. Mr. Murray's estimate corresponds in the main features, but gives the hydrogen and coke a little in excess of the weight here stated.

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number of thin, close-set, and fixed vertical iron laths were adopted. The effect, however, is equally good. "By this arrangement," he observes, "among other important results, is secured *its subdivision into minute jets.*"

In Hill's patent for "Preventing or Consuming Smoke," the means applied are, "the employment of a *perforated wall or grating*, through which the air passes."

In Parker's patent, the air is introduced directly to the gases above the fuel, by means of a "perforated plate," similar to that shown in the *Treatise on Combustion*, Fig. 40, page 90, where it is given merely as an experiment, but which, in practice, must prove inefficient from the liabilities of the plates to be destroyed.

Robertson, in his patent, pays considerable attention to supplying the air to the furnace chamber through narrow apertures in the sides. He also observes that, "the consumption of the smoke (meaning the gas) is further *assisted* by the addition of a *perforated burner near the inner end.*"

Bayless, in the description of his patent, is peculiarly precise. "I propose," he observes, "to compensate for this want of time by dividing the gases into a number of small streams, and forcing them into mechanical mixture with the air." This operation he effects by "a series of admixtures, having *spaces between them for the admission of the air, to commingle with the gases.*" Again, "*perforated plates of metal* or slabs of fire clay might be used, placed horizontally or vertically, as is thought best."

In Thompson's patent for "The Prevention of Smoke," the so-called invention consists of a flue which he connects with a hollow bridge; this bridge being *perforated in front and upon the top so that the two currents* of heated [cold] air pass into the bridge, *issue from the perforations*, and combine with the combustible gases given off by the fuel, and insures their combustion.

Gardner's patent involves two contrivances, one is, the use of a *deflecting plate*; the other, the admission of the air through a *series of small orifices.* The former is wholly unnecessary, and may affect the draught, unless it be very powerful. The public, however, are led to believe that the good effect is solely attributable to the deflecting plate. This is but a subterfuge, perhaps a harmless or even justifiable one, on the part of patentees who are to live by attracting public attention, and by the exhibition of something new, or even complicated, to justify a claim to originality. It may here be observed that these patentees have introduced into their several specifications the perforated plates as air distributors as forming part of their patents. This they cannot legally claim, inasmuch as these distributors have been the subject of a previous patent, and have long continued to be extensively in use.

Now, however we may condemn any deceptive means in gaining public favour, though in the struggle of competition, we must admit the value and importance of thus introducing a principle so effective and so in harmony with Nature's laws and processes, and from which we may justly anticipate a release from the too long-established nuisance of a smoky atmosphere.

It is unnecessary further to enumerate the patents in which the principle of introducing the air direct to the gases in the furnace by jets, films, or otherwise divided streams, forms the basis of these respective so-called inventions; sufficient to know that the principle is daily gaining ground, and will shortly supersede the necessity for legislative interference. Thus this class of patentees, imitators though they be, are, nevertheless, working unquestionable benefit to the public, by adopting the right mode of introducing the air, and thus effecting combustion, without the production of smoke. For the present, however, and until the subject is more generally understood, and the principle adopted, *not by patentees*, but by the makers and designers of boilers, the improved practice must be effected at the expense of those who are compelled to have recourse to such agency, to avoid the penalties harshly and even unjustly imposed under the provisions of the existing law.

It may here be appropriately observed, that while these patent imitators are seeking public favour and private gain, under a false claim to invention and originality, they appear to have lost sight of the common honesty involved in the maxim, *Palmam qui meruit ferat.*

SECTION VII.

OF THE NATURE AND PROPERTIES OF SMOKE.

THE following observations on the nature and properties of smoke which do not fall within the scope of the preceding divisions of the subject, as suggested by the society, are yet important in a practical point of view. So much, indeed, has been said on the "burning of smoke," and even under Parliamentary authority, that it becomes necessary, more analytically, to examine and expose the error of considering the black cloud, called smoke, to be a combustible, and merely because it contains a portion of carbon. According to the views of scientific men, the term smoke is applied to the *volatile produce* of the furnace *after* the process of flame or combustion has taken place, in contradistinction to that which issues *direct from the coal*, and which is called gas or gaseous vapours. These we have already seen, on high authority, are all combustible "from the beginning,"—on their issue from the coal. The colour alone, indeed, should have enabled us to mark this distinction; for if it be the produce of *flame*, on combustion being imperfectly effected, it will exhibit the unmistakeable *black colour or tint*, showing that *visible carbon is there*, in its deposited or separated state. Whereas, if it be merely *unconsumed gaseous* matter, it will retain its *brown, blue, or greenish hue*, as we see it issuing from the coals on an open fire, or in the retorts of the gas-works.

By analysis we ascertain the constituents and characteristics of all bodies, volatile as well as solid. By the result of these analyses the chemical nomenclature of the present day has obtained so distinct and explicit a character, and a certainty amounting to mathematical precision, that it becomes a complete index to the book of nature,—as regards inorganic matter. Its neglect or repudiation, then, puts a man out of the pale of scientific inquiry. When, for instance, the writer in the Society's Journal gravely stated (and as many others do to the present day), that "smoke can be consumed, and by that is meant the *gas, vapours, smoke*, or *whatever else it may be called*," we have only to repeat that such a vague, *ad libitum* use of terms is wholly inadmissible; and that before the writer can have any claim on attention he should be able to define what he himself means, and, *chemically*, what it is which he asserts can be consumed.

Again, when he says that "he has seen smoke consumed a thousand times, and that it is mere trifling to assert the contrary, and rush into the bosom of high chemical authority for proof," it would be a waste of time to discuss such a subject with a disputant so ill prepared, and who seems so incapable of appreciating the necessity for using correct terms, or giving things their right names. Assuredly, "high chemical authority" will not enter the lists with such an opponent. Nevertheless, the public require to be set right.

Sir H. Davy laboured to distinguish the properties of bodies capable of entering into combustion. He even gave new and distinguishing appellatives to many, as when he gave to the oxymuriatic acid of the French chemists the name *chlorine*, from its greenish-yellow colour. In truth nothing can be more important than an accurate nomenclature, to prevent the possibility of one body being taken for another. The smoke-burning community, however, wise in *their* generation, evade this precision, and thus keep up the mystery of "Smoke-burning."

In the present case, and for the purpose of ascertaining how the formation of smoke may be avoided, we have to examine the products of the union of both the gaseous and solid portions of the coal with the air. These products are, *water* (in the form of steam), *carbonic acid*, and *nitrogen*. Now these are invisible and incombustible. Professor Brande, commenting on the system of introducing air in divided streams, observes:—"When that system is perfectly applied, *the smoke can consist of very little else than carbonic acid, nitrogen, and steam,—all incombustible*, and all incapable of supporting combustion."

Whence, then, it may be asked, does the visible black of the cloud proceed? Solely, as will be proved, from the unconsumed portion of black carbon, insignificant though it may be in weight or volume.

This *carbon* of the gas, being the sole black-colouring element of smoke, it is here necessary to examine the several phases and conditions of its existence and progress, *before, during*, and *after*, it has been in the state of flame. Flame is not the combustion of the gas. Flame itself has to undergo a further process of combustion, being but a mass of carbon atoms, *still unconsumed*, though at the temperature of incandescence and high luminosity. Flame is then but one of the stages of the process of combustion. Its existence marks the moment, as regards each atom, of its separation from, and the combustion of its accompanying hydrogen, by which so intense a heat is produced as, instantaneously, to raise the solid carbon atom, then in contact, to that high temperature: thus preparing it the more rapidly to combine with oxygen *so soon as it shall have obtained contact with the air, but not a moment sooner;* and wholly irrespective of any degree of heat or heated matter to which it may be exposed.

Here we again see the error of those who assert that this carbon should be brought into contact with other heated bodies (according to the theory of Watt), whether red-hot fuel, calorific plates, or hot air. Instead, however, of administering the air while the carbon is at this high temperature of 3,000° (as we see in our gas burners), our custom is first to allow it, or even *force it* to cool down, by its contact with metallic tubes, to the state of soot; and then to seek, by some mechanical apparatus, to restore it to the necessary temperature from which it had been so gratuitously reduced.

But, it may be asked, why allow it to lose its already acquired high temperature? Why create a necessity for the sake of overcoming it? It seems an act of mere stupidity to waste the high temperature the carbon had thus naturally acquired, by allowing the opportunity to pass before we administer the only thing needful—namely, *the air*.

We have seen how the carbon of the gas, in the absence of air and its oxygen, returns to its normal state of black solid atoms in the form of soot. It will here, then, be useful to mark and illustrate the several well-defined and well-understood stages through which this carbon passes from its invisible state, as a constituent of the gas, to its *visible* state in smoke. In the following diagrams representing its four stages, the carbon is placed in the centre of each figure.



First Stage.—*Invisible* and *intangible*—the carbon being then in chemical union, and surrounded by the two atoms of hydrogen, forming carburetted hydrogen gas.



Second Stage.—*Visible*, *tangible*, and raised by the heat produced on the combustion of its accompanying hydrogen to the temperature of incandescence, which, by their number, give the white luminous character to flame.



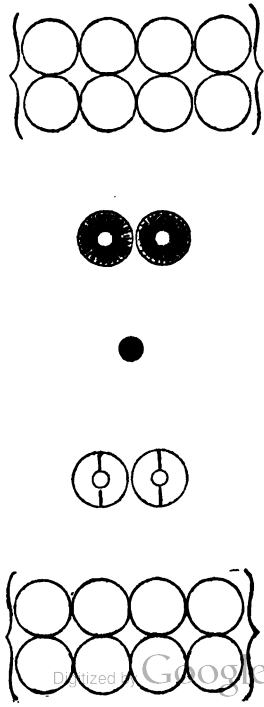
Third Stage.—*Invisible* and *intangible*, *after* its combustion—having then entered into union with two atoms of oxygen, and forming invisible carbonic acid (the oxygen being here represented as surrounding it).



Fourth Stage.—*Visible* and *tangible*, in the state of lamp black, or soot, having escaped combustion by not having had access to the air, before it was cooled below the temperature required for chemical action.

Of the comparatively insignificant value of this carbon as one of the elements of the cloud of smoke, the annexed diagram will convey a sufficiently correct idea as to the relative number, weight, and bulk of each.

Number of Atoms.	Weight of Each.	Gross Weight.	
8	14	112	8 atoms of invisible nitrogen from the 4 of air that supplied the oxygen both to the hydrogen and carbon of the gas.
2	9	18	2 atoms of invisible steam from the combustion of the hydrogen of the gas.
1	6	6	1 atom of visible carbon unconsumed, and becoming the colouring matter of smoke.
2	22	44	2 atoms of invisible carbonic acid from the carbon of solid coke on the bars of a furnace.
8	14	112	8 atoms of invisible nitrogen from the 4 of air that supplied the oxygen for the combustion of the coke of the coal.
21		292	21 atoms.



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Thus we see that out of the 21 atoms which are the constituents of any given weight or volume of smoke, the only combustible one,—the carbon, weighs but 6,—the *incombustible and invisible* portion weighing 286. As to volume, we see, as above, the comparatively insignificant space it occupies, although it possesses the power of giving the black tint to the cloudy mass. These volumes are here supposed to be at atmospheric temperature. When, however, we consider that, with the exception of the *carbon*, which alone (being *a solid*) retains its original diminutive bulk, while all the others, being *gaseous*, will be enlarged to *double*, possibly to *treble* their previous bulk, in proportion to their increased temperature,—we are amazed, not only at the comparative insignificance of the carbon, but at our own credulity in believing that this merely blackened cloud could be made available as *a fuel*, and a source of heat.

Generally speaking, this black cloud is supposed to be an aggregate or *mass of carbon*, in the form of a sooty powder. This is, manifestly, an error, since that would assume that the three other products —nitrogen, carbonic acid, and steam—in their great volumes, had been neutralised, or lost, or otherwise disposed of. As, however, that is impossible, smoke must be taken as it is,—namely, a *compound cloud of all these three* gaseous bodies, together with the portion, more or less, of the solid, uncombined, visible free carbon, then in the *fourth stage*. Here, then, is a definition of smoke, which is susceptible of the most rigorous proof.

We see the black cloud from a chimney extending for miles along the horizon, and hence conclude that the quantity of carbon must be considerable to produce such an effect. Nothing but strict chemical inquiry could have enabled us to correct this error. By it we ascertain that this black cloud is *tinted, literally but tinted*, by the atoms of carbon, and which, though issuing in countless myriads, are comparatively insignificant in weight or volume, or in commercial value as a combustible. In truth, the eye is deceived as to the mass by the extraordinary colouring effect produced by the minuteness, but great number, of its atoms of carbon.

And now as to the relative *quantities* of the several constituents of smoke: 1st, of the *invisible nitrogen*. As atmospheric air contains but 20 per cent. of oxygen, the remaining 80 per cent. being the *nitrogen*, passes away, invisible and uncombined. If, then, a ton of coal requires, absolutely, for its combustion the oxygen of 300,000 cubic feet of air, the 80 per cent., or 240,000 cubic feet of invisible and incombustible nitrogen, forms the first ingredient of this black cloud. 2nd, of the *invisible carbonic acid*. This portion of the cloud may be estimated as equal in volume to the 20 per cent. of oxygen which had effected the combustion of the carbon *both of the gas and the coke* of the coal. 3rd, of the *invisible steam* formed by the combustion of the hydrogen of the gas. In this will be found the great source of the prevailing misapprehension; yet no facts in chemistry are more accurately defined than those which belong to the formation, weight, and volume of the constituents of steam.

The following extract from a paper read before the Institution of Civil Engineers, being from the report, already mentioned, by Professor Faraday to the Athenæum Club, is much to the point of this inquiry — particularly as regards the great volume of water resulting from the combustion of the coal-

"All substances used for the purposes of illumination be represented by oil and coal gas. Both contain carbon hydrogen, and it is by the combustion of these elements with oxygen of the air that light is evolved. The *carbon* produces *bonic acid*, which is deleterious in its nature and oppressive its action in closed apartments. The *hydrogen* produces w A pound of oil contains about 0·12 of a pound of hydrogen, 0·78 carbon, and 0·1 of oxygen. When burnt, it produces 1·06 water, and 2·86 of carbonic acid; and the oxygen it takes fr the atmosphere is equal to that contained in 13·27 cubic feet air. A pound of London gas contains on an average 0·3 of drogen, and 0·7 of carbon. It produces, when burnt, 2·01 water, 2·56 of carbonic acid gas, consumes 4·26 cubic feet oxygen equal to the quantity contained in 19·3 cubical feet of A pint of oil, when burnt, produces a pint and a quarter water; and *a pound of gas, more than two and a half pounds water*—the increase of weight being due to the absorption of o gen from the atmosphere—one part of hydrogen taking ei parts, by weight, of oxygen to form water. A London *Argand gas lamp* in a closed shop window will produce, *in four hours, pints and a half of water*, to condense, or not, upon the glass or goods according to circumstances."

To say, then, that above 900 lbs. weight of wat (nearly half the weight of the ton of coal consume passes from the furnace, and by the chimney, the form of *steam*, though produced by the $5\frac{1}{4}$ p cent. of hydrogen alone, which the coal contains may appear exaggeration: nevertheless, the fact unquestionable, the details of which it is here unn cessary to repeat. They are given in the *Treatise o the Combustion of Coal*. Now, when we conside the enormous mass of steam that would be pro duced by the vapour of this nearly half a ton weigh of water (independently of the nitrogen and car bonic acid), we can readily account for the mag nitude of the cloudy vaporous column of the smoke.

The next consideration is, as to the *value of the carbon* which produces the darkened colour of the smoke cloud. Now, the weight of this carbon, in a cubic foot of black smoke, is not equal to that of a single grain. Of the extraordinary light-absorbing property and colouring effect produced by the inappreciable myriads of atoms of this finely-divided carbon, forming part of the cloud of the steam alone, some idea may be formed by *artificially* mixing some of it when in the deposited state of soot with water. For this purpose, *cool down, intentionally*, some of it from its luminous, high temperature, and collect it on a metallic plate held over a candle or gas jet, and touching the flame. Let a *single grain weight* of this soot be gradually and intimately mixed on a pallet, as a painter would, with a pallet knife: first, with a few drops of gum-water, enlarging the quantity until it amounts to a spoonful. On this mixture being poured into a *glass globe* containing a gallon of water, the whole mass, on being stirred, will become opaque, and of the colour of *ink*. Here we have physical demonstration of the extraordinary colouring effect of the minutely divided carbon—*a single grain* weight being sufficient to give the dark colour to a gallon of water. Whatever then may be the quantity or number of its atoms, we see from the cloud of incombustible *matter* with which this carbon is so intimately associated, *as smoke*, that even attempting its separation and collection, independently of its combustion, *borders* on absurdity.

It has already been mentioned that carbonaceous smoke may always be distinguished from gas by the test of applying to it a sheet of paper. Whatever may be the colour of the vapour as it rises from the coal in the retort or on an open fire, *while there is still no flame*, the paper will not be soiled by carbon simply because it is *inaccessible*, being then in the

first stage, as above shown, and in combination with the gaseous hydrogen. Whereas, in smoke, and after flame has been produced, the carbon, being then separated and cooled down from its state of flame, is encountered (as in the *fourth* stage) in the form of black atoms, and will be deposited on the paper.

It may here be noted that the mere motion of the smoky cloud as it ascends in the air, has all the peculiarities of a body of discharged steam with its rolling, ascending, and diffusive character. Its long continuance in the suspended state in the atmosphere, is the reverse of what would be the case were it a mere mass of *solid* atoms of carbon. In calm weather we even see this black cloud ascending, vertically, and to a great height—a circumstance that is wholly incompatible with its greater specific gravity, were its atoms unattached to some vaporous or more buoyant body.

In truth we cannot dissociate the ideas of the formation of the two atoms of steam (with their inferior specific gravity), from the simultaneous separation of the carbon with its comparatively high specific gravity,—this carbon being, in volume, as disproportionate to that of the steam, as the car is to the balloon to which it is attached. As regards this disproportion *in bulk*, we know that the volume of each atom of steam is 1,800 times greater than that of the atom of water from which it was formed. Here, alone, then, would be a ratio of 3,600 to one. When, also, we consider the temperature, and high pressure, and consequent enormous expansion of this steam, at the moment of its formation; and passing from the chimney (the atom of carbon, or solid, alone retaining its original diminutive bulk), we are enabled correctly to appreciate the relative volumes of the minute *combustible carbon*, and the *incombustible steam*. Were it possible to examine microscopically this smoke, it would be seen that each atom of the carbon was mechanically attracted by, and adhering to, two or more spherical atoms of steam, possibly multiplying by reflection its appearance and effect as from so many mirrors. We see that by virtue of this adhesion to the atoms of steam, it obtains its ascending power and buoyancy, as *the car does from the balloon.*

Nevertheless, in contempt of chemical truth, and even common observation, we persevere in speaking of the combustion of the cloud of smoke. It surely would be as easy, more rational, and more correct, to speak of its *prevention*. Had even these terms been properly understood, the absurdity of the late Metropolitan Act, for the "combustion of the smoke of furnaces," would have been too obvious to have had the sanction of Parliament.

In looking at the result of imperfect combustion of the carbon of the gas and its conversion into the black element of soot, it may here be observed that the mere waste of so much fuel is insignificant in mischievous agency in comparison to the effect of its deposit in the form of the most powerful non-conductor of heat, in the tubes and flues of the boiler,—thus effectively neutralising their value as heating surfaces. Those, therefore, who insist on asserting that smoke is a combustible, and may be burned, should be prepared to show how this cloud of watery vapour and gaseous matter can be separated from its minute complement of carbon:—for, until that separation is effected, it is as absurd to speak of the combustion of the *cloud of smoke*, as it would be of converting the air in the *cloud of dust*, which blows along our streets, to a profitable manure, for the mere sake of the particles of solid matter which it holds in suspension.

Looking, then, at this cloudy mass with reference to combustibility, we see that since the separation of the carbon from its accompanying cloud is practically impossible, its combustion is equally so.

Finally, we see that the cause of the formation of smoke is, the absence of the proper supply of air to the combustion of the gas (the only combustible that it contains), *at the time when from its high temperature of incandescence* it was best fitted to receive it. So long, then, as due consideration to the providing for the admission of this supply of air to the furnace, at *the proper time* and in the proper quantity, be but little attended to; and that our practical engineers regard the question as of secondary importance, or almost with neglect, we cannot expect any reformation of the system of furnace details and arrangements,—yet the presence of the *air* in the *dramatis personæ* of combustion, concurrently with that of the *fuel*, is as essential to the proper *dénouement* in the furnace performance, as would be the presence of both the hero and the heroine to that of a theatrical drama. We can no more dispense with the *exits and the entrances of the air and the fuel*, in the one case, than with those of *Hamlet* and *Ophelia* in the other.

SECTION VIII.

OF THE EXPENSE OR ECONOMY IN ERECTING AND WORKING THE SEVERAL PLANS.

On this head nothing can be determined, nor any reliable results obtained, even from the statements of the patentees themselves. Assertion is met by counter assertion. Certificates of success are followed by equally creditable statements of failure; and as the causes of either are, in no instance, explained or examined, no means exist for obtaining any information either as to expense or economy. The result is, that the manufacturing public are perplexed. They are not experimenters, out of their proper spheres, and are thus left at the mercy of the most plausible smoke-burning pretender. In this way, manufacturers are often led to allow patentees to begin their operations, or alterations of furnaces, and subsequently find themselves involved in a heavy expenditure which they have no way of avoiding.

In one case which came within the knowledge of the writer, a person, wholly illiterate, had, nevertheless, the address some years back to obtain credit for ingenuity as a hot-air and smoke-burning patentee, not only with many manufacturers, but even with the Admiralty, and to be allowed to introduce his apparatus at a considerable expense and detention into a Government vessel, the Urgent, at Woolwich; and had also obtained an Admiralty order to introduce his supposed patent (for he really had none) into her Majesty's yacht, but of which, subsequently, he did not avail himself. The writer watched the whole proceedings during some months, and it is needless to say it was attended with absolute failure. Considerable expense was incurred, and the whole was ultimately removed: no investigation, however, followed, nor was the public informed either of the cause of failure or of the fact itself. The so-called patentee, however, continued his deceptive statements and advertisements, still asserting that he

could burn the smoke and save 20 per cent. of the fuel,—the parties injured being often well pleased to pay his charges (in one case to the amount of £50), and get rid both of the man and his apparatus.

Of the expense in erecting and working any of the proposed plans, nothing reliable, therefore, can be stated. Where complicated apparatus or mechanical power is employed, with troublesome alterations of flues and furnace setting, not only must the first cost be proportionate, but the moving power must also be taken into account, together with the "Royalty," or other source of profit to the patentee. In general, the heavy sums charged bear no proportion to the actual outlay; yet the patentee must be remunerated, and the mode of remunerating him by a "Royalty" has been adopted.

Now, when it is considered that perfect combustion depends, exclusively, on the mode and extent to which the *combustible* and *the air* are brought together, as in the ordinary gas burners, and the simple means by which this can be effected, there can be no justifiable room for any heavy cost. The use of a few perforated iron plates, bricks, or fire tiles, containing some 400 or 500 orifices, cannot exceed a moderate expense.

The enunciation, however, of that fact at once raised a hornet's nest of opponents. All possible injury and destruction of the boilers, as already mentioned, was predicted as the inevitable result of admitting cold air. Patentees, whose sole object was the obtaining a livelihood, could not reconcile the introduction of a more simple or less costly apparatus. There was no profit to be made by such, and the whole community of mechanical inventors, speculative patentees, and furnace builders, were soon in open hostility to a principle which left no margin for high charges. Nevertheless, many have since wisely, though silently and unacknowledged, made such the basis of their respective patents, adding more or less complicated, but unnecessary, machinery to justify their claims to originality and patent right.

SECTION IX.

OF THE PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF THE PRINCIPLES HEREIN EXPLAINED.

In illustration of the principles described in this essay, and to give the whole a practical bearing, the following section is accompanied by explanatory drawings, from which the engineer and boiler-maker will see how cheaply and simply these principles have been successfully applied.

To enable the mere owners of furnaces *of themselves* to remove the smoke nuisance from their own premises, or expect that any specific or general law could be laid down to meet the endless varieties of malconstruction of furnaces that occur in practice, would be as impossible as to give rules by which every man might become his own physician and correct the derangements of his own bodily system, or become his own architect or engineer. The public cannot be acquainted with the principles on which chemical action and combustion depend, and which decide the question of a well-proportioned furnace or boiler, much less to reduce them to practice. It would be deceiving ourselves were we to expect that any but engineers or professional persons, designers of the various classes of furnaces and boilers, could give them the necessary attention. With the view, then, of enabling such to avoid those antiquated errors which sounder views and more enlightened practice have pointed out, the following observations are here offered.

It continues to be asserted that the "whole question of furnaces and boilers is one of mere *dimensions*." This error demands attention. Its authors forget that there is the *previous question* to be decided—namely, *how these dimensions are to be ascertained?* This can only be solved by inquiry into the *purposes* which such dimensions are to effect. *Scientific examination must therefore take the lead*, and determine the proper mechanical proportions and details of those vessels in which combustion is to be effected. We must here bear in mind that in the furnace we have to provide for the combustion of *two distinct classes of fuel*, namely,—the *gaseous* and the solid, or coke part of the coal. As regards the latter, we need not here stop to examine the conditions of its combustion, inasmuch as it has no connexion with the question of smoke;—our business is with the former.

The time is within our own recollection, when, to have spoken of the combustion of the *gaseous portion* of coal, apart from the *coal itself*, would have been unintelligible. We of the present day are, however, so familiar with the use of the gas from coal, both for illuminating and heating purposes, that such distinction is not only unobjectionable, but absolutely necessary, when treating practically of the use of coal. In speaking of this process, as we would of any other, from chemical to culinary, we have to consider,— First, the *quantities* of each ingredient employed, — and, secondly, *the mode* of bringing them together.

In the case of the furnace, our task is easy. We have but *two* ingredients to deal with,—namely, the *gaseous fuel, and the air*. To say that *precise quantities of each* are necessary to obtain a given result, is only to say what is common to all processes. This may be illustrated by the reference to the action of the lungs. The blood circulating through the *lungs* requires a given quantity of air in promoting respiration and sustaining life. The same law prevails in sustaining combustion in the *furnace*. In the former the ingredients are the *blood and the air* —in the latter, *the gas and the air*. As regards *the lungs*, we are told by authority,[1] that about 150 ounces of blood are propelled into the lungs *per minute*, and that the quantity of air to be inhaled in the same time will be about 400 cubic inches. As

1 "The lungs, in their totality, are more vascular organs than any other parts of the body; in fact, in a given time, they receive precisely the same amount of blood as the whole of the rest of the system. At every time that the heart beats it sends by one of its cavities —the right ventricle—*into the lungs two ounces of blood*; whilst by another of its cavities—the left ventricle —it drives into the body an equal quantity of the vital fluid. The heart beats, upon an average, about 75 times in a minute; so that in that period of time 150 *ounces of blood are propelled into the lungs*; in the course of one hour, 563 pounds, and in twenty-four hours, 13,488 pounds, or above 24 hogsheads. Such is the enormous amount of blood circulating incessantly through the pulmonary texture. The quantity of *atmospheric air* admitted by the wind-pipe is *proportionally large:* at each time we inspire there enter into the lungs about 20 cubic inches of air, and there being 20 respirations in a minute, 400 *cubic inches of air enter in that time*, 14 cubic feet per hour, and 336 cubic feet, or 96 hogsheads, per diem. Now, what, it may be asked, is the object of this vast amount of liquid and gaseous matter being sent to the lungs? It is essentially to purify the blood by unloading it of carbonic acid."—Lecture delivered at Liverpool and Manchester on the Unhealthiness of Towns, by R. D. Grainger, Lecturer on Physiology at St. Thomas's Hospital.

regards *the furnace*, each hundred pounds weight of coal produces about 500 cubic feet of gas,—each of which requires the oxygen of ten cubic feet of air —thus :

75 pulsations = 150 ounces of blood = 400 cubic inches of air.
100 lbs. of coal = 500 cubic feet of gas = 5,000 cubic feet of air.

As these laws of nature cannot be dispensed with, how faulty must be the practice which overlooks this necessary consideration of *relative quantities*, and the inattention to *one, out of the two* ingredients employed,—namely, *the air*.

The usual custom on coal being thrown into a furnace is to close the door, the air being thus *absolutely excluded*. Yet, with equal consistency might we close the passage of the air to the lungs. Conscious, however, that air is necessary, but without inquiry, and regardless of the *quantity* for which access should be provided, it is taken for granted (and even still insisted on by many), that enough will pass to the gases above the fuel (*from the ash-pit* upwards), through the incandescent portion of the preceding charge, and the further body of each fresh charge. The error and impolicy of this has been already and conclusively decided by Professor Daniell, in his letter inserted in a preceding section. A moment's consideration should have suggested that the air, so entering, would have *its own special duty to perform*, namely,—the effecting the combustion of that incandescent fuel :—and further, that the largest quantity of combustible gas would be generated from each new charge, at the very time when the quantity of air that could possibly pass through such two bodies of superincumbent fuel, would be most restricted, and *utterly unequal to the demand*.

It has been shown (section 6) that in round numbers *the gas* of a ton of bituminous coal measures 10,000 cubic feet, requiring 100,000 cubic feet of air, while *the coke* portion of the same ton weight will require a further amount of at least 200,000 cubic feet —the gross volume of 300,000 cubic feet being thus absolutely required for the use of each ton of coal, independently of the *excess*, or double quantity, referred to by Professor Daniell.

The next consideration is how these two large quantities of gas and air can be best brought into contact, and in this lies the important feature as regards the non-formation of smoke. On this we may again refer to the lungs, and learn a lesson from Nature. The lungs in their wonderful structure, are so constituted that the air is enabled to perform its functions by virtue of that *extent of surface* which their cellular character affords. One of the highest and most recent authorities, Professor Lehman, observes :—

"The mechanical momenta of the action of the lungs depend upon the *manner and the degree* in which the bodies acted upon (videlicet, the blood and the atmospheric air) are brought into contact with each other. That the elastic atmosphere and the liquid blood are separated by an extremely delicate moistened membrane. Although the interchange may be somewhat retarded by these membranes, Nature has compensated for these impediments by giving an extraordinary degree of *expansion to the surface of contact*. The extremely delicate distribution of the blood and air vessels affords an *immense extent of superficies in a small space*, and enables the processes to be widely diffused."[1]

Doctor Reid observes, of this extent of surface, that 400 square feet may be taken as near the truth.

The analogy between the means by which the *air and the blood* are brought into contact in the lungs, and the *air and the gas* in the furnace, is highly instructive. In the former, the process is effected in the short period of each inspiration by the extraordinary *extension of superficies* and means for obtaining individual contact. So in the latter, in imitation of Nature, we should, as far as possible, increase the means of contact between the atoms of the air and the gas. In both, mechanical expedients are necessary to counteract or compensate for the *shortness of time* allowed, arising, in the lungs, from the rapidity of inspiration and expiration : in the furnace, from the rapidity of the draught and current through it. It is to this rapidity (and which can only be counteracted by mechanical appliances) that the attention of the practical engineer should be directed, seeing that we have no provision in the furnace such as Nature has given the lungs by their cellular construction. Were the lungs to be merely filled with air, as if they were a jar or a bladder, they would be utterly insufficient for their necessary functions : so, the mere filling the furnace with air would be equally insufficient for producing that mixture and diffusion on which combustion absolutely depends.

It has been already shown that in an Argand gas lamp the surface for contact is obtained by the *gas issuing into the air* through numerous small orifices. In the furnace, to effect the same purpose the engineer has only to reverse the arrangement by causing the air to issue to gas within the chamber by *numerous orifices and in divided streams or films*, thus mechanically expediting the necessary mixture and contact. By this means, even for the largest furnaces, the air may be so introduced that instantaneous combustion will be effected as each jet or atom of air is introduced. This is truthfully indicated by the pyrometer.

Take for instance the class of furnaces which are largely instrumental in creating the smoke nuisance where there is neither boiler nor steam, and which are used for *heating iron plates and bars* (a drawing of such furnace which has been in operation during the last ten years will be hereafter given), showing how the principle has been successfully reduced to practice.

By attention to the conditions here to be pointed out, the designers of furnaces will be enabled correctly to determine the formation and relative proportions of the several parts, with reference to the functions of each. In the absence of such inquiry, however, certain empyrical laws are laid down, and determined by the *slide rule* (see *Treatise on the Combustion of Coal*, chap. I. page 44). This is attempting to decide the *mechanical proportions* of a complicated vessel before ascertaining the *purposes* for which it is intended. It is here proposed to reverse this practice, and begin by considering the respective *duties* which each part of a furnace or boiler has to perform, and from these to determine practically their relative sizes, areas, and other details. These will be examined under the following heads, viz.—

1st,—Of the *chamber* of the furnace and the area *above* the fuel.

2nd,—Of the ash-pit and the area below the fuel.

3rd,—Of the means and mode by which the air should be admitted to the gas in the chamber.

4th,—Of the required quantity of air in reference to *the draught*.

5th,—Of the passages through which *the products* of combustion are carried away.

6th,—Of the distance, length of flue, or run, along which the products have to travel

[1] *Physiological Chemistry*, by Professor C. G. Lehman, printed by the Cavendish Society.

The mere enumeration of these necessary heads shows how fruitless would be the attempt to qualify the public, or those who ask, what they are to do, in correcting the imperfections of their own smoke-making furnaces, and which may probably be erroneous in many of these particulars.

1st,—Of the area or space in the chamber of the furnace above the fuel.

In this chamber the gases have first to be generated from the coal; then to be brought into the necessary contact with the air; and further to undergo the first process towards combustion, namely, the conversion into flame; and all within a fraction of a second of time. Here are both mechanical and chemical reasons for providing an *enlarged chamber*,[1] nevertheless the prevailing and erroneous practice is, to make it *long, narrow, shallow*, and *cylindrical;* and apparently for the sole purpose of insuring greater strength in resisting the very high pressure now so much advocated.

As a practical rule this chamber, in *square-flued* marine boilers, should have at least eighteen inches in height above the fuel; a greater height, necessarily, being required in *semicircular* furnaces. If the height be less, and the charge heavy, the draught may carry both gas and air into the cooling regions of the flues, before those processes of Nature can be completed, and smoke will consequently be produced. Here, then, in the deficiency of *chamber space*, not in the size of the *boiler*, lies practically the cause of the mischief arising from what is called "*forcing the fires*," which Mr. Fairbairn justly calls "the *gangrene* which corrupts the whole system"—the mischief of forcing the fires being equally experienced in furnaces where there is no boiler, and consequently, no question of *boiler space* can arise. But there is another gangrene which has a prior claim on our reprobation, —namely, the constructing boilers with furnaces so limited in their flues and several areas, as to render this *forcing and heavy firing* absolutely necessary for obtaining the required quantity of heat and steam. For how can we reconcile the placing furnaces with grates of 6 or 8 feet in length, in semicircular flues of but 2 feet or 2 feet 6 inches in diameter?

On this point of forcing there is, practically, much misapprehension. When we speak of "*want of boiler space*," or, "*forcing the boiler*,"—we really mean, want of *furnace* space, and forcing *the fires*. We cannot force a *boiler;* but we may force the action of the *fires*, as we would in an open house grate, by continually stirring and charging, and thus increasing the quantity of coals consumed in given times. By stirring up a large charge of coal, a greater evolution of gas is produced than can be supplied and mixed with air *within the time available;* consequently, much will pass away in the form of unconsumed carbon or smoke. *Forcing the fires*, then, may be as injurious with *large*, as with *small boilers*.

2ndly,—Of the area of the *ash-pit*, below the fuel. Here we find a similar error in making this *long* and *shallow*. The proportions as regards the chamber may be considered applicable to the ash-pit,—the object being to enable the air to rise with a *moderate velocity equally to all parts of the fuel and bars*, and thus avoid an objectionable current towards the *back end*, by which the incandescent fuel would be there more rapidly consumed, and the bars consequently become uncovered. This is a far more important circumstance than is usually supposed; for if the bars be not equally covered, and particularly at the sides and back end, the air will there enter in uncontrolled quantities, defeating all arrangements for its regulation.

3rdly,—Of the *mode* by which the air should be admitted to the gas in the furnace chamber.

If the air be admitted *in a body*, as when the door is opened, a cooling effect will be the result. To avoid this, it will be seen by the accompanying drawings, how the air should be admitted, in a divided state, through small orifices, though sufficient in number to allow the *gross* required quantity to pass inwards at a rate not exceeding *5 feet lineal per second*. This rate has been practically ascertained. To apply this, take the case of a furnace having 12 square feet of bar surface (say 5 feet by 2 feet 6 inches). If the draught be active, there should be an area for the introduction of the air of about *5 square inches for each square foot of grate surface;* or, in the gross 60 *square inches*. The estimating these proportions has been the result of long experience. Taking, then, 5 *half-inch* orifices as equal in area to 1 *square inch*,—300 of these orifices should be provided for a furnace of such dimensions.

It has been proved, that it is a matter of indifference where these air distributor orifices may be placed, provided they secure the admission of the air to the flame *before its temperature is too much* reduced, and the carbon has entered the *fourth stage*, as already explained, or smoke will be formed.

In the case of *multitubular* and other *short* boilers with short runs, the orifices may be judiciously placed in the *door box*, or surrounding it, as is shown in several of the accompanying drawings. Should there not, however, be sufficient space in that quarter for the required number, a portion of them may be introduced through a perforated distributor box fixed in *the lower part of the bridge*. In both these ways the principle has been applied during many years in the furnaces of numerous land boilers and steam vessels;—in several of the mail contract packets, and in other large steamers plying between Liverpool, Dublin and Belfast. Where, however (as is too often the case), radical defects exist in the construction of the boilers and furnaces, the application of the principle can, of course, be but partially carried out.

This demands the serious consideration of practical men; for, if boilers and their furnaces be so imperfectly constructed that Nature's processes cannot be effected with the rapidity necessary for producing the required quantity of heat and steam, there can be no relief or remedy, and imperfect combustion, with its accompanying smoke, must be the consequence.

4thly,—Of the admission of the required quantity of air in reference to *the draught*.

Here is a point the neglect of which has been the source of numerous errors and failures. To say that the draught is sufficient, is to assume that the *required quantity of air absolutely obtains access*. This, however, involves a serious oversight. The *rate* at which the air passes through the apertures being so much under the influence of the *available* draught, the introduction of the required quantity becomes a more difficult matter than at first sight would appear. We must, therefore, distinguish between the *apparent* and the *available* draught, and calculate accordingly. The required *number of*

[1] Mr. Murray observes, "a roomy furnace is desirable. As a large furnace is found by experience greatly to facilitate the admixture of the gases, and to ensure their more perfect combustion, as well as to afford the most effective kind of heating surface, it is of great importance that there should be *plenty of room over the fire*."

orifices may be provided, yet the *due quantity* of air may not actually obtain admission through them. In such case (and which is of frequent occurrence in steam-vessels) the gas will be but *imperfectly supplied*, and smoke will be generated.

A case in point may here be mentioned. For the six furnaces of the Prince of Wales steamer, the proper number of air orifices was provided both at the door and the bridge; the gases, however, were still imperfectly consumed, and smoke was continuously made. The engineer, on one occasion, suspecting that the air was obstructed in its approach to the engine-room by injudicious high loading on deck, a temporary apparatus was supplied, worked by four men, by which air was forced, *not into the furnaces, but downwards into the stoke-room and on the level of the floor*. This put the whole to rights. The due quantity of air was then present to enter the furnaces; the combustion of the gas was perfect; the pressure of steam increased; and no smoke formed.

Practically, then, *a deficiency of draught* presents the most frequent, though unsuspected, source of failure, where the proper number of orifices for admission of the air is provided. In steam-vessels, the first cause of a deficient available draught is the *want of height* in the chimney, it being restricted to about 40 feet, although for one-half the number of furnaces *on land* it would have been 120 to 150 feet high. The only alternative, then, is to increase the temperature within the chimney. To procure the required draught there must be either a *high* or a *hot chimney*. Now, a *high* chimney is unattainable in a steamvessel, and a *hot* one can only be obtained at a ruinous waste of heat.

In steam-vessels, the providing an adequate access of air to the stoke-room is not sufficiently attended to. The hatchway, or grating intended for its admission, is usually placed directly *above* the furnace doors and stokers' heads. Yet, as the air in the stoke-room is necessarily over-heated by the large hot boilers, open ash-pits, and the hot cylinders of the engine, the heated air so produced naturally *ascends*, issuing by the very space which had been provided for the *descent* of the cold air. The result is, a deficient circulation, and inadequate available supply of air to the lower part of the stoke-room. In such case, the furnace gases being insufficiently supplied, the stoker has no alternative but *forcing the fires*, by constant stirring and charging, until the furnaces are comparatively full.

But the draught may also be impeded by a restricted area for the *egress of the products*, as well as the *ingress of the air*, as hereafter shown. In such case, the only resource is creating an *artificial draught*, since, unless the required volume of air absolutely obtains admission to the furnace, more or less of the gaseous portions of the fuel must pass away, either as undecomposed and unconsumed *gas* of a *brown* colour, or as unconsumed *carbon*, in the form of smoke, of a decided *blackened hue*. The draught, then, may be artificially increased by *propulsion* or *exhaustion*. This, however, does not belong to the subject of this Essay, and has been fully considered in the treatise *On the Combustion of Coal*.

5thly. Of the passagesthrough which the products of combustion pass from the furnace to the chimney.

These products must necessarily be large, and the more perfect the combustion of the gas, the greater will be their volume. On this head, modern practice is often much at fault. Not taking into account the separate but additional volume of air required for the combustion of the gas of the coal, *the area for draught* has hitherto been much underrated. From a ton of coal, where the due quantities of air are introduced, the volume of its products cannot be less than a *million cubic feet*—considering their high temperature and expanded volume on passing from the furnace—a volume which would fill a tube of twelve inches square, and nearly 200 miles long. It is needless to say that *unless provision be made for the escape of this large volume, the admission of the required quantity of air cannot be effected*.

The first place where egress of these products runs the risk of being obstructed is, in the passage *over the bridge*—the throat of the furnace. At this point, an area should be provided of from *twenty to thirty square inches* for *each square foot* of grate surface, according to the strength of the draught and the quantity of fuel the furnace may contain. In this respect, the practice of the present day is peculiarly erroneous. Numerous instances might be adduced in which this passage is restricted to *one-half*, often to *one-third* the required area. The result must be, that if the proper quantity of air obtain admission to *the gas* in the chamber of the furnace, a commensurate reduction must necessarily take place in the supply by the *ash-pit*. In such case, less coal will be consumed, less heat produced, less gas generated, and less steam supplied. Thus, in correcting one evil—the formation of smoke—from a deficiency of air to the gas, another will be created—namely, a reduction of steam for the engine, caused by deficiency of air by the ash-pit to the solid fuel on the bars.

To put a case of frequent occurrence: suppose the introduction of 6,000 cubic feet of air be required *each minute*;—say, 2,000 for the combustion of *the gas* in the chamber, and 4,000 for that of the incandescent *solid fuel* or *coke* on the bars. Now, if the *throat area* be so restricted that a *gross volume* of but one half, say 3,000, or any lesser quantity than the 6,000 cubic feet can find a vent, per minute, it is obvious that *either the one supply or the other must be reduced below that which nature demands*. Either the *gas* or the *solid* fuel must be insufficiently supplied. In the one case, much of the carbon will pass away in the form of unconsumed gas or smoke; in the other case, there will be a diminished action in the furnace and less coal will be consumed.

Mr. Fairbairn, among his "Recommendations for the Prevention of the Smoke Nuisance," observes, "5thly,—In all cases of active combustion the system of diffusion of air through the *furnace doors, behind the bridge*, or *in both*, should be used to prevent the air having a cooling effect." This is well put, seeing that the same quantity of air when introduced on the diffusion principle, which produces instant and complete combustion, would, if injudiciously introduced in masses through the uncovered bars, or by the door, instantly produce a serious cooling effect.

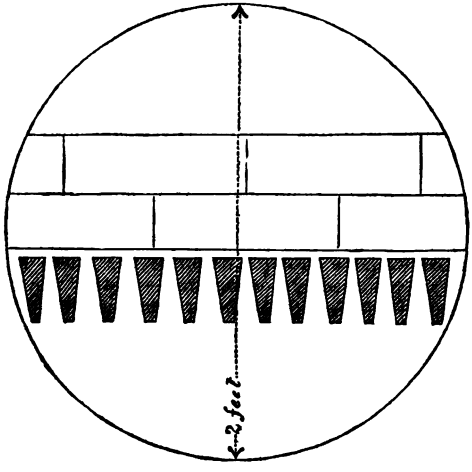
Here we have an explanation of the cause of the stoker's too frequent complaint,—that "when he consumes the smoke he has a deficiency of steam,"—the cause of which he is unable to discover or understand, and which single fact, instead of leading to further inquiry, is often ignorantly set down as the *necessary result* of the admission of the air to the gas. The fact is, the true quantity of air required for the combustion of the gaseous portion of the coal is so little thought of, and so generally underrated, that when the full supply is admitted to *both gaseous and solid fuel*, the gross volume of products is then so

much greater than had been contemplated, that the area for their escape is too frequently found deficient, —a case illustrative of this effect will be given hereafter. This restriction of the area of exit for the products of the furnace is peculiarly incident to the double-flued cylindrical boilers.

To reduce this to practice, — assuming a good draught to a furnace, say, 4 feet by 2 feet, equal to 8 square feet of bar surface, and allowing 24 square inches for each, there should be a gross sectional area over the bridge of 192 square inches, being about 8 inches high, to the crown of a square-topped furnace. Now, suppose the furnace to be enlarged from 4 to 6 feet in length,—making it 12 square feet of grate surface. It is manifest, that in such case, the *throat area* for the enlarged volume of escaping products should *also be enlarged* in a corresponding ratio. That area should then be 12 × 24=288 square inches instead of 192, or, say, 12 inches to the crown above the bridge. This may be taken as the average dimensions of the throat area in marine furnaces.

Assuming then that both the *gas* and the *coke* of the coal entered fully into combustion, the products for which the area of escape *must be provided*, will be about 6,000 cubic feet per minute. Here would seem a simple incontrovertible inference, viz., that the area for exit of the products of combustion should be enlarged in the ratio of the increased grate bar surface, and the quantity of fuel consumed. Strange to say, however, such is practically neglected. Furnaces are often enlarged from 8 or 10 square feet, to 15 *or* 20 *feet, without any enlargement of the throat area for exit*, and which may be taken as the true area that is to decide the amount of available draught.

So extraordinary an oversight may be compared to that of the experimenter who requiring that a vessel containing a gallon of water be emptied in one minute, by a pipe of a given diameter, should nevertheless *double the quantity* of water, and yet expect the vessel to be emptied *within the same time* by the same pressure, and through *the same orifice of discharge*. This certainly would merit the name of sheer stupidity, yet see how near we approach to this in practice. Take the case of many recently-constructed boilers, with cylindrical flue-furnaces, of 2 feet diameter each, as in the annexed figure.



The bars will here occupy 4 inches, and the bridge inches,—thus leaving but 14 inches for both the ash-pit and semicircular throat area, giving but inches in the centre, above the bridge, equal to abo 120 square inches. Now this area is not more tha would be sufficient for a furnace of but 2 feet lo and 2 feet wide. Can we then conceive a case mo inconsistent with the simplest arithmetical calcul tions than making a furnace with so restricted area, not *two* feet, but *five or six* feet long?

If this be tabulated, we shall see how destructi of all efficiency would be such an arrangement. T following will show what ought to be the relati areas of the throat of a furnace, and its grate-b surface:—

Supposed length of furnace.	Width.	Gross area in square feet.	Area in inches per square foot of furnace.	Required gross area inches at the throa
2 feet	× 2 feet 6 in. =	5 sq. feet.	× 24 inches.	= 120 inches
3 „	× 2 „ 6 in. =	7 ft. 6 in.	× 24 „	= 180 „
4 „	× 2 „ 6 in. =	10 feet.	× 24 „	= 240 „
5 „	× 2 „ 6 in. =	12 ft. 6 in.	× 24 „	= 300 „
6 „	× 2 „ 6 in. =	15 feet.	× 24 „	= 360 „

This table at once suggests a practical rule f ascertaining the proper area of a furnace grate, vi —Measure the area of the throat above the brid in square inches; divide this by 24 (that being t number due to each foot of furnace), and the produ will give the correct area, in square feet, which t fire grate should have. So, to ascertain if the are over the bridge be sufficient for the discharge o the products of combustion,—multiply the numbe of square feet which the furnace may have by 2 and the product will give the area in square inch which should be provided. Let this simple test b applied by any owner of a furnace, and he will soo discover the cause of the prevalence of smoke on the one hand, or the deficiency of steam on the other.

6th. Of the run or distance along which the heated products have to pass from the furnace.

This *distance* may be taken as equivalent to and representing the *time* given for the transmission of the heat to the water. Neither time nor distance, however, can be curtailed, without a commensurate diminution of effect. In this respect, the multitubular system is peculiarly defective, and attended with a wasteful expenditure of heat. The mere increase in the number, or aggregate internal surface of the tubes, is no compensation for the *shortness of the distance and the diminution of time* during which the products are passing from the furnace to the chimney. To this deficiency of run is owing the great expenditure of heat in the locomotive, and in all multitubular boilers.

Of the error of estimating the gross internal area of the tubes as so much heat-transmitting surface we need no other testimony than that of the *tubes* themselves, since, in breaking up old boilers it is not unfrequently found that many, and even one-half the number, appear to have never been brought into action. In truth, in tubular boilers using bituminous coal, the tubes, *as steam-generators*, are comparatively of little value, and the tubes may be considered merely in the character of *checks*, to prevent the too rapid passage of the products to the chimney, owing to the shortness of the run and time allowed. A drawing will hereafter be given specially applicable to this point.

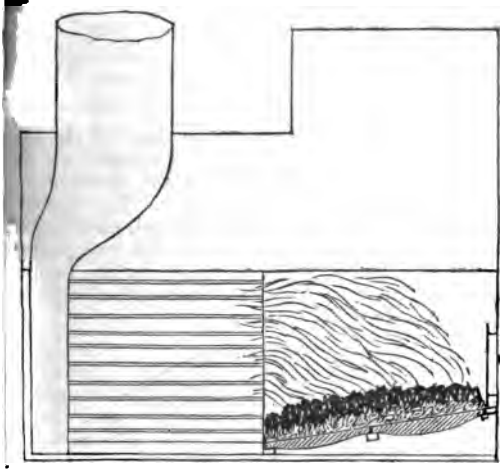
This being the ordinary case in marine tubular boilers, the result is, that the generation of the steam is confined, almost exclusively, to the plate surface in immediate connexion with the furnaces, with the necessary accompaniment *forcing the fires*; while the

at that would have been produced under a moderate e of firing, had the gases been brought fully into abustion, is necessarily lost in the form of smoke, h the serious disadvantage of lining the interior he tubes and smoke-box with a coat of noncon- ting soot.

As a practical rule, then, from 40 to 80 feet lineal arying according to the size of the furnace) should provided between the furnace-bridge and the imney, along which the heated products travel, ing out heat in their course to the water. If the tance be less (as in the case of *multitubular and ort boilers*) there must be a proportionate loss of at heat which should have been available for the neration of steam; and a larger quantity escaping the take-up and chimney, necessarily exposing th to the risk of being injuriously over-heated.

Before concluding this section it may be advisable point to some of those errors of improper areas and imensions which are of most frequent occurrence. ake, for instance, the case of bakers' ovens. These e not unfrequently placed under the street footway, d in pairs, having the products of the double fires d to an ordinary house flue, with a common chimney t on it. As these ovens are thus necessarily great nokers, they are frequently complained against, t their owners never seem to suspect that the main ce of the nuisance is the restricted area of the imney draught.

The following case of imperfect construction merits ention, as being an illustration of the vicious appli- n of the multitubular system. The annexed re represents one of the furnaces of a steamer

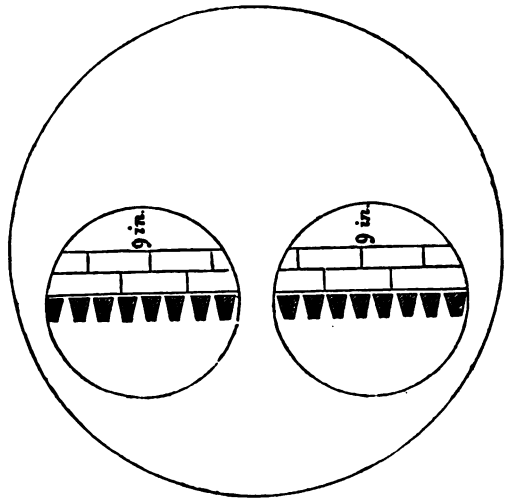


which is an incurable smoke maker. It is 6 feet long, the flame passing into 72 tubes of 2¼ inches diameter. The radical defect here consists in the total want of *run*, or distance, by reason of the close proximity of the tubes to the fuel, as in locomotives. There, however, where coke alone is used, none of the evils of smoke or deposited soot can take place. The result of this mal-arrangement is, that *the flame*, with its incandescent carbon, is rapidly forced into the tubes, and into mischievous contact with the refrigeratory products of combustion (carbonic acid, nitrogen, and steam), the carbon being thus, at once, reduced from the high temperature of incandescence, or 3,000°, and converted into the black element of smoke, as shown in the 4th stage. (See section 7.) The mere inspection of this figure shows that neither *time* nor *distance* was afforded for the due mixing of the gas and the air, or the process of combustion to be completed. The remedy here would have been, the removal of the tubes altogether, or, to a distance of 8 or 10 feet from the fuel, accompanied with the raising of the bars to a proper height.

The following case merits peculiar attention from the accumulation of errors brought to light. Messrs. Crossfield and Co., large sugar refiners, having been convicted for a smoke nuisance, employed a person who had previously been successful in the application of the perforated air distributors. In this case, however, he was at fault, and unable to detect the reason why that which in one case, and in his own hands, had been all-sufficient, should thus prove the reverse in another.

Although the furnaces caused much smoke, the stokers, by hard firing, were enabled to produce the required pressure of steam. On the admission of the air, however, through the perforated box in the door, as hereafter shown in the accompanying drawings, the *gases were effectually consumed*, and the generation of smoke prevented. This was, however, accompanied by the evil already alluded to—namely, a *diminished supply of steam*. Here was a mystery which could not then be solved.

In this state of things the active partner, Mr. Barrow, applied to the writer of this essay, and requested his advice, if possible, to relieve them from the alternative of erecting an additional boiler, or main liable to a monthly prosecution for the smoke nuisance. On examining the furnace, one cause of failure was apparent. The boiler was cylindrical; twenty-four feet long, by six feet six inches in diameter, containing two cylindrical flues of two feet seven inches, as shown in the annexed figure.



In each of these was a furnace of seven feet long, thus giving a grate surface of *eighteen square feet*. With so large a furnace the evolution of gas from each charge of coal was necessarily large, and requiring a large quantity of air for its combustion, with a commensurate throat area for the discharge of the products. Allowing but twenty-five square inches per foot of grate surface for the discharge, at this throat, over the bridge,[1] the area should have been

[1] Mr. Murray, of the Royal Dock Yard, Portsmouth, in a paper communicated to the Institution of Civil Engineers, observes he would "give twenty-six square inches of area over the bridge to every square foot of furnace in which the rate of combustion is 13 lb. of coal on each square foot per hour, and so on in proportion for any grate."

18 × 25 = 450 square inches. Instead of these proportions, however, the actual area was found to be but 189 square inches (see annexed Figure)—equal to 10½ square inches for each square foot of grate surface, instead of 25. This area was manifestly so small that it was impossible that even one half the volume of heated products could be discharged through it, with any ordinary draught.

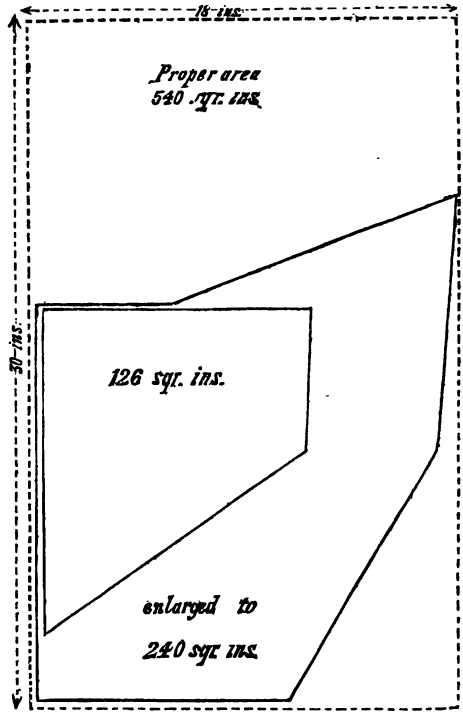
The consequence of this restriction might easily have been predicted, since, when the due quantity of air was admitted to *the gases in the chamber*, a proportionate abstraction from the supply by the *ash-pit* must be the inevitable consequence, thus causing a diminished action in the furnace, less fuel to be consumed, and less steam generated.

In this case there were three modes of relief: either adequately to enlarge the throat area,—to reduce the area of the grate surface,—or to diminish the quantity of products passing over the bridge. The *first* was impracticable from the smallness of the furnace and its semicircular form. The *second* would have caused too serious a reduction in the quantity of steam produced; the *third* plan was adopted by admitting the supply of air to the gases through a perforated distributor placed in the bridge,—thus, in effect, relieving the *throat area* from the products arising from the combustion of the *gas*.

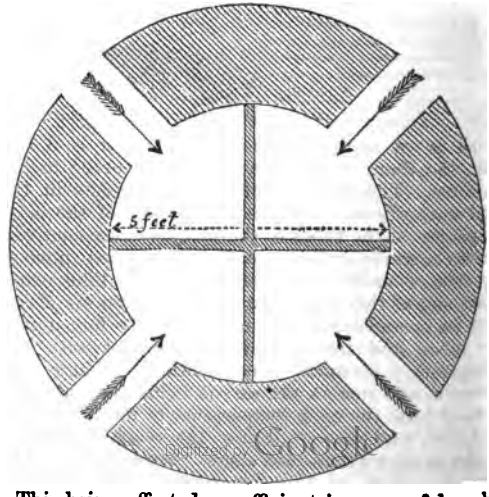
This mode of relief being applied, the advantage, however, was scarcely perceptible, and the evil of a *reduced pressure of steam* still continued. Under such circumstances the ordinary course with most proprietors probably would have been to condemn the system, and pronounce it unavailable. The proprietor here had more intelligence, and he was repaid for his perseverance. As it was impossible that the combustion of the gas, with its *increased volume of flame*, could produce a *cooling effect*, it became necessary to look in some other direction for the decrease in the quantity of steam generated. On further examination a still greater source of error was discovered. This was a remarkably contracted area of exit in the flue leading from the boiler to the main chimney stack. Although each of the two furnaces had 18 square feet of grate surface, and which, at 25 square inches for each, would have required an area of exit of 25 × 18 = 450 square inches, this area was actually contracted to 126 square inches, and of the shape shown by the *inner lines* of the annexed figure.

This area was then, but with some difficulty, enlarged, and to the shape and size shown by the *middle lines* of the figure, when it equalled 240 inches. This, however, was still too small for such large furnaces, each of which should have had an area, as marked by the *outside dotted lines*, of 18 inches by 30. Although considerable relief to the exit of the products was thus obtained, its effect was nevertheless unsatisfactory, and even intermittent—a circumstance which still remained to be accounted for.

Not deterred by these difficulties, a further examination was made. The proprietor had observed that occasionally the hot products from some one of the furnaces, instead of *ascending the stack*, which was 80 feet high, appeared to influence the draught of some others of them, forcing *back*, as it were, the hot products out *by their doors*. This, he said, appeared as being a case similar to that described in the *Treatise on Combustion*, quoted from Peclet, where the draught from one furnace acted as a damper, and neutralised that of another; and this proved to be the fact. Having with difficulty obtained access to the base of the stack, the evil was at once manifested. The interior area of the base was but 5 feet diameter, into which four apertures were made for the exit of the products of the two steam boiler furnaces, and two large charcoal heating stoves. These openings being *opposite each other*, as shown in the annexed figure, it was evident that the products from each



would be projected directly *against those of the one opposite*, thus acting the part of a damper on its issue, and necessarily diminishing the draught,—the stronger overpowering the weaker. The remedy was that suggested by Peclet, and well understood by engineers in this country, namely, the interposing diaphragms or cross walls, as shown in the figure, thus giving to each outlet an *independent vertical action*. (See annexed Figure.)



This being effected, a sufficient increase of draught

was produced, and the gases were consumed without the recurrence of the diminution of steam, although the area of exit still remained manifestly too small to do justice to such large furnaces.

In this last case there is a volume of practical instruction as regards areas of *ingress* of the air, and *egress* of the products,—viz., 1st, insufficient area over the bridge; 2ndly, restricted area for draught into the chimney shaft,—and 3rdly, mal-arrangement at the base, as here described. Now, had the proprietor been less intelligent and observant, these furnaces would have remained in the category of impracticables,— furnishing another so-called proof of the assumed insufficiency of the system of admitting air to the chamber gases. It may here be asked, who was to blame for these mal-arrangements, and on whom should have fallen the penalties imposed under the existing law? Was it the designer of the furnace and boiler,—was it the boiler maker,—the engineer, under whom the whole arrangement was made,—the bricklayer who constructed the intermediate insufficient flue, or the architect who planned and erected the chimney stack? Most assuredly the owner of the premises was the last to be visited with penalties arising from these faults of others.

As directly in point, it may be here mentioned that the writer of the paper already alluded to, and inserted in the Society's Journal, gave his views on this subject in the following words:—"To many it appears to be a *very extraordinary thing*, that when smoke is burned less steam is raised in a given time. It seems sound reasoning to say *smoke is fuel* [very unsound rather]; and since steam is raised by the burning of fuel, the burning of smoke should raise steam. This is so far correct [very incorrect truly]; but I have observed that in many cases where smoke [gas] is consumed by the admission of air *above*, and not *through* the fuel, there is *not so much coal consumed;* and since coal also is fuel, it is evident that the burning of the smoke may, by decreasing the consumption of coal, lessen the heat of the furnaces, and thereby reduce the quantity of water evaporated in a given time." To comment on such an attempt at reasoning is unnecessary.

But why should less coal be consumed? Here lies the point, which, however, seems beyond the reach of that writer's power of investigation. Can he be ignorant of the fact that the rate of combustion and the quantity of coal used will be in the ratio of the air brought into contact? Instead, therefore, of saying that "there is not *so much coal consumed*," he should have said, *there is not so much air brought into contact with it*, and then have looked for the cause. This, however, appears not to have been within reach of his philosophy.

Now the really "*extraordinary thing*" here is, that any inquirer, especially one professing to have examined the subject both "practically and scientifically," should have remained satisfied with the crude remark, that "when smoke, meaning gas, is burned, less steam is raised in a given time," and yet make no effort to test the assumed fact, or ascertain the cause of what appeared so contradictory to common sense, —a circumstance which seriously reflected on his own incompetence for such an inquiry.

Had the proprietor of the furnace last mentioned been as easily satisfied, he no doubt would, like too many others, have ordered the perforated air distributors to be removed, justifying himself to the public by stating that he had tried many schemes, and even that of the introduction of the air to the gases, and

In pointing out the necessity for preparing the furnace and flue arrangements of boilers so as rightly to introduce the air to both the gaseous and solid portions of the coal (that being the main element of economy and efficiency), and obtaining the entire calorific value of the fuel employed, it is here important to discriminate between those classes of boilers which are most favourable, or the reverse, in producing such a consummation. In this point of view, the *Cornish system*, unquestionably, takes the lead. Under that system, as already explained in Section 5, the combustion of the gaseous part of the coal is effected simultaneously with that of the coke part, —*no more gaseous matter being evolved, in given times, than can be supplied with its equivalent of air, under the proper conditions of time and temperature*, and which is the *sine qud non* of complete combustion.

Now, the direct opposite of this, particularly as regards steam navigation, is, the *short multitubular* boiler, the elements of which are, a short run, short time, large and long furnaces, heavy firing and forcing, large and rapid consumption of fuel, hot chimney for draught, injurious coating of the tubes with non-conducting carbon, or soot, and great waste of heat by the escape of the gaseous element of the coal, unconsumed, and in the form of smoke.

In the adoption of this most wasteful system, in steam vessels, in which (at least for long sea voyages), economy of fuel should be a leading consideration, engineers are equally censurable with the owners. These latter call out for economy of *space*, to meet which, engineers point to the *locomotive*, where the largest power is compressed in the *smallest space*. In this, however, they omit noticing the essential difference between the two classes of boilers,—namely, that in the locomotives, 1st, *coke* is employed, and consequently, there is no gaseous matter to convert into smoke; 2nd, that they have large and lofty furnace chambers; and 3rd, have an adequate *mechanical draught*,—the want of draught being the great drawback to success in large steam vessels.

Had the engineers duly studied the conditions of Nature in the process of the combustion of *bituminous* coal, they would have seen how peculiarly unfavourable to economy of fuel and heat was this multitubular description of boiler, where *smoke making* coal is used, and where the gaseous element forms so large a portion of the heat-generating power.

OF THE DRAWINGS.

The following drawings and explanations are here given with the view of showing how simply, cheaply, and effectually the principle of admitting the air to the gas in the furnace, in a divided state, by means of the perforated distributors, may be applied to all classes of land and marine furnaces.

Fig. 1 represents one of the modes of introducing the air where the mouth of the furnace has been constructed sufficiently wide to admit the required number of half-inch circular orifices. The door boxes are made of cast-iron, and at a small expense. The air enters in front, through a sufficient number of larger orifices, issuing through the greater number of orifices in the back. The left side here represents an *outside*,—the right, an *inside* view of the door-box. In the centre is a sliding plate by which, alternately, the right or left hand *upper orifices* may be opened when the furnaces are charged, and when a larger supply of air is necessary, as a larger development of gas then takes place. This arrangement is, however, *altogether unnecessary when the two furnaces open into one common flue* behind the bridge, and are fired

Fig. 1.

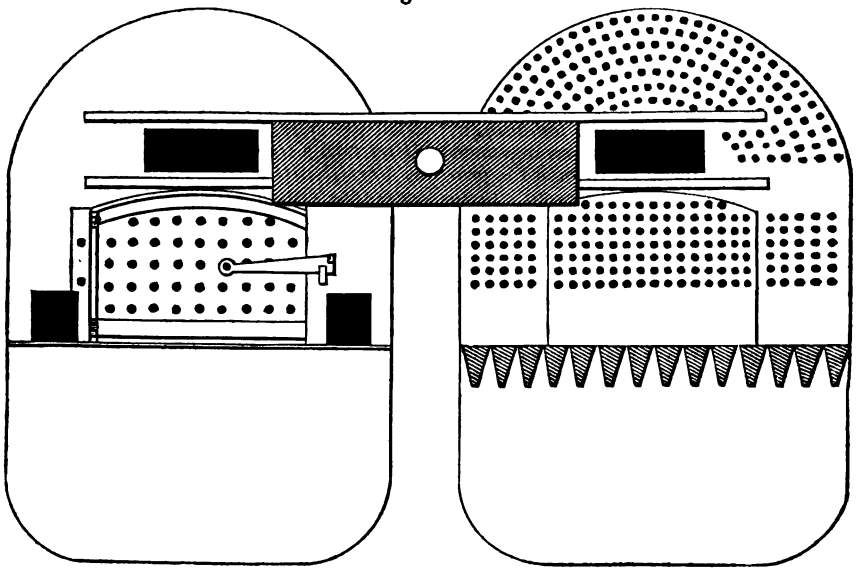


Fig. 2.

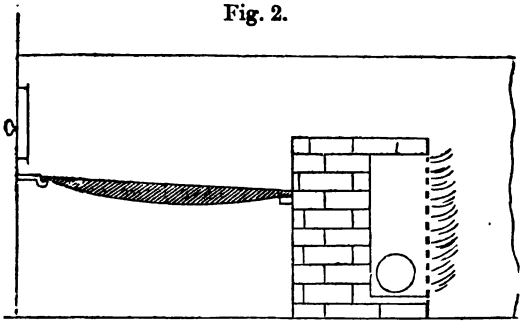
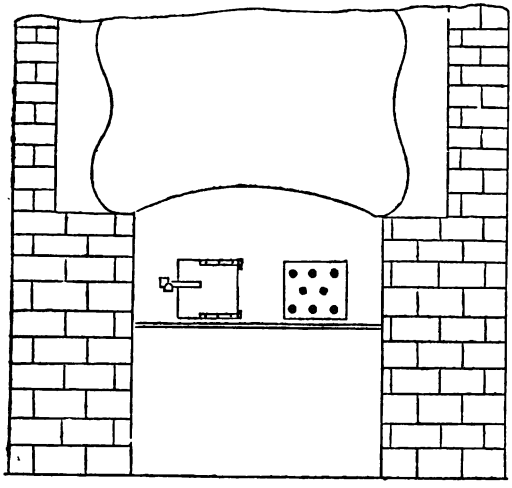


Fig. 3.



Figs. 2 and 3 represent two views of the boiler and furnace erected in 1841, at the Harrington waterworks, Liverpool, and was one of the first land-boilers to which the principle of introducing the air direct to the furnace gas, in divided streams, was applied, under the expired patent of 1839. The chimney was 150 feet high, and had previously caused so great a nuisance in that, the aristocratical part of the town, that a strong memorial was presented to the corporate body, requiring its abatement. The complete success attending this mode of introducing the air produced the following correspondence :—

T. Thompson, Esq., Manager of the Liverpool and Harrington Waterworks Company, Soho-street, Liverpool, 22nd July, 1841, to Mr. C. W. Williams :—

"I have lately had many inquiries on the subject of the patent furnaces, and have, invariably, invited the parties to visit the works and judge for themselves, and I have pleasure in stating, that one and all have expressed themselves not only much pleased, but astonished at seeing the fire loaded with coal, and instead of a dense smoke issuing from the chimney (as is usually the case), finding that which is generally made into smoke, a beautiful flame, giving out an intense heat, and thus saving fuel. Since the adoption of your plan, although we use less coal, we have a larger increase in the quantity of steam."

Extract from Proceedings of the Annual Meeting, 14th January, 1842.

"The Chairman of Directors reported to the meeting, that Mr. C. W. Williams' patent for the prevention of smoke had been adopted at the Company's stations in William Henry-street, Liverpool, and Water-street, Toxteth-park, with perfect success."

During the last fifteen years, and up to the present time, these furnaces have continued in the same effective manner, thus at once disproving the supposed risk of destruction to the boiler plates, as predicted by many at the time. (See Section 4, where this alleged injury is referred to.)

Subsequently, a similar mode of introducing the air was applied to the two furnaces of the stationary engines of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway (now part of the London and North-Western) by Mr. John Dewrance, then the chief manager of the Company's works at Liverpool. This application being equally successful with that stated above produced the following correspondence :—

Liverpool and Manchester Railway, Liverpool, January 17th, 1843.

Dear Sir,—I duly received your favour, inquiring whether I had any objection to give you, officially, a few lines respecting your plan of furnace for smoke preventing. The most official course I considered, would be to refer the question to Mr. Edward Woods,

the company's engineer, and have now the pleasure to enclose you a copy of his reply. Individually, I am happy in being able to add, that your process for smoke burning or preventing, is the most complete and successful in its operation of any that has come within my observation and experience.

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

C. W. Williams, Esq. HENRY BOOTH.

Liverpool, January 17th, 1843.

Dear Sir,—In reply to your letter requesting my opinion of the merits of Mr. C. Wye Williams's patent process for prevention of smoke in furnaces, and inquiring what is the result of my experience in reference to the trial which has been made of it at the Edge-hill station, where it has been adopted in the boilers of the stationary-engine for drawing the trains up the Lime-street tunnel, I beg to state, that I consider *the success of the apparatus complete.* The boilers have been constantly used since November, 1841, and, up to the present time, have not given any trouble nor required repair. The smoke is so perfectly prevented that it is almost impossible to perceive any discolouration of the air over the mouth of the chimney, either when the boilers are in full work, or *after a heavy charge of coal.* The alteration, also, of the boiler of the engine which works the cranes in our warehouses at Park-lane has been attended with equal success. I am, yours, &c.,

Henry Booth, Esq., Treasurer. EDWARD WOODS.

Extract from the Report of Mr. John Dewrance, Superintendent Locomotive Department, Liverpool and Manchester Railway, Edge-hill, Liverpool, 4th October, 1841:—

"One of these boilers (the patent apparatus being applied to two forty-horse boilers, 6 feet diameter and 30 feet long, with fire-flue, 3 feet diameter, and a flue of brickwork round the outside) is now supplying the engine with steam with half the length of the fire-bar (the bars were 6 feet by 3 feet, they are now 3 feet by 3 feet), and we have a clear flame along the flue to the distance of 30 feet from the fire, and the flues, at this distance, are quite *hot:* previous to the alteration this part of the flues was quite *cold.* I may also state that the furnace requires no more than ordinary attention, and that we have a perfect combustion *without smoke.*

The saving in fuel is six tons per month; the saving would be double this if the engine was kept constantly at work."

Fig. 4.

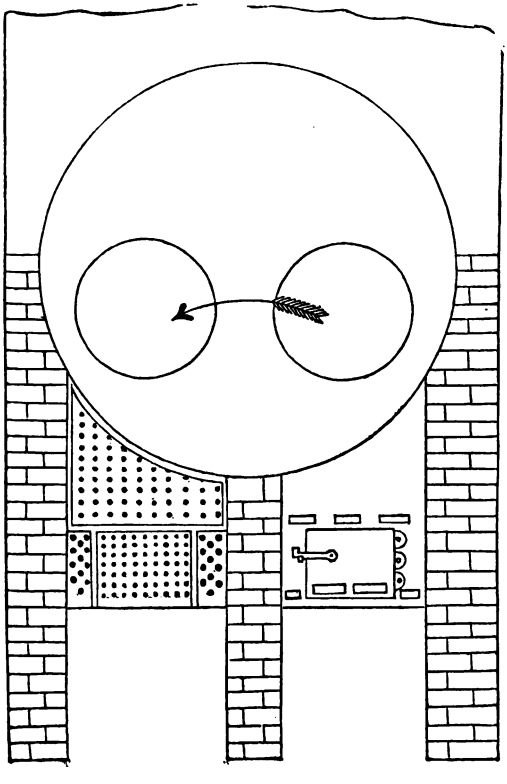
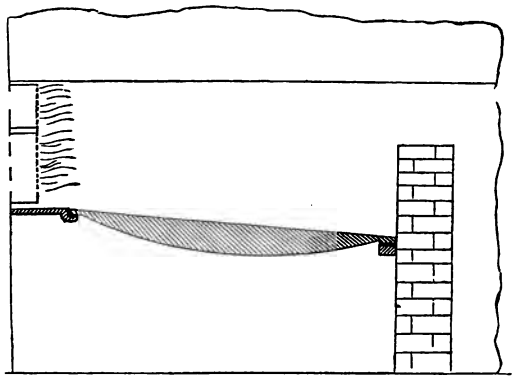


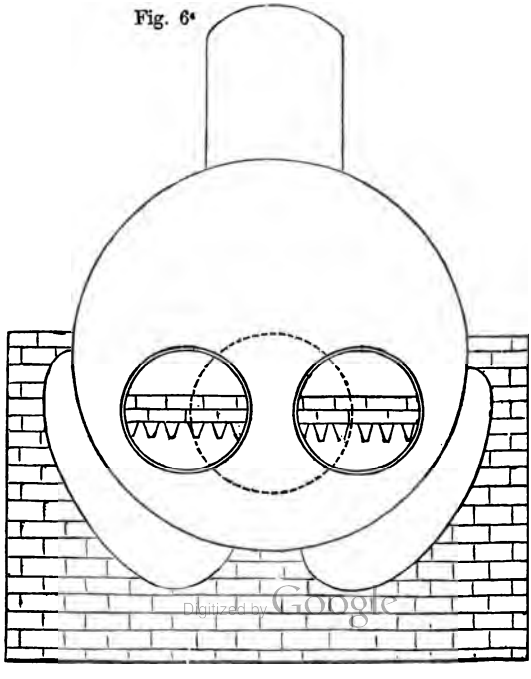
Fig. 5.



Figs. 4 and 5 represent a land boiler suitable for high-pressure steam, and is, in every respect, the most desirable arrangement. The placing the furnaces under the boiler to be charged alternately, secures a sufficiently large furnace chamber, and adequate space for the introduction the required number of orifices, insuring the gentle action of the air among the furnace gases, as water issuing through the small perforations in the rose of the watering-pot.

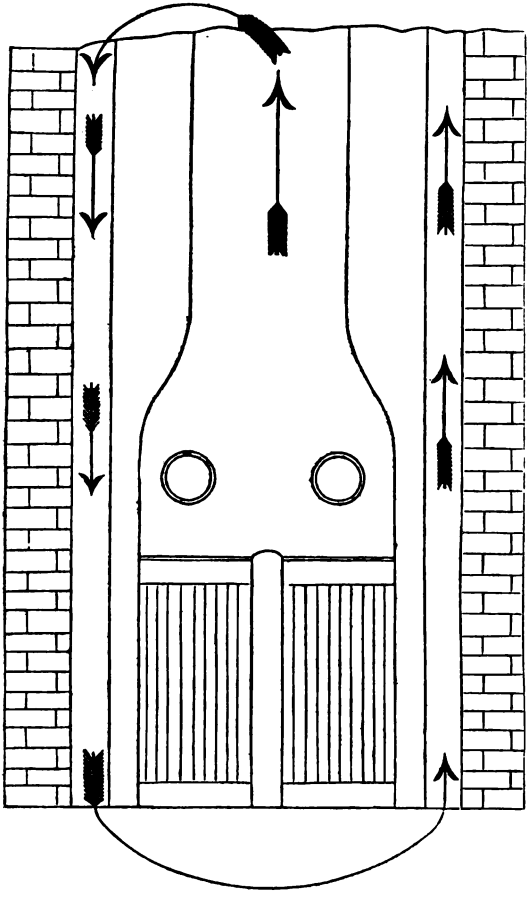
The furnaces are here separated by a low brick bridge, or division, about 6 inches higher than the fuel, allowing the evolved gases from *both furnaces* to commingle and mix with the air, and thus rendering it unnecessary to give any attention to the quantity of air introduced at the several periods during the continuance of each charge of coal. The air is here introduced to the gases, *above the fuel*, through the perforated distributor box in the door, as in drawing Fig. 1; similar close cast-iron boxes being placed on each side and above it. The right hand gives a view of the *exterior*, the left hand of the *interior* of the distributor boxes.

Fig. 6.



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Fig. 7.



These boilers are usually made twenty to thirty feet long. The products of combustion after passing the entire length under the boiler, enter one of the semicircular flues and return by the other to the chimney, thus securing the most effective heating surface with a proper *distance and time* for the transmission of the heat to the water. A pyrometer may here be advantageously introduced into the coolest flue, by which the temperature within may be at all times ascertained. For the explanation and use of this pyrometer see, "*Treatise on the Combustion of Coal.*"

Figs. 6 and 7 represent a land boiler suitable for high pressure. The air is here introduced through the distributor box in the door as already described. Each furnace is three feet wide, placed within the semicircular flue, both uniting in one common flue, described by the dotted line, four feet nine inches in diameter. This arrangement is favourable to the mixing operation of the gas and the air, and the supply through an uniform area without reference to the state of the fuel,—the furnaces being charged alternately.

Fig. 8.

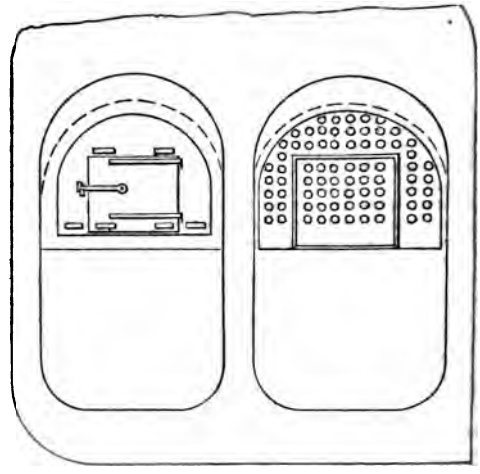
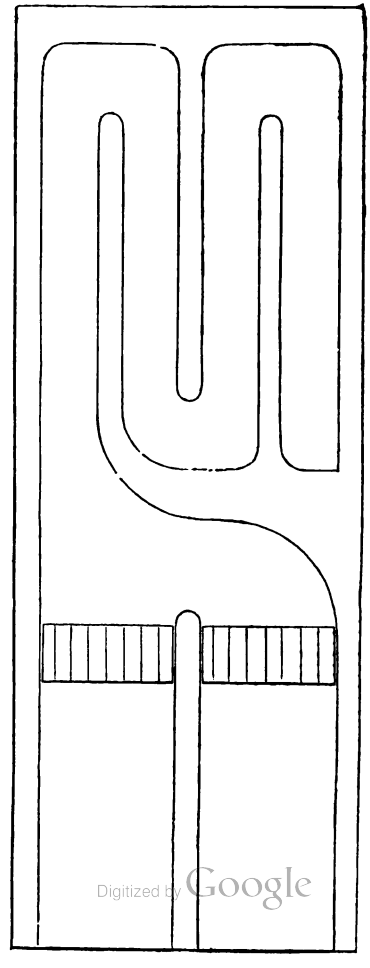
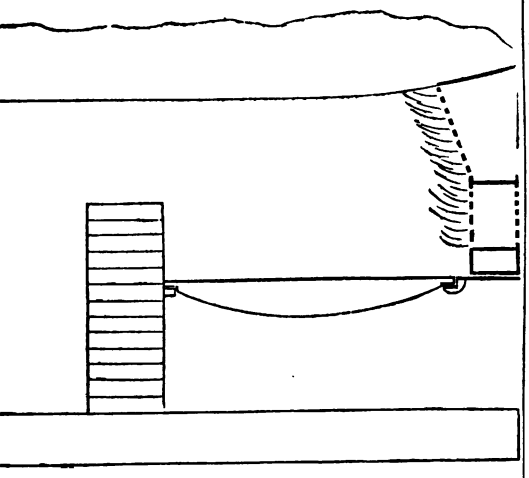


Fig. 9.



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Fig. 10.

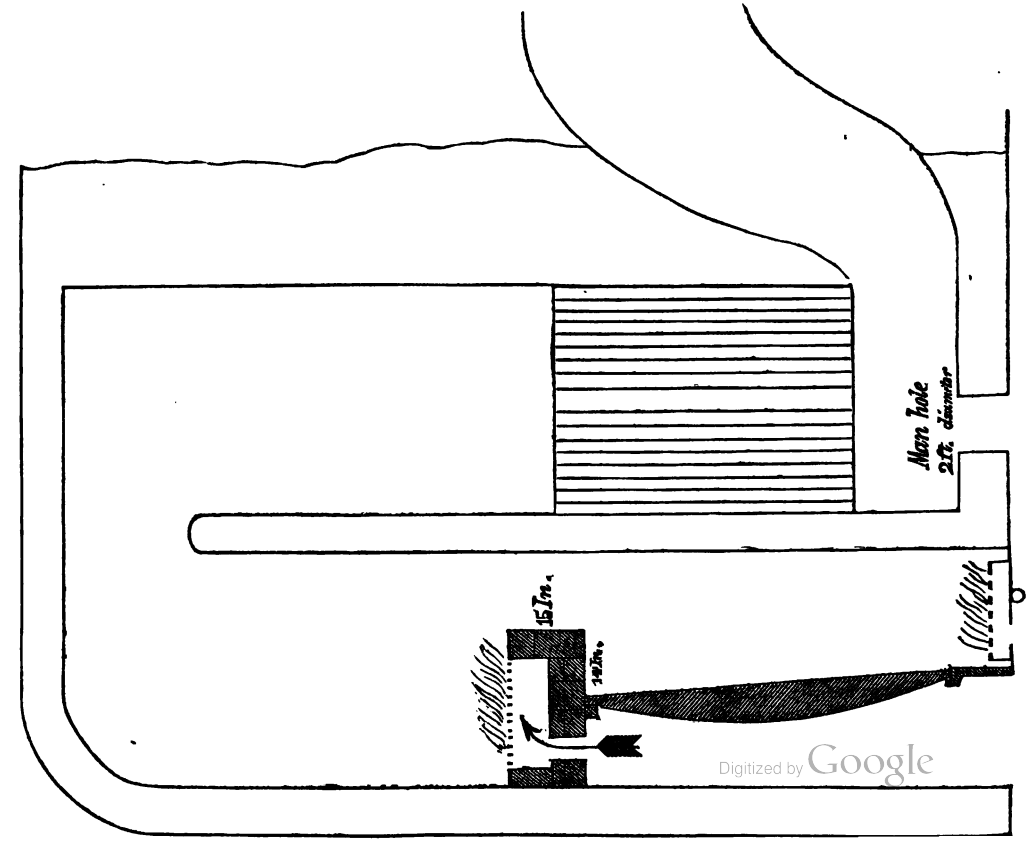


Figs. 8, 9, and 10 represent a marine boiler, the furnaces being in pairs, uniting in a common flue, as adopted during the last 30 years in numerous steam-vessels. The importance of this arrangement is not sufficiently attended to — namely, its requiring no attention to the regulation of the supply of air; since, by charging the furnaces alternately, the supply of *gas* behind the bridge, being at all times *the mean of the two*, it is always *uniform in quantity*, and therefore requiring a *uniform supply of air*.

Attention should here be drawn to the manner in which the door-end of the furnaces is enlarged to allow the required number of orifices to be introduced at *the sides and above the doors*, in opposition to the very erroneous mode of *contracting the mouthpiece* of furnaces, and thus limiting the means of introducing the air orifices at the very place where enlarged space is required. This arrangement, after an experience of many years, continues satisfactory in every point of view, and, in efficiency, may well be contrasted with that of the multitubular. Where the mouthpiece is not sufficiently large to admit the required number of orifices, they may be introduced as shown in drawing Fig. 2.

Fig. 11 represents a marine boiler. The short tubes, as here introduced, check the otherwise too rapid passage of the heated products to the chimney; while the gases, receiving the due supply of air, their combustion is completed before they reach the tubes, and no smoke will be formed. The advantages of this arrangement are, then :—1st, A sufficient space in the furnace-chamber, above the fuel, for the processes of combustion. 2nd, The tubes being at such a distance from the furnace are not exposed to be coated, internally, with soot. 3rd, The areas, both for the *admission* of the air and the *exit* of the heated products, are in proportion to the surface of fire-grate and the fuel to be consumed on it. 4th, Sufficient time and distance are here allowed for the air to

Fig. 11.



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become commingled with the gas from the coal, and its combustion is completed before the flame is brought into contact with the refrigeratory tubes.

The disadvantages are merely those which are common to all short and tubular boilers—viz., the run or distance between the furnace and the tubes being so short, much of the products of combustion must necessarily pass into the chimney before their heat can be taken up by the water, and be consequently lost. Again, there is a great depth between the heating surface of the furnaces and the top level of the water, through which the steam has to work its way in its ascent—a circumstance very unfavourable to rapid evaporation.

being from 5 to 6 cwt. per horse power. So of the internal heating surface. That of the flue, or *plates*, is here 5·5, and of the *tubes*, 4·1, making a total surface of but 9·6 square feet, instead of 20, *in the tubes alone*, per nominal per horse power, and which is the usual allowance in multitubular boilers.

Figs. 12 and 13 represent a marine boiler, each of the furnaces being divided by the usual water way, which extends 12 inches beyond the bridge, where the union of the gases and air *from both* is effected, and by which means the supply of gas, being uniform, that of the air may be equally so, as already described. Vertical water stay-tubes are here introduced instead of continuing the water way, to sup-

Fig. 12.

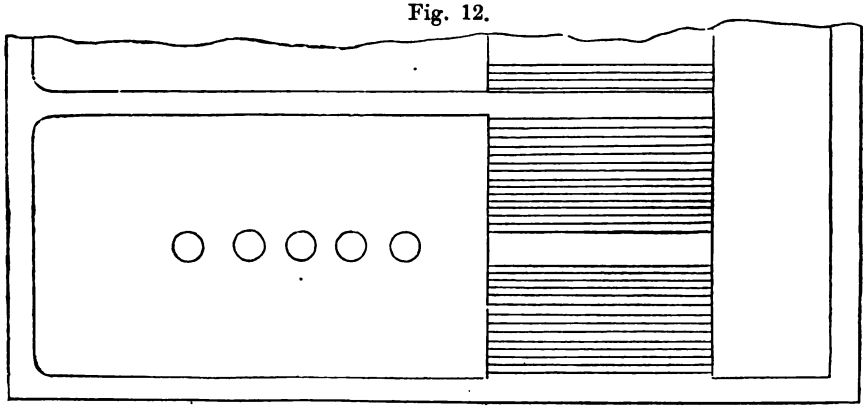
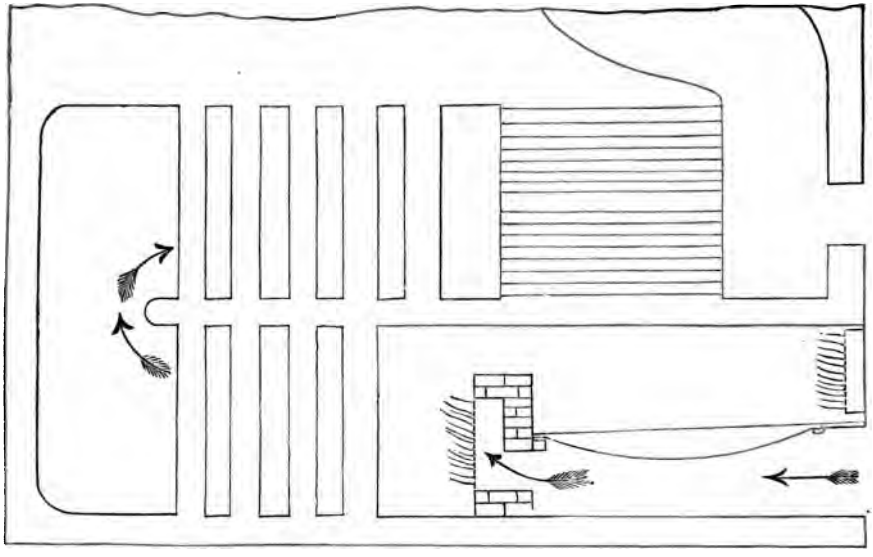


Fig. 13.



The practical and proved advantages of this plan of boiler confirm the views urged in this essay on the erroneous estimate generally made of enlarged amount of *heating surface in the tubes*. One of the latest boilers on this plan is now in the Trafalgar steamer, of 340-horse power. The boiler weighs but 3 cwt. 3 qr. 15 lb. per horse power (tested with 40 lb. water pressure before being used), the usual allowance

port the roof of both the upper and under flues. These tubes are six inches diameter to allow a free circulation of the water and steam within them, in vertical currents.

The air is introduced, as already mentioned, through the distributor boxes in the door, and around it, and at the bridge.

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Fig. 14.

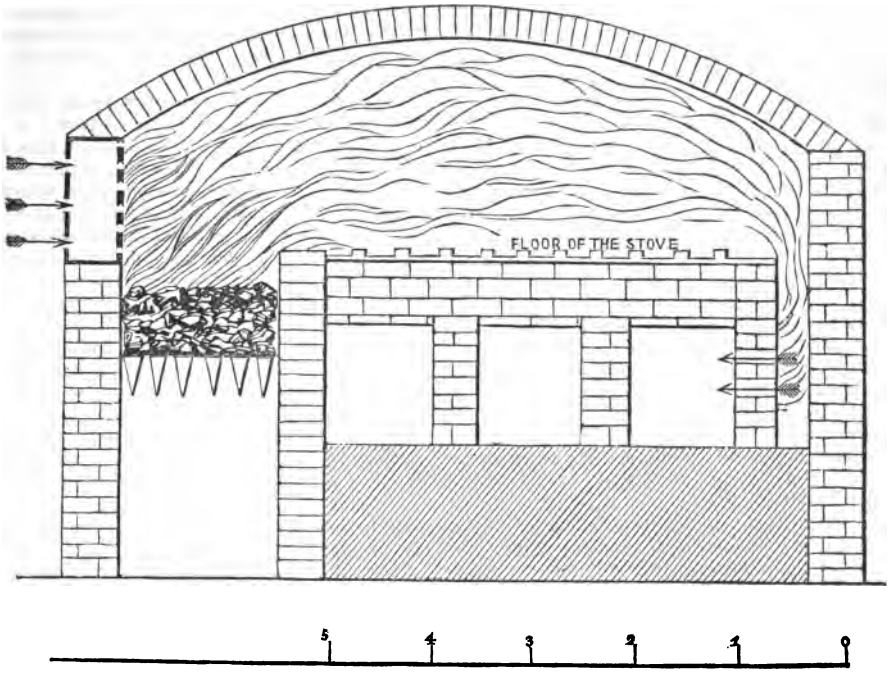
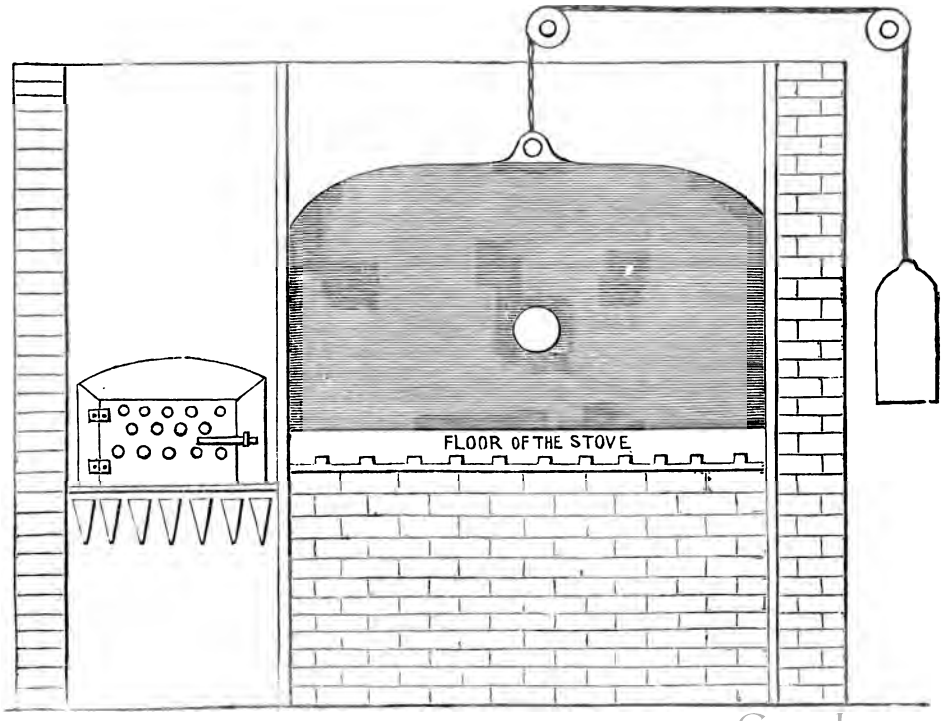


Fig. 15.



Figs. 14 and 15 represent a furnace or stove for heating boiler plates, iron bars, and other large work, and may be made of any required size. These furnaces, as usually constructed, produce much smoke, the coals being laid on the floor of the chamber and there reduced nearly to the state of coke. The plates

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to be heated are placed on the fuel, then in a red hot state, and after the main volume of the gas has been driven off in the form of dense black smoke. In the annexed drawings it will be seen the combustion of the coal is effected in a *separate chamber or furnace*,—the plates or bars to be heated being laid on the red-hot brick floor of the stove. The air is here introduced through perforated distributors placed at the side of the furnace chamber, and which may be of any length, furnaces being fixed at both ends. The flame and hot products pass under the arched fire brick roof (as shown by the arrows), which is thus rendered intensely hot, — the heat radiating downwards on the plates. By this arrangement the combustion of the gas of the coal is effected, and no smoke is formed,—the flame causing the roof of the stove to be brought to the proper heat. The products of the combustion are then carried to the chimney by a descending flue, which is so arranged that the heat is also conveyed *under the floor* of the stove chamber.

This furnace has been in successful operation for many years, and has required no repair. An important advantage is gained by this mode of heating,—namely, that the largest stove may be uniformly heated over its entire length.

Another advantage attends this mode of introducing the air, by the facility it gives of using *peat* by itself, or in combination with coal, and by which means the iron is materially improved. So important is this use of peat, that when the stove is heated by it, *cast-iron* furnace bars, when warped, may be here made red hot and then straightened, by which they become as good as when first used.

It will be seen that the same principle and mode of introducing the air is applicable to all classes of furnaces. The above are selected merely as representing those classes which are most frequent on land, and in steam vessels.

SECTION X.

OF THE LEGISLATIVE MEASURES APPLIED TO THE PREVENTION OF THE SMOKE NUISANCE, AND THE CAUSE OF THEIR FAILURES FOR ITS SUPPRESSION.

THE most important legislative measure connected with the smoke nuisance is that of the 16 and 17 Victoria, chap. 128, commonly called Lord Palmerston's Act. It has been already shown that this Act is based on an absolute misconception of the cause of the existence of smoke, or of what it consists, and of the means by which its nuisance may be prevented. So its remedial clauses, being as unwarranted as they are inconclusive, became impracticable in their administration, and worked much injustice in their enforcement.

In the absence of any correct or authorised definition of *what smoke was*, or such as would justify a dictation as to the remedy, the Act, nevertheless, begins by insisting that:—

"Every furnace employed in the metropolis in the working of engines by steam, and every furnace in any mill, factory, printing-house, dye-house, iron foundry, glass-house, distillery, brew-house, gas-works, water-works, or other buildings used for the purpose of trade or manufacture within the metropolis (although a steam-engine be not used or employed therein), shall in all cases be constructed or altered so as *to consume or burn the smoke arising from such furnace.*"

With equal propriety or practical effect might the Act have required that every man should consume or correct the impurities of the products issuing from his own lungs; or that he should evaporate the *liquid* portion, and convert to useful purposes the *solid* matter which gives colour to the stream from the sewers of his own premises.

That a blackened cloud of vapoury matter issued from the chimney was a physical fact. It was with this cloud, so far as it was a nuisance, that the Legislature had to deal, and not with the precise character or construction of the furnace from which it proceeded. That confusion and uncertainty prevailed, was evident from the proceedings in the Metropolitan Police Courts. In the case of a prosecution under the Act, and directed by Government, it is reported that after a discussion on the necessity for an inspection of certain furnaces in which the proprietor alleged that *the nuisance was abated*, counsel expressed the readiness of the party to meet any complaint on the part of Government, but that his client insisted there was *no smoke to burn*, as he was using anthracite, or smokeless coal. Mr. Jarman did not consider that *that* was sufficient, for "the Act of Parliament, in the plainest words, required that *furnaces should be constructed in a particular way, and it was immaterial whether smoke came from them or not, if they were of an improper construction.*"

Here it was relied on, that the Act referred to the mere *construction of the furnaces;* and that even the non-existence of any nuisance was no defence. Under such circumstances it was impossible that justice could be done.

Michael Angelo Taylor's Act of 1821 appears to be the first in which the issue of smoke was recognised as a nuisance. Under that act the court was empowered to award costs in case of conviction, but that "if it appears to the court, in case of conviction, that the grievance may be remedied by *altering the construction of the furnace*, it shall be lawful *to the court*, without the consent of the proprietor, to make such order as shall be, by the said court, thought expedient for preventing the nuisance in future, before passing the final sentence upon the defendant so convicted." It need scarcely be observed that such power was not likely ever to be called in operation, and the Act consequently became a dead letter.

In the costly trial of the King *versus* Gott, at York in 1824, the existence of *the nuisance was fully proved;*—a conviction was pressed, with the view of applying for costs; but the judge, Sir John Bayley, "so repeatedly reminded the parties that the Act left him to use his own discretion, and so plainly intimated that that discretion would not be exercised in their favour, that they consented to a verdict of not guilty." The decision of the court, in fact, neutralised the operation of the Act.

Three other indictments were afterwards preferred by the Town Clerk of Leeds. The Grand Jury, after a lengthened inquiry, in each case, found *a true bill.* Nevertheless *the indictments were withdrawn.* It was thus evident that the undefined character both of the offence and the remedy created such uncertainty that nothing effective could be done.

Subsequently, an Act was passed (6th George 4, chap. 132, 1825), for improving the borough of Derby. By this Act it was directed that furnaces, &c., "shall be constructed *in the best manner known and practised*, so as to prevent or consume their own smoke." Here also the same uncertainty was attended

with the same results,—no one being empowered, or able to say, what was the best manner known or practised for "consuming smoke."

All this indecision has been removed by Lord Palmerston's Act, with its peremptory clauses and their manifest injustice. Whatever favourable result has followed, has then been, not in conformity with, but *in spite of, the Act.* In this Act, the describing the furnaces, works, and even buildings to which the consuming or burning process was to be applied, furnishes conclusive evidence that the framers of the Act were themselves unacquainted with the nature of the operations with which they were so peremptorily interfering. The placing in one and the same category the furnaces of a boiler, in which *steam alone* was to be generated, with those in which glass, iron, and other metallic bodies were to be operated on, betrays an unpardonable inattention to the very nature of the disease the Act proposed to deal with.

In this Act, then, we have an *undefined remedy* absolutely insisted on, for an *undefined purpose*, and for an equally *undefined disease.* Under such circumstances, as regards the justice or practicability of its application, it necessarily becomes an absolute failure.

The result of this confusion was that manufacturers, being unable to relieve themselves, were forced into the hands of the speculative patentees as they successively brought their plans into existence, each being ready with his *panacea* to prove that the Legislature were right, and that *smoke could be* "consumed or burnt," no fewer than 77 patents having been taken out for this one purpose in the year 1855. The demand for doctors necessarily increased the supply, and the recent patent law came opportunely in aid of this demand. Under this law, and for a mere trifle, any person can purchase a legal right to the rank of inventor and patentee. The mode of proceeding in too many instances has been, as already exemplified, to look back to former inventions, select the principle of some one or more of them, and by such additions, complications, or modifications, as will pass for originality, the work is done, and the *imitator-patentee* probably reaps an abundant harvest from an unsuspecting public.

When, also, we look to the £10,000 a-year, or other fabulous amount expended in advertising a single invention or nostrum, we have proof that the largest portion of the public, and those who are the least capable of protecting themselves, supply the most prolific field for the successful operation of the balm of Gilead School, in "*smoke combustion.*"

Blundering as the Act has been, it has nevertheless "done the State some service." It has compelled manufacturers and others, whose previous indifference to the public complaints was so apparent and culpable *to look into the matter*, and themselves to examine into the cause and effect of the nuisance they created. Here we have the first element of improvement—*inquiry.* Competent parties and chemical professors who have hitherto shunned this subject as the hopeless atmosphere of quackery, are now beginning to be consulted, and truth elicited.

Of local acts for the suppression of the smoke nuisance, it would be a waste of time and labour to examine either their provisions or the causes of their failure. Lord Palmerston's Act, being applicable to the metropolis, has been taken as a precedent for other towns. In the amended Liverpool Sanatory Act for 1854, the smoke nuisance clauses are a verbatim copy of the former, with the same unmeaning title — viz., "*Furnaces to consume their own smoke,*"—a title utterly discreditable in this age of practical science and progress.

With reference to the failure of these Acts it is traceable in all to the one cause—namely, the undefined character of both the nuisance and the remedy, and the visiting the penalties on the wrong party.

Before the adoption of legislative measures, the first step should have been a well-conducted series of experiments, and a deliberate *scientific* examination of the subject; instead of which, however, the Act enters into the Quixotic region of imagination, directing that the cloud, called smoke, shall be actually "consumed or burnt," although without any examination, authority, or proof, that such was practicable. Parliamentary Committees are manifestly unequal to the subject, and incompetent to decide, or draw any inference from such a mass of contradictory evidence as they must necessarily have to deal with.

On the measures taken by Government it is unnecessary to comment. Dr. Ure, in the last edition of his *Dictionary of Arts*, under the title "Coal," has sufficiently pointed out the grave errors committed in one department of their inquiry.

An observation may here be made on the *description of furnace and boiler* constructed for what was called the Parliamentary experiments.[1] It is only necessary to add that it was deficient in all that could enable an operator to arrive at any safe or intelligible conclusion. No means were afforded of ascertaining, by pyrometer or otherwise, the amount of *heat generated, applied or lost.* No analysis was made of the products of the combustion, under varying modes of management. No means were provided for observing what took place *within* the furnace, to enable the experimenter to distinguish the changes or processes going on, and no provision whatever for that most important of all the conditions of combustion, namely,—the *admission or regulation of the air.* Nothing was done to test the quantity introduced, or what theoretically or practically would produce the best effects. Yet all these are not only absolutely necessary, but as capable of being ascertained, as we do the temperature or weight of the atmosphere by the thermometer or the barometer.

Before concluding this Essay it may be advisable to offer some remarks as to the remedy.

OF THE REMEDY.

In connexion with this branch of the subject, the question of *remedial measures*, as far as they are within the scope of legislation, necessarily forms an important feature. Before legal penalties can lead to any practical good, the public should be informed how they may be avoided. The imposition of fines may be effective in preventing the commission of a moral wrong, but to punish one man because he is not as skilful or scientific as another, would be downright tyranny. To attempt, therefore, to compel

[1] Mr. Murray has given the following description of this boiler: "It was made on the Cornish principle, being cylindrical, with flat ends and an internal flue within which the grate was placed at one end. The hot hair and gases, after leaving the furnace, passed through the central flue to the other end of the boiler, where they *divided into two streams* and returned to the front of the boiler, along the outside by a flue on each side. These two *were then united again* under the front of the boiler and returned along a flue under the bottom of the boiler, finally entering the chimney after a course of about 36 feet. The grate surface was five square feet and the total heating surface of the boiler 179 square feet. The boiler was worked under a pressure of from 1 to 3 lbs. on the square inch."

him *to "burn the smoke"* from the chimney of his manufactory, without informing him *how it is to be done, or* whether *it be even possible*, would be as unjust as unavailing. Again, to tell the manufacturing community that they must not only prevent the issue of smoke from their chimneys, but must do it in a special manner, namely, by *burning it*, is as arbitrary a violation of common sense as of scientific knowledge. If it be an indictable offence, that a furnace produces a volume of smoke, the penalties for such should, in common justice, attach to *the maker* of such furnace, not to the innocent *purchaser or owner*, at least unless he be informed how they could be avoided. Until such be the case, there can be no practical abatement of the smoke nuisance. Schemes for temporary alleviation may be applicable to special cases, but until remedial measures go to the source of the evil, it must continue to exist.

By the preceding sections we see the nuisance of smoke arises in general, from the mal-construction of the furnace, flues, &c. Who, then, it may be asked, are the parties, and on whom does it lay, so to construct them that such malconstruction shall be avoided?

The engineer who designs and constructs a steam-engine, with its boiler, furnace, and appendages, should be responsible, rather than the miller or manufacturer who may be the mere purchaser. Let the law provide a *summary process* for obtaining redress, and the evil will soon be abated. The public will then be at once enlisted in the cause of suppression, instead of being sympathisers with those on whom the penalties now so unjustly and arbitrarily fall. This will be a practical measure of *prevention*, instead of a fruitless attempt at *cure*.

It is surely enough that the unoffending owner of a smoke-making furnace, as in the case referred to in the last section, has to pay the penalty of a wasteful expenditure of fuel and cost of alterations, without being subject to a prosecution for a nuisance which he was no way instrumental in creating. Among the recent convictions by the magistrates of Liverpool, one, among many similar cases, may here be mentioned as illustrative of the hardship, and even injustice, arising out of the construction and arbitrary terms of the Act.

Mr. ———, a corn-miller, on being indicted for the unquestionable nuisance of a continuous emission of dense smoke from his chimney, pleaded that he was not the author or cause of the evil complained of, and which he had no means of preventing. He said he knew nothing of engineering or boiler making, or how smoke was to be consumed; that the Act had not stated *how that was to be effected;* and that high chemical authorities had even stated that smoke was *incombustible*. He had ordered a steam-engine and boiler from an engineer of eminence, but no sooner was it set to work than his neighbours complained of the nuisance it created. He was willing to adopt any remedy the magistrates might direct. On what principle of justice, then, he asked, should *he* be made accountable for the errors of *another?*

The magistrate, in giving judgment, observed, that he had no discretion in the case. The Act absolutely required that, "If any person shall use any furnace which shall not be constructed so as to *consume or burn its own smoke*, any person so offending, being *the owner or occupier of the premises*, shall pay a sum not more than five pounds, nor less than forty shillings." Under these circumstances he was not called on to show how furnaces should be constructed. The nuisance was proved to exist, and the penalty must be inflicted.

Now, although the law visited the miller in the first instance, had he brought an action against the maker of the steam-engine and boiler he would have been entitled to recover the amount of the penalty inflicted. This view of the subject was confirmed by the opinion of the stipendiary magistrate in a more recent case, where it was clearly proved that a boiler and its furnaces were imperfect and ill-constructed. In that case, the magistrate observed, that "The boiler and its furnace being defective was not the fault of the *owners* of the steamboat which created the nuisance; that they had given directions for a proper instrument, and went to a respectable tradesman to supply them; and, if they chose, they might follow it up, *and recover, in another court, from the maker of the boiler*, the loss they had sustained." Until, however, some more summary means of redress be supplied, such a proceeding can, practically, be of no avail.

Here, however, the finger of the law pointed in the right direction. The boiler was a machine that could not be worked without creating an indictable offence. Not only legally, but morally, the maker was then liable for the imperfection of the machine he had supplied. If he was incompetent, he alone should be held accountable. Let the engineer be bound to give a reasonable trial of the boiler, as he does of the engine. Let him work both for any specific period in testing their efficiency, one proof of which should be, that *no smoke nuisance be created.* Let such be proved before the inspector, and then any neglect or subsequent mismanagement by which a nuisance should be created, would necessarily and rightly lay at the door of the *owner* or his *stoker.* Let this be required, and the evil will soon cease to exist. In truth, there is no other means of suppressing it, inasmuch as the mere miller, or manufacturer, or uninformed public, never can be taught, nor expected to be acquainted, either with the laws of combustion, or the mode of carrying them into practice.

And see the strict justice of such an arrangement. It is not only the duty, but is peculiarly within the province and power of the engineer,—an educated, professional man,—to understand and reduce to practice what belongs to the use of the fuel he employs as regards its application in the generating steam for the purposes of the engine he contracts to make. Without this knowledge, the efficiency of his work must remain a matter of chance. He makes his calculations as to what is required for his engine,—so should he be equally attentive in respect to the *boiler.* It cannot surely be the province of the miller or the silk, cotton, or other manufacturer to teach the engineer how to construct the apparatus he undertakes to make. If, however, the latter will not make himself master of his business he must be responsible for the consequence of his inexperience. He is not justified in experimenting on the construction of a boiler (as many do), and then throwing the responsibility of its failure on others.

It will not now suffice for an engineer to allege that the means of effecting the combustion of coal, or the gas from coal, without smoke, is still among the undiscovered mysteries of nature. This is not the fact. It is directly the reverse of the fact. The subject, in all its details, is thoroughly understood and reduced to practice. If, however, those whose peculiar duty it is to study these truths of science

ill continue to construct boilers and furnaces by bitrary rules, and with relation to *mechanical*, in fiance of *chemical* laws, they should be held responble for their short comings, as would the unqualied or ignorant surgeon who should undertake to nputate a limb, or perform any other surgical operaon. In practice, it is too often the case, that inciple or system is altogether set at nought. We e the furnaces, flues, and other parts of the boilers, ren from the *same maker*, so utterly *at variance ith each other*, that it is manifest the designer had o conception of a *true system* when studying their rangements and construction. To what, then, is is discreditable state of things in this important epartment attributable? Manifestly to *the neglect f those chemical, or rather natural laws by which e process of combustion is governed.* Until those ws are studied, and the principles on which they ay be reduced to practice be understood, engineers must continue in a continual sea of errors, and be prepared to incur the penalties of their unpreparedness.

With the view of aiding in this desirable work of abating the nuisance, the following draught of an amended Act is here offered for public consideration, the existing act being followed except so far as it was necessary to alter it in giving it a correct and practical application; and with the addition of the remedial measure:

EXISTING ACT.

16th and 17 Victoria, Ch. 178.

An Act to abate the Nuisance arising from the Smoke of Furnaces in the Metropolis and from Steam Vessels above London-bridge:

Whereas it is expedient to abate the Nuisance arising from the smoke of furnaces in the Metropolis and from steam-vessels above *London-bridge*; Be it therefore enacted by the Queen's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:—

1. From and after the first day of *August*, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four, every furnace employed or to be employed in the Metropolis in the working of engines by steam, and every furnace employed or to be employed in any mill, factory, printing-house, dye-house, iron foundry, glasshouse, distillery, brewhouse, sugar-refinery, bakehouse, gasworks, water-works, or other buildings used for the purpose of trade or manufacture within the Metropolis (although a steam-engine be not used or employed therein), shall in all cases be constructed or altered so as to consume or burn the smoke arising from such furnace; and if any person shall, after the first day of *August*, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four, within the Metropolis, use any such furnace which shall not be constructed so as to consume or burn its own smoke, or shall so negligently use any such furnace as that the smoke arising

AMENDED ACT.

An Act to abate the Nuisance arising from the Smoke of Furnaces.

Whereas it is expedient to abate the nuisance arising from the smoke of furnaces,

Be it therefore enacted by, &c.

1. From and after the passing of this Act, every furnace employed in any mill, factory, or other building used for the purposes of trade or manufacture, or in connexion with any steam-engine, or in any steam-vessel plying on any navigable river or canal, shall, in all cases, be constructed or altered so to consume or effect the combustion of the fuel employed, and the combustible gases arising therefrom, that there shall be no objectionable or offensive issue of smoke from the chimney of the same. And if any person shall hereafter use any such furnace which shall not be so constructed, or shall negligently use any such furnace so as to produce such an issue of smoke as to injure or annoy the neighbourhood or inhabitants thereof without using the best practicable means for preventing or counteracting the same, every person so offending being the occupier or owner of the premises, or being a foreman or

EXISTING ACT.

therefrom shall not be effectually consumed or burnt, or shall carry on any trade or business which shall occasion any noxious or offensive effluvia, or otherwise annoy the neighbourhood or inhabitants, without using the best practicable means for preventing or counteracting such smoke or other annoyance, every person so offending, being the owner or occupier of the premises, or being a foreman or other person employed by such owner or occupier, shall, upon a summary conviction for such offence before any Justice or Justices, forfeit and pay a sum not more than five pounds nor less than forty shillings, and upon a second conviction for such offence the sum of ten pounds, and for each subsequent conviction a sum double the amount of the penalty imposed for the last preceding conviction: provided always, that nothing in this Act shall extend or apply to any glass works or pottery works established and existing within the Metropolis before the passing of this Act, with the exception, however, of all steam-engine furnaces and slip kiln furnaces employed in and belonging to such works respectively, to which furnaces the provisions of this Act shall extend and apply.

2. From and after the first day of *August*, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four, every steam-engine and furnace used in the working of any steam vessel on the River Thames, above *London-bridge*, shall be constructed so as to consume the smoke arising from such engine and furnace; and if after the said first day of *August*, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four, any steam-engine or furnace by which any steam vessel shall be worked while the same shall be above London-bridge, shall not be constructed so as to consume or burn its own smoke, or such steam-engine or furnace which shall be so constructed shall be wilfully or negligently used so that the smoke arising therefrom shall not be effectually consumed or burnt, the owner or master or other person having charge of such vessel shall, on a summary conviction for such offence before any Justice or Justices, forfeit and pay any sum not greater than five pounds nor less than forty shillings; and upon a second conviction for such offence, a sum of ten pounds; and upon every other subsequent conviction for such offence, a sum double the amount of the penalty imposed for the last preceding conviction.

3. Provided always, that the words "consume or burn the smoke" shall not be held in all cases to mean "consume or

AMENDED ACT.

other person employed by such owner or occupier, shall, upon a summary conviction, &c. &c.

2. Provided always that the words "consume or effect the combustion of the fuel and the combustible gases," shall not be held to mean the combustion of all the said fuel or gases, and that the Justice or Justices before whom the person shall be summoned, may remit the penalties enacted by this Act, if on the evidence of two or more professional engineers or other competent witnesses, such person shall be proved to have constructed or altered his furnaces so as to consume, or cause the combustion, as far as may be practicable, of the fuel used therein, and the combustible gases arising therefrom, and has carefully attended to the same, and consumed or caused the combustion as far as possible of the fuel employed, and the gases arising therefrom.

3. Provided always that in the case of boilers or furnaces which shall have been constructed after the passing of th

Existing Act.	Amended Act.	Existing Act.
burn all the smoke," and that the Justice or Justices before whom any person shall be summoned may remit the penalties enacted by this Act, if he or they shall be of opinion that such person has so constructed or altered his furnace as to consume or burn as far as possible all the smoke arising from such furnace, and has carefully attended to the same, and consumed or burned as far as possible the smoke arising from such furnace.	Act, and from which any smoke may have arisen to the injury or annoyance of the neighbourhood, and by reason of which any penalty may have been incurred and inflicted in pursuance of this Act, the owner or occupier of such premises, or of such furnace or boiler, shall be entitled to sue for, and recover the amount of, such penalties so inflicted, by civil process in any County Court, from the engineer, maker, or other person who shall have provided or made such boiler or furnace.	missioner of Police of the said City and Liberties, with or without any assistant, to enter into and upon any building or premises in the Metropolis in which any furnace may be, or in which such noxious trade or business may be carried on, or into any steam vessel on the river *Thames* between *London-bridge* and *Richmond-bridge*, and to examine into the construction of such furnace, into the manner of carrying on such trade or business, or into the construction of the steam engine and furnace by which such vessel shall be worked: and any person obstructing any such constable or his assistant in the execution of any such warrant or order shall, upon a summary conviction for such offence before any Justice or Justices, forfeit and pay any sum not exceeding twenty pounds.
4. If the owner or occupier of any premises, or the commander of any steam vessel to which the provisions of this Act shall apply, shall refuse to allow their premises or steam vessels to be inspected by a person duly authorised by the Commissioners of police for that purpose, it shall be lawful for any constable authorised by warrant under the hand of one of her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, or (in the Metropolitan police district) by the order in writing of the Commissioners of the police of the Metropolis, or (in the City of *London* or Liberties thereof) by the order in writing of the Com-	4. Provided always that if such engineer or maker of such boiler or furnace shall prove that a reasonable trial of such boiler or furnace and the working of the same, shall have been made, and that during such trial in the presence of the owner or occupier of the premises, or other person authorised by him, no smoke or annoyance as above mentioned had issued from the chimney of the same, or any indictable nuisance had been created: in such case, such engineer, maker, or other persons shall no longer be held responsible or liable for any nuisance arising from such boiler or furnace or other work.	5. Provided always, that no information shall be laid against any person for the recovery of any penalty under this Act, except by the authority of one of her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, or in the Metropolitan police district by the Commissioners of police of the Metropolis, or in the City of London or Liberties thereof by the Commissioner of police of the said City and Liberties respectively, acting under the orders and directions of such Secretary of State. 6. In this Act, the expression "the Metropolis" shall have the same meaning and construction as is assigned to such expression for the purposes of the Act of the last session of Parliament, chapter eighty-five, "To amend the Laws concerning the Burial of the Dead in the Metropolis." 7. Nothing in this Act shall be held to alter or repeal any of the provisions of the City of *London* Sewers Act, 1851, or of the *Whitechapel* Improvement Act, 1853. 8. All penalties by this Act imposed shall be recoverable according to the provisions of the Act of the twelfth year of her present Majesty, chapter forty-three.

THE END.

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THE

CONDUCT OF THE UNDERSTANDING

ALSO

SOME THOUGHTS CONCERNING EDUCATION.

BY

JOHN LOCKE.

WITH A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR AND HIS WRITINGS.

EDINBURGH:

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS;

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1839.

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EDINBURGH:
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MEMOIR OF LOCKE AND HIS WRITINGS.

JOHN LOCKE, the author of the present work, was born at Wrington, in Somersetshire, in the year 1632. His father had been bred to the profession of the law, and was a man of considerable fortune; but nothing remarkable is recorded of him, further than that he was a captain in the Parliamentary army during the civil wars. He took great care of his son's education, and although, from a constitutional severity of temper, he appears to have been rather harsh in his mode of treating his child when young, yet, as the son grew to manhood, the father gradually relaxed in austerity, until they came to regard each other rather as attached friends than as parent and child. This mode of treatment has called forth from the illustrious object of it the warmest approbation. After acquiring the elements of education at Westminster School, Locke, in the nineteenth year of his age, entered the University of Oxford, where he soon attracted the notice of his fellow-students by the display of his abilities. But the course of study then pursued at that seat of learning was not likely to prove very acceptable to a mind like Locke's, and accordingly it appears that he soon became disgusted with it, and, instead of blindly submitting to the logic of Aristotle, which at that time reigned in all its glory, began to shape a course of study for himself, regardless of the subtle and obscure questions on which his contemporaries wasted their time and talents. The first works which gave him a taste for the philosophy of the human mind, were those of Descartes, the perspicuity of which greatly charmed him. To these writings, although containing some doctrines which he never approved of, may be traced many of the philosophical speculations which afterwards engaged his mind. In 1658, he took the degree of Master of Arts, and commenced the study of medicine, in which there is every reason to believe that he made great progress, though he ultimately renounced the design of practising it as a profession. In 1664, Mr Locke visited the continent, but soon returned to resume his studies at Oxford. It was at this time that he accidentally became acquainted with the celebrated Earl of Shaftesbury—an event which materially influenced the future course of his life. Notwithstanding several constitutional differences, which often led to sharp disputes between them, their accidental acquaintance ripened into friendship, and the philosopher thenceforth shared the fortunes of the statesman, both prosperous and adverse. In 1672, when Shaftesbury was created Lord Chancellor, Locke became his secretary; but soon after, on the chancellor finding it necessary to resign, Locke lost his situation, and once more withdrew to the continent. After a few years, court favour again smiled on Shaftesbury, but only for a brief period. Six months saw him not only dismissed, but arrested on a charge of high treason. He was acquitted upon trial, and, to avoid further trouble, withdrew to Holland, then the common asylum of all who suffered by persecution. Thither Locke followed his patron, and, even after the earl's death, he chose rather to remain in Holland, notwithstanding the barrenness of its soil and the badness of its climate, with the blessing of civil and religious liberty, than to return to England, though he had a fellowship in Christ Church, Oxford. Of this fellowship he was afterwards deprived by the tyrannical conduct of Charles II., to whom he had become odious as the supposed author of certain pamphlets, in which the royal conduct was censured. Without taking pains to ascertain the point, Charles issued his orders, which his minions in Oxford immediately obeyed; so that, without the shadow of a crime being proved, or so much as attempted to be proved, this university cast away the man, to have educated whom should have been her boast and glory. But the malignity of the king was not satisfied with getting him deprived of his office at Oxford. It appeared again at the Hague, where the English minister demanded that Mr Locke should be delivered up; and the philosopher was actually obliged to conceal himself for twelve months, before his innocence became apparent. It was at this time that he finished his great work, the "Essay on the Human Understanding," which had been begun so far back as 1670, as also his first "Letter Concerning Toleration," thus converting his unjust banishment into a blessing to mankind.

The revolution of 1688 enabled Locke to return in safety to his native country, and in 1690 he gave to the world the above-mentioned essay, the publication of which forms one of the most important epochs in the history of mental philosophy. He published at the same time a translation of the Letter on Toleration, which he had, the year before, printed in Latin at Gouda. Oxford, which had formerly done its utmost to mar the fortune of the philosopher, again sought to injure him by discouraging the reading of his essay. But while universities have control over the matter and manner of their own instructions, they are fortunately powerless for the suppression of a published book. The essay was soon known over Europe, and was very generally regarded as the most profound and ingenious that had appeared on the philosophy of the human mind.

If his essay is to be regarded as the most splendid of his works, his Letter on Toleration may fairly share the palm with it in point of utility. The very word toleration has now fallen into disrepute, inasmuch as it seems to imply a right, or at least a power, in one body of men to tyrannise over another in matters of opinion; such a right is now almost universally denied to exist in any, so that the question may be considered as unworthy of discussion. Yet, when we call to mind that in these times the principles of religious freedom were very imperfectly understood even by the great champions of civil liberty, we shall not be disposed to undervalue the pleadings of Locke for toleration. If an evil cannot be at once eradicated, he surely is entitled to our thanks who pleads for the mitigation of its virulence.

His "Treatise on Government," published also in 1690, was meant to justify the principle of the revolution, *That the king was the servant of the people*, paid by them to perform certain duties, which if he failed to do, they had every right to dismiss him, and choose another. These principles were met by much opposition at the time, but latterly, as is well known, their truth has been generally acknowledged and acted upon, not only in Britain, but in other parts of the world. To his numerous opponents of this and other works, Mr Locke, animated with a sincere desire to defend and propagate what he believed to be truth and justice, replied with his usual ability; and in this way has contributed to keep alive the memory of men who would otherwise, long ere now, have sunk into oblivion. Indeed, in looking over a list of Locke's works, it is painful to find that so many of them are in the shape of replies to attacks that had been made on his prin-

ciples; and considering his case, we cannot but approve of the resolution adopted by some subsequent philosophers, not to reply to any attacks made on their opinions, but allow them to stand or fall by the evidence by which they were originally supported.

After the publication of his essay, he spent the remainder of his life in retirement, but not in inactivity, for, besides a most careful study of the Scriptures, it was at this time that he composed the beautiful essay on the "Conduct of the Understanding," which he intended to insert, as an additional chapter, in his great work. The "Conduct of the Understanding" is the most practical of all his writings, and had it been more thoroughly "chewed and digested" by subsequent philosophers, the progress of moral truth would, we are persuaded, have been far more rapid than it has been, and candour and mutual forbearance in matters of opinion would not have been such a rarity. By a careful study of this volume, the student is enabled, as it were, to start from the point at which the great Locke had arrived, only after years of laborious thought. By pointing out to us the disposition of mind with which truth is to be sought for, it cherishes, and even calls into existence, that "philosophic spirit" which Dr Thomas Brown has justly described as being "more valuable than any limited acquirements in philosophy."

His "Treatise on Education" was far before his age; and although the investigations of subsequent philosophers have shown some of the observations contained in it to be ill founded, it yet developes many principles in education which have a real foundation in nature, and which, if carried out into action, would have a happy influence in drawing forth and regulating the powers of the human mind. This, in fact, has already been demonstrated by the reduction of his leading principles to practice, in the infant schools lately established by Mr Wilderspin. What Locke most earnestly insists upon, is the vast importance of cultivating the moral faculties of children, and repressing their tendencies to vice; of commencing very early the business of mental training, and of rendering habitual, even from the cradle, those actions and inclinations which shall conduce to the happiness and usefulness of the children in after-life. Compared with the possession of a well-regulated and virtuously disposed mind, he regards learning as but of secondary value. "When I consider," says he, "what ado is made about a little Latin and Greek, how many years are spent in it, and what a noise and business it makes to no purpose, I can hardly forbear thinking, that the parents of children still live in fear of the schoolmaster's rod, which they look on as the only instrument of education; as a language or two to be its whole business. Reading, and writing, and learning, I allow to be necessary, but yet not the chief business. I imagine you would think him a very foolish fellow, that would not value a virtuous or a wise man infinitely before a great scholar. Not but that I think learning a great help to both in well-disposed minds; but yet, it must be confessed also, that in others not so disposed, it helps them only to be the more foolish, or worse men. I say this, that when you consider of the breeding of your son, and are looking out for a schoolmaster or a tutor, you would not have, as is usual, Latin and Logic only, in your thoughts. Learning must be had, but in the second place, as subservient only to greater qualities. Seek out somebody that may know how discreetly to frame his manners: place him in hands where you may, as much as possible, secure his innocence, cherish and nurse up the good, and gently correct and weed out bad inclinations, and settle in him good habits. This is the main point, and this being provided for, learning may be had into the bargain." As to the propriety of beginning early, he says: "The great mistake I have observed in people's breeding their children, has been, that this has not been taken care enough of in its due season; that the mind has not been made obedient to discipline, and pliant to reason, when at first it was most tender, most easy to be bowed. Parents being wisely ordained by nature to love their children, are very apt, if reason watch not that natural affection very warily—are apt, I say, to let it run into fondness. They love their little ones, and 'tis their duty; but they often with them, cherish their faults too. They must not be crossed, forsooth; they must be permitted to have their wills in all things; and they being in their infancies not capable of great vices, their parents think they may safe enough indulge their irregularities, and make themselves sport with that pretty perverseness, which they think well enough becomes that innocent age. But to a fond parent, that would not have his child corrected for a perverse trick, but excused it, saying it was a small matter, Solon very well replied, 'Ay, but custom is a great one.' For that which I cannot too often inculcate is, that whatever the matter be about which it is conversant, whether great or small, the main (I had almost said only) thing to be considered in every action of a child, is, what influence it will have upon his mind; what habit it tends to, and is like to settle in him; how it will become him when he is bigger; and if it be encouraged, whither it will lead him when he is grown up." The habit which, above all others, the author considers it important to instil, is that of resisting inclinations which reason forbids to gratify. In the power of doing this, he considers the principle of all virtue and excellence to lie; and he consequently advises that children should be accustomed, from their very cradles, to want the gratification of improper cravings. The habit of resisting the importunity of present pleasure or pain, for the sake of what reason proclaims as fit to be done, being "the true foundation of future ability and happiness, is to be wrought into the mind as early as may be, even from the first dawnings of knowledge and apprehension in children, and so to be confirmed in them, by all the care and ways imaginable, by those who have the oversight of their education." The mode of training children to the practice of justice, respect, liberality, courage, and good breeding, and of reclaiming them from selfish, mischievous, deceitful, and squandering dispositions, is treated of by our philosopher at considerable length; and even the sports of children he would turn to account, in forming and strengthening good and useful habits. "Whatever children do," says he, "leaves some impression on that tender age, and from thence they receive a tendency to good or evil; and whatever hath such an influence, ought not to be neglected." With regard to intellectual studies, it is a favourite doctine, to which he frequently and anxiously recurs, that there should be as little thwarting of the tastes and inclinations of children as possible. Children are fond of liberty, and will do with alacrity and vigour what they are previously made to have an inclination to, although, if forced to it, they will turn from the lesson with disgust. "None of the things they are to learn," says our author, "should ever be made a burden to them, or imposed on them as a task. Whatever is so proposed, presently becomes irksome; the mind takes an aversion to it, though before it were a thing of delight or indifference. Let a child be ordered to whip his top at a certain time every day, whether he has or has not a mind to it; let this be but required of him as a duty, wherein he must spend so many hours, morning and afternoon, and see whether he will not be weary of any play at this rate." The inclination or disposition to learn, may, he thinks, be excited through means of filial reverence, rendered habitual from the earliest years, with the aid of a proper adaptation of studies to abilities, and a judicious application of rewards and punishments. The example of elder pupils he considers to be here of much importance; for "if the things which children observe others to do, be ordered so, that they insinuate themselves into them, as the privilege of an age or condition above theirs—then ambition, and the desire still to get forward, and higher, and to be like those above them, will set them on work, and make them go on with vigour and pleasure; pleasure in what they have begun by their own desire, in which way the enjoyment of their dearly beloved freedom will be no small encouragement to them. To all which, if there

be added the satisfaction of credit and reputation, I am apt to think there will need no other spur to excite their application and assiduity as much as is necessary." The author declares himself strongly against corporal chastisement, except in cases of unyielding obstinacy; while, on the other hand, he opposes with equal earnestness the giving of such rewards, as by cultivating vanity, cupidity, and other inferior appetites, have a tendency to injure the moral character. Esteem and disgrace he looks upon as the most powerful and beneficial incentives to activity and good conduct. "Children, earlier perhaps than we think, are very sensible of praise and commendation. They find a pleasure in being esteemed and valued, especially by their parents, and those whom they depend on. If, therefore, the father caress and commend them when they do well, show a cold and neglectful countenance to them upon doing ill, and this accompanied by a like carriage of the mother, and all others that are about them, it will in a little time make them sensible of the difference; and this, if constantly observed, I doubt not but will of itself work more than threats or blows, which lose their force when once grown common, and are of no use when shame does not attend them." To this cold behaviour of the parents, should be added other disagreeable circumstances as accompaniments of a state of disgrace, so that the child may feel the consequences of ill conduct in a variety of shapes, and perceive that his unhappiness bears to his misconduct the relation of an effect to its cause. And the author is of opinion, that were the training of children properly managed from the first, bodily chastisement would very rarely be necessary. A good mental training he regards of such value that the expense of it "will be the money best laid out, that can be, about our children. . . He that at any rate procures his child a good mind, well principled, tempered to virtue and usefulness, and adorned with civility and good breeding, makes a better purchase for him than if he had laid out the money for an addition of more earth to his former acres. Spare it in toys and play games, in silk and ribbons, laces, and other useless expenses, as much as you please; but be not sparing in so necessary a part as this. 'Tis not good husbandry to make his fortune rich, and his mind poor." We have appended to the following treatise several additional extracts from Locke's work on Education; and shall only further observe respecting it, that having, while he resided with the Earl of Shaftesbury, superintended the education of his lordship's son and grandson, he possessed much experience in the matters of which he speaks.

Besides the work above mentioned, Mr Locke left many other treatises in manuscript, some of which have lately been given to the world by a relative of his own, Lord King, to whose life of the philosopher, as also that contained in Bayle's Dictionary, we refer as authorities for the facts which we have stated. His constitution was never strong; but by temperance and well-regulated exercise, he spent his life in a tolerable degree of comfort, and accustomed himself to look forward to death, not only without fear, but with a chastened kind of joy. He expired on the 28th of October 1704, in the seventy-third year of his age.

The character of Mr Locke is easily drawn. Equally fitted for speculation and action, it fell to the lot of this illustrious man to show his genius not more by his writings than by performing those practical duties which devolved upon him in the course of his varied life. It would be no uninteresting inquiry to consider how far Locke was indebted to the times in which he lived for the developement of his genius, and again to estimate in what degree his genius reacted on the times. The question, however, is too extensive to be prosecuted here; but an approximation to truth may readily be formed by comparing the different states of public opinion before and after the publication of his writings. We are far from claiming for our author the whole praise of having freed the human mind from the sophisms and subtleties of the schools, of having laid a sound foundation for civil and religious liberty, and of having demonstrated the true foundation of government; but certainly all these questions—which occupied much of men's attention during the period that intervened between the civil wars of Charles the First and the Revolution—came out of the furnace, modelled, more or less, according to the fashion of HIS MIND. If, on the one hand, it be said that his thoughts were first turned towards liberty by the events which he saw taking place around him, so, on the other, it can hardly be denied that he soon took the lead of the throng by which he was first put in motion, and conducted them to far higher views than they formerly entertained. But, however much he was indebted to the times for the peculiar developement of his genius, there is one trait of his character so well marked, that it must have appeared prominently at whatever period of the world's history his lot had been cast. This is CANDOUR—SINCERITY—OR A PURE AND ARDENT LOVE OF TRUTH FOR ITS OWN SAKE—a quality which shines conspicuously through all his works, and which constitutes their chief charm to every ingenuous mind. Many men have equalled Locke in point of intellectual ability, but few have so effectually purified their minds of those "idols" which have their seat in the affections; few have wooed truth with so ardent a devotion, and none certainly have been more successful in the suit. The reader of his works always feels secure that he has the author's real thoughts on the subject treated of, and that, as nothing is said for the vain object of effect, so nothing is concealed for the equally vain object of appearing mysterious, and consequently learned. It cannot be denied that he has given his assent to some erroneous opinions; but, if we consider the liability of all to a certain degree of error, we shall rather wonder that these were so few, than that they are at all, or are so many. One thing is clear respecting all the concessions of Locke to error, that they had not their origin in any wish to shelter absurdity from detection, or to prevent the free and unshackled use of the understanding on every subject of human inquiry. If a late writer is right in his assertion, that "to discover truth is to do good on a grand scale," then may we safely conclude that John Locke is one of the greatest benefactors of his race; nor can we fear, that, while splendid talents, dignified by sacred zeal in the cause of truth, are sufficient to secure admirers, he will ever cease to be remembered with affection and respect.

Attention has for several years been directed to the study of what is usually distinguished as physical science, with a zeal and earnestness which have never been equalled at any former period; but the philosophy of mind has not been equally fortunate. The result is what might have been expected. The triumphs of natural science are everywhere seen, and the knowledge which man has acquired over the properties of matter has increased his power to an almost indefinite extent. Nor is it merely by a few gifted minds that this knowledge is possessed; it is widely extended, and generous efforts are made to impart it to every class of mankind. But if we turn the reverse of the medal, and fix our eyes on moral truth, the prospect is not by any means so cheering. We mean not to deny—on the contrary, we rejoice to admit—that moral truth also has made some progress, and it would perhaps be unreasonable to complain that it has not been diffused more rapidly. Men are first impelled to seek after the necessaries of this life, and must have acquired some facility in obtaining these, before they can be expected to turn themselves to the investigation of any thing of an abstract nature. But, when the supply of their physical wants is secured, and, further, when they are invited and accustomed to acquire physical truths, which cannot be turned to immediate use, it would seem impossible that their thoughts should much longer be restrained from moral subjects. If they begin to speculate on the beauty of the process of crystallisation, or the adaptation of a moss to the site on which it grows, and the animals with which it is surrounded, the time cannot be far off when they will turn their thoughts towards the *beautiful and true* in the world of mind; and having so turned them, they will naturally prosecute the inquiry with a zeal as much

more intense, as the moral is felt to be superior to physical truth in its ultimate importance.

In the beginning of moral investigations, it is natural for the mind to lean on authorities, and to think just as others have thought on the same subject; but it is soon found that, from the diversity of opinion on all speculative questions, the interests and passions of men, and the leaning of almost all writers upon former writers, whose day was in the non-age of the human mind, it is necessary, in a great measure, for every man to inquire and judge for himself.

We are quite willing to admit, that in this way many very imperfectly educated persons will set themselves up as judges in matters of which they are extremely ignorant, that many will embrace false opinions, and retain them with a pertinacity proportioned only to their absurdity. But it would be paying truth a poor compliment to suppose, that, in the general conflict of opinion which would ensue, if every man investigated for himself, error would bear away the palm. "The grand, and, indeed, only character of truth," says the most eminent of living philosophers, "is its capability of enduring the test of universal experience, and coming unchanged out of every possible form of fair discussion." —(*Herschel's Discourse on Natural Philosophy*, p. 10.)

The following observations are presented in the hope that they will prove useful to such as are about to begin the search after truth on moral questions.

1. The first step in moral investigations is to lay aside all instilled and preconceived opinions relative to the subject in view. This, as it is the first, so it must be confessed to be the most difficult step. "We have more to unlearn," says the Reverend Dr Campbell, "than to learn; and the acquisition of truth is not near so difficult a task as to obtain a superiority over rooted errors and old prejudices." To the same purpose is the following observation from the amiable and enlightened Stewart:—"A great part of the life of a philosopher must necessarily be devoted, not so much to the acquisition of new knowledge, as to unlearn the errors to which he has been taught to give an implicit assent before the dawn of reason and reflection." The father of modern philosophy has delivered the same sentiment, in a passage which Stewart has pronounced to be one of the most remarkable in his writings; and as the example and opinions of those who are allowed to have cultivated truth with eminent success, must be acknowledged to be of moment in such questions as we are now discussing, we shall attempt a translation, although we can hardly suppose that we shall do it justice:—"No man has yet been found of such mental intrepidity as to resolve and compel himself totally to destroy theoretical and common opinions, and to apply anew his intellect, unbiassed and cleared, to individual observations. Hence it is that these minds of ours are nothing but a confused jumble of opinions, imbibed with great credulity and many casual associations, as also of many puerile notions received in early years. But if any man, after arriving at the years of maturity, with a sound understanding and a mind thoroughly purged, would apply himself anew to experience and observation (the foundations of truth), better hopes might be entertained of him."

2. The second requisite is, that the student should have a manly confidence in the deductions of human reason. He must learn betimes that, as God endowed man with reason, he meant him to exercise it; and that it is a duty which he owes not less to his Creator than to himself, to embrace firmly what it approves. We would ask them, however, for what purpose they have been endowed with reason at all? It would be arraigning the wisdom which they profess to adore, to suppose that God had not meant it to be used, and it is nothing less than impious, not to try, and having tried, not to trust it. Few states of mind are accompanied with greater pain than that in which the individual is sincerely desirous of arriving at truth, and who, notwithstanding, through mistaken notions or an erroneous education, has not learned to rely firmly on the decisions of his own understanding—"to adopt a truth which no one has sanctioned, and to reject an error of which all approve, with the same calmness as if no judgment were opposed to his own." The inquirer never can secure mental peace until he adopts and acts on Locke's opinion, repeated often in his works, that, "Reason must be our last guide and judge in every thing."

3. He must be content to remain in ignorance of many things. Much talent has, in every age, been wasted in inquiring into subjects above the reach of the human mind, or for the solution of which experience affords no data. The most important metaphysical inquiry ever undertaken, was that of Locke, "What subjects our understandings were, or were not, fitted to deal with." We do not think that he completely succeeded in solving the problem, but he succeeded to a great extent, and there have not been wanting others to carry on the investigation; and in as far as the question is determined, the student should proceed with alacrity in the investigation of those which are within his reach; and with respect to such as are without it, his highest wisdom is to remain in contented ignorance. It has been truly said, "a great, nay the greatest, part of wisdom, is to be content to remain ignorant of some things."

4. The student should be careful not to confine himself to one class of writings, but to read, as far as he has opportunity, the best works on any subject he wishes to examine, and that, however much the authors may differ in opinion from one another. There was scarcely ever a work of any eminence given to the world, especially on moral subjects, which did not show forth at least a one-sided view of truth; and if the inquirer would approve himself worthy of the glorious character, claimed by the Roman poet for himself,

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.—HORACE.
[Sworn to no master, of no sect am I.]

he will not disdain to take assistance from all who have gone before him, but will cherish that "lofty spirit of eclecticism which seeks truth under every form of opinion, and traces its unity even in the most hostile systems."—(*Edin. Rev.* vol. lvii. p. 510.)

5. He will make a full collection of the evidence relating to any subject on which he may be occupied, and will give to every part of it an equal share of his attention; that is, he will extend his knowledge till it embrace all those circumstances which must be familiar to the mind, before an equitable judgment can be formed. In the government of states, it has been wisely enacted that ignorance of law shall not excuse the offender; if it were so, there is no saying to what extent crime might be propagated and go unpunished. In moral subjects it is evident that ignorance is equally mischievous, and no less culpable. The student will, therefore, maintain "a constant and anxious concern about evidence—he will accustom his mind to run immediately from the idea of the opinion to the idea of its evidence, and to feel dissatisfaction till it is known that the evidence has been all before the mind and fairly weighed."—(*Westminster Rev.* No. XI. p. 14.)

Freedom from prejudice, then, mental intrepidity, humility, candour and sincerity, persuasion in proportion to information, moderation in all things, and a readiness to hear both sides of every question, are the requisites for the honest inquirer. On all these subjects, "The Conduct of the Understanding" treats; and we will only add, that, if the reader can "interpret by his own consciousness" its observations, he may congratulate himself that he is at length in possession of a key which will admit him into the temple of Truth, or, at least, that he has got hold of a clue which will conduct him out of the labyrinth of error. "Success in any inquiry," says a distinguished metaphysician, "it is not in human power to command; but perhaps it is possible, by caution and humility, to avoid error and delusion."—(*Reid's Inquiry*, p. 6.)

THE

CONDUCT OF THE UNDERSTANDING.

Section I.—Introduction.

The last resort a man has recourse to in the conduct of himself, is his understanding; for though we distinguish the faculties of the mind, and give the supreme command to the will, as to an agent, yet the truth is, the man which is the agent determines himself to this or that voluntary action, upon some precedent knowledge, or appearance of knowledge, in the understanding. No man ever sets himself about any thing but upon some view or other, which serves him for a reason for what he does: and whatsoever faculties he employs, the understanding, with such light as it has, well or ill informed, constantly leads; and by that light, true or false, all his operative powers are directed. The will itself, how absolute and uncontrollable soever it may be thought, never fails in its obedience to the dictates of the understanding. Temples have their sacred images, and we see what influence they have always had over a great part of mankind. But, in truth, the ideas and images in men's minds are the invisible powers that constantly govern them, and to these they all universally pay a ready submission. It is therefore of the highest concernment that great care should be taken of the understanding, to conduct it right in the search of knowledge, and in the judgments it makes.

The logic now in use has so long possessed the chair, as the only art taught in the schools for the direction of the mind in the study of the arts and sciences, that it would perhaps be thought an affectation of novelty to suspect, that rules that have served the learned world these two or three thousand years, and which, without any complaint of defects, the learned have rested in, are not sufficient to guide the understanding. And I should not doubt but this attempt would be censured as vanity or presumption, did not the great Lord Verulam's authority justify it: who, not servilely thinking learning could not be advanced beyond what it was, because for many ages it had not been, did not rest in the lazy approbation and applause of what was, because it was, but enlarged his mind to what might be. In his preface to his "Novum Organum," concerning logic he pronounces thus:—"Qui summas dialecticæ partes tribuerunt, atque inde fidissima scientiis præsidia comparari putarunt, verissime et optime viderunt intellectum humanum sibi permissum merito suspectum esse debere. Verum infirmior omnino est malo medicina; nec ipsa mali expers. Siquidem dialectica, quæ recepta est, licet ad civilia et artes, quæ in sermone et opinione positæ sunt, rectissime adhibeatur; naturæ tamen subtilitatem longo intervallo non attingit, et prænsando, quod non capit, ad errores potius stabiliendos et quasi figendos, quam ad viam veritati aperiendam valuit."—"They," says he, "who attributed so much to logic, perceived very well and truly, that it was not safe to trust the understanding to itself, without the guard of any rules. But the remedy reached not the evil, but became a part of it: for the logic which took place, though it might do well enough in civil affairs and the arts which consisted in talk and opinion, yet comes very far short of subtility in the real performances of nature; and, catching at what it cannot reach, has served to confirm and establish errors, rather than to open a way to truth." And, therefore, a little after he says, that "it is absolutely necessary that a better and perfecter use and employment of the mind and understanding should be introduced:" ("Necessario requiritur ut melior et perfectior mentis et intellectus humani usus et adoperatio introducatur.")

Section II.—Parts.

There is, it is visible, great variety in men's understandings; and their natural constitutions put so wide a difference between some men in this respect, that art and industry would never be able to master; and their very natures seem to want a foundation to raise on it that which other men easily attain unto. Amongst men of equal education there is great inequality of parts; and the woods of America, as well as the schools of Athens, produce men of several abilities in the same kind. Though this be so, yet I imagine most men come very short of what they might attain unto in their several degrees, by a neglect of their understandings. A few rules of logic are thought sufficient, in this case, for those who pretend to the highest improvement; whereas I think there are a great many natural defects in the understanding capable of amendment, which are overlooked and wholly neglected. And it is easy to perceive that men are guilty of a great many faults in the exercise and improvement of this faculty of the mind, which hinder them in their progress, and keep them in ignorance and error all their lives. Some of them I shall take notice of, and endeavour to point out proper remedies for, in the following discourse.

Section III.—Reasoning.

Besides the want of determined ideas, and of sagacity and exercise in finding out and laying in order intermediate ideas, there are three miscarriages that men are guilty of in reference to their reason, whereby this faculty is hindered in them from that service it might do and was designed for. And he that reflects upon the actions and discourses of mankind, will find their defects in this kind very frequent, and very observable.

1. The first is of those who seldom reason at all, but do and think according to the example of others, whether parents, neighbours, ministers, or who else they are pleased to make choice of to have an implicit faith in, for the saving of themselves the pains and trouble of thinking and examining for themselves.

2. The second is of those who put passion in the place of reason, and being resolved that shall govern their actions and arguments, neither use their own, nor hearken to other people's reason, any farther than it suits their humour, interest, or party; and these, one may observe, commonly content themselves with words which have no distinct ideas to them, though, in other matters, that they come with an unbiassed indifferency to, they want not abilities to talk and hear reason, where they have no secret inclination that hinders them from being untractable to it.

3. The third sort is of those who readily and sincerely follow reason, but for want of having that which one may call large, sound, round-about sense, have not a full view of all that relates to the question, and may be of moment to decide it. We are all short-sighted, and very often see but one side of a matter: our views are not extended to all that has a connection with it. From this defect I think no man is free. We see but in part, and we know but in part, and therefore it is no wonder we conclude not right from our partial views. This might instruct the proudest esteemer of his own parts how useful it is to talk and consult with others, even such as come short of him in capacity, quickness, and penetration; for since no one sees all, and we generally have different prospects of the same thing, according to our different, as I may say, positions to it, it is not incongruous to think, nor beneath

any man to try, whether another may not have notions of things which have escaped him, and which his reason would make use of if they came into his mind. The faculty of reasoning seldom or never deceives those who trust to it; its consequences from what it builds on are evident and certain, but that which it oftenest, if not only, misleads us in, is, that the principles from which we conclude, the grounds upon which we bottom our reasoning, are but a part; something is left out which should go into the reckoning to make it just and exact. Here we may imagine a vast and almost infinite advantage that angels and separate spirits may have over us, who, in their several degrees of elevation above us, may be endowed with more comprehensive faculties; and some of them, perhaps, have perfect and exact views of all finite beings that come under their consideration—can, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye, collect together all their scattered and almost boundless relations. A mind so furnished, what reason has it to acquiesce in the certainty of its conclusions!

In this we may see the reason why some men of study and thought, that reason right, and are lovers of truth, do make no great advances in their discoveries of it. Error and truth are uncertainly blended in their minds; their decisions are lame and defective, and they are very often mistaken in their judgments: the reason whereof is, they converse but with one sort of men, they read but one sort of books, they will not come in the hearing but of one sort of notions; the truth is, they canton out to themselves a little Goshen in the intellectual world, where light shines, and, as they conclude, day blesses them; but the rest of that vast *expansum* they give up to night and darkness, and so avoid coming near it. They have a petty traffic with known correspondents in some little creek; within that they confine themselves, and are dexterous managers enough of the wares and products of that corner, with which they content themselves, but will not venture out into the great ocean of knowledge, to survey the riches that nature hath stored other parts with, no less genuine, no less solid, no less useful, than what has fallen to their lot in the admired plenty and sufficiency of their own little spot, which to them contains whatsoever is good in the universe. Those who live thus mewed up within their own contracted territories, and will not look abroad beyond the boundaries that chance, conceit, or laziness, has set to their inquiries, but live separate from the notions, discourses, and attainments, of the rest of mankind, may not amiss be represented by the inhabitants of the Marian islands, which being separated by a large tract of sea from all communion with the habitable parts of the earth, thought themselves the only people of the world. And though the straitness and conveniences of life amongst them had never reached so far as to the use of fire, till the Spaniards, not many years since, in their voyages from Acapulco to Manilla, brought it amongst them; yet in the want and ignorance of almost all things, they looked upon themselves, even after that the Spaniards had brought amongst them the notice of variety of nations abounding in sciences, arts, and conveniences of life, of which they knew nothing—they looked upon themselves, I say, as the happiest and wisest people of the universe. But for all that, nobody, I think, will imagine them deep naturalists, or solid metaphysicians; nobody will deem the quickest-sighted amongst them to have very enlarged views in ethics or politics; nor can any one allow the most capable amongst them to be advanced so far in his understanding, as to have any other knowledge but of the few little things of his and the neighbouring islands within his commerce; but far enough from that comprehensive enlargement of mind, which adorns a soul devoted to truth, assisted with letters, and a free consideration of the several views and sentiments of thinking men of all sides. Let not men, therefore, that would have a sight of what every one pretends to, be desirous to have a sight of truth in its full extent, narrow and blind their own prospect. Let not men think there is no truth but in the sciences that they study, or the books that they read. To prejudge other men's notions before we have looked into them, is not to show their darkness, but to put out our own eyes. "Try all things, hold fast that which is good," is a divine rule, coming from the Father of light and truth: and it is hard to know what other way men can come at truth, to lay hold of it, if they do not dig and search for it as for gold and hid treasure; but he that does so must have much earth and rubbish before he gets the pure metal—sand, and pebbles, and dross, usually lie blended with it, but the gold is nevertheless gold, and will enrich the man that employs his pains to seek and separate it. Neither is there any danger he should be deceived by the mixture. Every man carries about him a touchstone, if he will make use of it, to distinguish substantial gold from superficial glitterings, truth from appearances. And, indeed, the use and benefit of this touchstone, which is natural reason, is spoiled and lost only by assumed prejudices, overweening presumption, and narrowing our minds. The want of exercising it in the full extent of things intelligible, is that which weakens and extinguishes this noble faculty in us. Trace it, and see whether it be not so. The day-labourer in a country village has commonly but a small pittance of knowledge, because his ideas and notions have been confined to the narrow bounds of a poor conversation and employment. The low mechanic of a country town does somewhat outdo him; porters and cobblers of great cities surpass them. A country gentleman, who, leaving Latin and learning in the university, removes thence to his mansion-house, and associates with neighbours of the same strain, who relish nothing but hunting and a bottle; with those alone he spends his time, with those alone he converses, and can away with no company whose discourse goes beyond what claret and dissoluteness inspire. Such a patriot, formed in this happy way of improvement, cannot fail, as we see, to give notable decisions upon the bench at quarter-sessions, and eminent proofs of his skill in politics, when the strength of his purse and party have advanced him to a more conspicuous station. To such a one truly an ordinary coffee-house gleaner of the city is an errant statesman, and as much superior to, as a man conversant about Whitehall and the court, is to an ordinary shopkeeper. To carry this a little farther. Here is one muffled up in his zeal and infallibility of his own sect, and will not touch a book, or enter into debate with a person, that will question any of those things which to him are sacred. Another surveys our differences in religion with an equitable and fair indifference, and so finds probably that none of them are in every thing unexceptionable. These divisions and systems were made by men, and carry the mark of fallible on them; and in those whom he differs from, and, till he opened his eyes, had a general prejudice against, he meets with more to be said for a great many things than before he was aware of, or could have imagined. Which of these two, now, is most likely to judge right in our religious controversies, and to be most stored with truth, the mark all pretend to aim at? All these men that I have instanced in, thus unequally furnished with truth, and advanced in knowledge, I suppose of equal natural parts; all the odds between them has been the different scope that has been given to their understandings to range in, for the gathering up of information, and furnishing their heads with ideas, notions, and observations, whereon to employ their minds, and form their understandings.

It will possibly be objected, who is sufficient for all this? I answer, more than can be imagined. Every one knows what his proper business is, and what, according to the character he makes of himself, the world may justly expect of him; and to answer that, he will find he will have time and opportunity enough to furnish himself, if he will not deprive himself, by a narrowness of spirit, of those helps that are at hand. I do not say, to be a good geographer that a man should visit every mountain, river, promontory, and creek, upon the face of the earth, view the buildings, and sur-

vey the land every where, as if he were going to make a purchase. But yet every one must allow that he shall know a country better that makes often sallies into it, and traverses it up and down, than he that like a mill-horse goes still round in the same tract, or keeps within the narrow bounds of a field or two that delight him. He that will inquire out the best books in every science, and inform himself of the most material authors of the several sects of philosophy and religion, will not find it an infinite work to acquaint himself with the sentiments of mankind concerning the most weighty and comprehensive subjects. Let him exercise the freedom of his reason and understanding in such a latitude as this, and his mind will be strengthened, his capacity enlarged, his faculties improved: and the light which the remote and scattered parts of truth will give to one another, will so assist his judgment, that he will seldom be widely out, or miss giving proof of a clear head and a comprehensive knowledge. At least, this is the only way I know to give the understanding its due improvement, to the full extent of its capacity, and to distinguish the two most different things I know in the world, a logical chicaner from a man of reason. Only he that would thus give the mind its flight, and send abroad his inquiries into all parts after truth, must be sure to settle in his head determined ideas of all that he employs his thoughts about, and never fail to judge himself, and judge unbiassedly of all that he receives from others, either in their writings or discourses. Reverence or prejudice must not be suffered to give beauty or deformity to any of their opinions.

Section IV.—Of Practice and Habits.

We are born with faculties and powers capable almost of any thing, such at least as would carry us farther than can be easily imagined: but it is only the exercise of those powers which gives us ability and skill in any thing, and leads us towards perfection.

A middle-aged ploughman will scarce ever be brought to the carriage and language of a gentleman, though his body be as well proportioned, and his joints as supple, and his natural parts not any way inferior. The legs of a dancing-master, and the fingers of a musician, fall as it were naturally, without thought or pains, into regular and admirable motions. Bid them change their parts, and they will in vain endeavour to produce like motions in the members not used to them, and it will require length of time and long practice to attain but some degrees of a like ability. What incredible and astonishing actions do we find rope-dancers and tumblers bring their bodies to!—not but that sundry in almost all manual arts are as wonderful; but I name those which the world takes notice of for such, because, on that very account, they give money to see them. All these admired motions, beyond the reach, and almost the conception, of unpractised spectators, are nothing but the mere effects of use and industry in men whose bodies have nothing peculiar in them from those of the amazed lookers-on.

As it is in the body, so it is in the mind; practice makes it what it is: and most, even of those excellencies which are looked on as natural endowments, will be found, when examined into more narrowly, to be the product of exercise, and to be raised to that pitch only by repeated actions. Some men are remarked for pleasantness in raillery; others for apologues and apposite diverting stories. This is apt to be taken for the effect of pure nature, and that the rather, because it is not got by rules; and those who excel in either of them, never purposely set themselves to the study of it as an art to be learnt. But yet it is true, that at first some lucky hit which took with somebody, and gained him commendation, encouraged him to try again, inclined his thoughts and endeavours that way, till at last he insensibly got a facility in it without perceiving how; and that is attributed wholly to nature, which was much more the effect of use and practice. I do not deny that natural disposition may often give the first rise to it; but that never carries a man far without use and exercise, and it is practice alone that brings the powers of the mind, as well as those of the body, to their perfection. Many a good poetic vein is buried under a trade, and never produces any thing, for want of improvement. We see the ways of discourse and reasoning are very different, even concerning the same matter at court and in the university. And he that will go but from Westminster-Hall to the Exchange, will find a different genius and turn in their ways of talking; and yet one cannot think that all whose lot fell in the city were born with different parts from those who were bred at the university or inns of court.

To what purpose all this, but to show that the difference so observable in men's understandings and parts, does not arise so much from the natural faculties as acquired habits? He would be laughed at that should go about to make a fine dancer out of a country hedger, at past fifty. And he will not have much better success, who shall endeavour at that age to make a man reason well, or speak handsomely, who has never been used to it, though you should lay before him a collection of all the best precepts of logic or oratory. Nobody is made any thing by hearing of rules, or laying them up in his memory; practice must settle the habit of doing, without reflecting on the rule: and you may as well hope to make a good painter or musician extempore by a lecture and instruction in the arts of music and painting, as a coherent thinker, or strict reasoner, by a set of rules, showing him wherein right reasoning consists.

This being so, that defects and weakness in men's understandings, as well as other faculties, come from want of a right use of their own minds, I am apt to think the fault is generally mislaid upon nature, and there is often a complaint of want of parts, when the fault lies in want of a due improvement of them. We see men frequently dexterous and sharp enough in making a bargain, who, if you reason with them about matters of religion, appear perfectly stupid.

Section V.—Ideas.

I will not here, in what relates to the right conduct and improvement of the understanding, repeat again the getting clear and determined ideas, and the employing our thoughts rather about them, than about sounds put for them; nor of settling the signification of words which we use with ourselves in the search of truth, or with others in discoursing about it. Those hinderances of our understandings in the pursuit of knowledge, I have sufficiently enlarged upon in another place; so that nothing more needs here to be said of those matters.

Section VI.—Principles.

There is another fault that stops or misleads men in their knowledge, which I have also spoken something of, but yet is necessary to mention here again, that we may examine it to the bottom, and see the root it springs from, and that is a custom of taking up with principles that are not self-evident, and very often not so much as true. It is not unusual to see men rest their opinions upon foundations that have no more certainty nor solidity than the propositions built on them, and embraced for their sake. Such foundations are these, and the like, namely:—The founders or leaders of my party are good men, and therefore their tenets are true; it is the opinion of a sect that is erroneous, therefore it is false: it hath been long received in the world, therefore it is true; or, it is new, and therefore false.

These, and many the like, which are by no means the measures of truth and falsehood, the generality of men make the standards by which they accustom their understanding to judge. And thus, they falling into a habit of determining of truth and falsehood by such wrong measures, it is no wonder they should embrace error for certainty, and be very positive in things they have no ground for.

There is not any who pretends to the least reason, but when any of these his false maxims are brought to the test, must acknowledge them to be fallible, and such as he will not allow in those that differ from him; and yet, after he is convinced of this, you shall see him go on in the use of them, and the very next occasion that

offers, argue again upon the same grounds. Would one not be ready to think that men are willing to impose upon themselves, and mislead their own understanding, who conduct them by such wrong measures, even after they see they cannot be relied on? But yet, they will not appear so blameable as may be thought at first sight; for I think there are a great many that argue thus in earnest, and do it not to impose on themselves or others. They are persuaded of what they say, and think there is weight in it, though, in a like case, they have been convinced there is none; but men would be intolerable to themselves, and contemptible to others, if they should embrace opinions without any ground, and hold what they could give no manner of reason for. True or false, solid or sandy, the mind must have some foundation to rest itself upon; and, as I have remarked in another place, it no sooner entertains any proposition, but it presently hastens to some hypothesis to bottom it on; till then it is unquiet and unsettled. So much do our own very tempers dispose us to a right use of our understandings, if we would follow as we should the inclinations of our nature.

In some matters of concernment, especially those of religion, men are not permitted to be always wavering and uncertain, they must embrace and profess some tenets or other; and it would be a shame, nay, a contradiction too heavy for any one's mind to lie constantly under, for him to pretend seriously to be persuaded of the truth of any religion, and yet not to be able to give any reason of his belief, or to say any thing for his preference of this to any other opinion; and, therefore, they must make use of some principles or other, and those can be no other than such as they have and can manage; and to say they are not in earnest persuaded by them, and do not rest upon those they make use of, is contrary to experience, and to allege that they are not misled when we complain they are.

If this be so, it will be urged, Why, then, do they not rather make use of sure and unquestionable principles, rather than rest on such grounds as may deceive them, and will, as is visible, serve to support error as well as truth?

To this I answer, the reason why they do not make use of better and surer principles, is because they cannot: but this inability proceeds not from want of natural parts (for those few whose case that is, are to be excused), but for want of use and exercise. Few men are from their youth accustomed to strict reasoning, and to trace the dependence of any truth in a long train of consequences to its remote principles, and to observe its connection; and he that by frequent practice has not been used to this employment of his understanding, it is no more wonder that he should not, when he is grown into years, be able to bring his mind to it, than that he should not be on a sudden able to grave or design, dance on the ropes, or write a good hand, who has never practised either of them.

Nay, the most of men are so wholly strangers to this, that they do not so much as perceive their want of it; they dispatch the ordinary business of their callings by rote, as we say, as they have learnt it; and if, at any time, they miss success, they impute it to any thing rather than want of thought or skill; that, they conclude (because they know no better), they have in perfection: or if there be any subject that interest or fancy has recommended to their thoughts, their reasoning about it is still after their own fashion, be it better or worse; it serves their turns, and is the best they are acquainted with; and, therefore, when they are led by it into mistakes, and their business succeeds accordingly, they impute it to any cross accident or default of others, rather than to their own want of understanding; that is what nobody discovers or complains of in himself. Whatsoever made his business to miscarry, it was not want of right thought or judgment in himself: he sees no such defect in himself, but is satisfied that he carries on his designs well enough by his own reasoning; or, at least, should have done, had it not been for unlucky traverses not in his power. Thus, being content with this short and very imperfect use of his understanding, he never troubles himself to seek out methods of improving his mind, and lives all his life without any notion of close reasoning, in a continued connection of a long train of consequences from sure foundations, such as is requisite for the making out and clearing most of the speculative truths most men own to believe and are most concerned in. Not to mention here what I shall have occasion to insist on by and bye more fully, namely, that, in many cases, it is not one series of consequences will serve the turn, but many different and opposite deductions must be examined and laid together, before a man can come to make a right judgment of the point in question. What, then, can be expected from men that neither see the want of any such kind of reasoning as this; nor, if they do, know they how to set about it, or could perform it? You may as well set a countryman, who scarce knows the figures, and never cast up a sum of three particulars, to state a merchant's long account, and find the true balance of it.

What, then, should be done in the case? I answer, we should always remember what I said above, that the faculties of our souls are improved and made useful to us, just after the same manner as our bodies are. Would you have a man write or paint, dance or fence well, or perform any other manual operation dexterously and with ease, let him have never so much vigour and activity, suppleness and address, naturally, yet nobody expects this from him unless he has been used to it, and has employed time and pains in fashioning and forming his hand, or outward parts, to these motions. Just so it is in the mind—would you have a man reason well, you must use him to it betimes, exercise his mind in observing the connection of ideas, and following them in train. Nothing does this better than mathematics, which, therefore, I think, should be taught all those who have the time and opportunity; not so much to make them mathematicians, as to make them reasonable creatures; for though we all call ourselves so, because we are born to it if we please, yet we may truly say, nature gives us but the seeds of it; we are born to be, if we please, rational creatures, but it is use and exercise only that makes us so, and we are indeed so, no farther than industry and application have carried us. And, therefore, in ways of reasoning which men have not been used to, he that will observe the conclusions they take up, must be satisfied they are not at all rational.

This has been the less taken notice of, because every one in his private affairs uses some sort of reasoning or other, enough to denominate him reasonable. But the mistake is, that he that is found reasonable in one thing, is concluded to be so in all; and to think or say otherwise, is thought so unjust an affront, and so senseless a censure, that nobody ventures to do it. It looks like the degradation of a man below the dignity of his nature. It is true, that he that reasons well in any one thing, has a mind naturally capable of reasoning well in others, and to the same degree of strength and clearness, and possibly much greater, had his understanding been so employed. But it is as true, that he who can reason well to-day about one sort of matters, cannot at all reason to-day about others, though perhaps a year hence he may. But wherever a man's rational faculty fails him, and will not serve him to reason, there we cannot say he is rational, how capable soever he may be by time and exercise to become so.

Try in men of low and mean education, who have never elevated their thoughts above the spade and the plough, nor looked beyond the ordinary drudgery of a day-labourer. Take the thoughts of such a one, used for many years to one tract, out of that narrow compass he has been all his life confined to, you will find him no more capable of reasoning than almost a perfect natural. Some one or two rules, on which their conclusions immediately depend, you will find, in most men, have governed all their thoughts; these, true or false, have been the maxims they have been guided by—take these from them, and they are perfectly at a loss; their compass and pole-star then are gone, and their understanding is perfectly at a nonplus: and, therefore, they

either immediately return to their old maxims again as the foundations of all truth to them, notwithstanding all that can be said to show their weakness; or, if they give them up to their reasons, they with them give up all truth and farther inquiry, and think there is no such thing as certainty. For if you would enlarge their thoughts, and settle them upon more remote and surer principles, they either cannot easily apprehend them, or, if they can, know not what use to make of them; for long deductions from remote principles is what they have not been used to, and cannot manage.

What then! can grown men never be improved or enlarged in their understandings? I say not so; but this I think I may say, that it will not be done without industry and application, which will require more time and pains than grown men, settled in their course of life, will allow to it, and therefore very seldom is done. And this very capacity of attaining it by use and exercise only, brings us back to that which I laid down before, that it is only practice that improves our minds as well as bodies, and we must expect nothing from our understandings any farther than they are perfected by habits.

The Americans are not at all born with worse understandings than the Europeans, though we see none of them have such reaches in the arts and sciences. And among the children of a poor countryman, the lucky chance of education and getting into the world, gives one infinitely the superiority in parts over the rest, who, continuing at home, had continued also just of the same size with his brethren.

He that has to do with young scholars, especially in mathematics, may perceive how their minds open by degrees, and how it is exercise alone that opens them. Sometimes they will stick a long time at a part of a demonstration, not for want of will or application, but really for want of perceiving the connection of two ideas, that, to one whose understanding is more exercised, is as visible as any thing can be. The same would be with a grown man beginning to study mathematics—the understanding, for want of use, often sticks in a very plain way—and he himself that is so puzzled, when he comes to see the connection, wonders what it was he stuck at in a case so plain.

Section VII.—Mathematics.

I have mentioned mathematics as a way to settle in the mind a habit of reasoning closely and in train, not that I think it necessary that all men should be deep mathematicians, but that, having got the way of reasoning which that study necessarily brings the mind to, they might be able to transfer it to other parts of knowledge, as they shall have occasion; for, in all sorts of reasoning, every single argument should be managed as a mathematical demonstration; the connection and dependence of ideas should be followed till the mind is brought to the source on which it bottoms, and observes the coherence all along, though, in proofs of probability, one such train is not enough to settle the judgment as in demonstrative knowledge.

Where a truth is made out by one demonstration, there needs no farther inquiry; but in probabilities, where there wants demonstration to establish the truth beyond doubt, there it is not enough to trace one argument to its source, and observe its strength and weakness, but all the arguments, after having been so examined on both sides, must be laid in balance one against another, and upon the whole the understanding determines its assent.

This is a way of reasoning the understanding should be accustomed to, which is so different from what the illiterate are used to, that even learned men oftentimes seem to have very little or no notion of it. Nor is it to be wondered, since the way of disputing in the schools leads them quite away from it, by insisting on one topical argument, by the success of which the truth or falsehood of the question is to be determined, and victory adjudged to the opponent or defendant, which is all one as if one should balance an account by one sum charged and discharged, when there are a hundred others to be taken into consideration.

This, therefore, it would be well if men's minds were accustomed to, and that early, that they might not erect their opinions upon one single view, when so many others are requisite to make up the account, and must come into the reckoning, before a man can form a right judgment. This would enlarge their minds, and give a due freedom to their understandings, that they might not be led into error by presumption, laziness, or precipitancy; for I think nobody can approve such a conduct of the understanding as should mislead it from truth, though it be never so much in fashion to make use of it.

To this perhaps it will be objected, that to manage the understanding as I propose, would require every man to be a scholar, and to be furnished with all the materials of knowledge, and exercised in all the ways of reasoning. To which I answer, that it is a shame for those that have time and the means to attain knowledge, to want any helps or assistance for the improvement of their understandings that are to be got, and to such I would be thought here chiefly to speak. Those, methinks, who by the industry and parts of their ancestors, have been set free from a constant drudgery to their backs and their bellies, should bestow some of their spare time on their heads, and open their minds, by some trials and essays in all the sorts and matters of reasoning. I have before mentioned mathematics, wherein algebra gives new helps and views to the understanding. If I propose these, it is not, as I said, to make every man a thorough mathematician, or a deep algebraist, but yet I think the study of them is of infinite use even to grown men; first, by experimentally convincing them, that to make any one reason well, it is not enough to have parts wherewith he is satisfied, and that serve him well enough in his ordinary course. A man in those studies will see, that however good he may think his understanding, yet in many things, and those very visible, it may fail him. This would take off that presumption that most men have of themselves in this part; and they would not be so apt to think their minds wanted no helps to enlarge them, that there could be nothing added to the acuteness and penetration of their understandings.

Secondly, the study of mathematics would show them the necessity there is in reasoning, to separate all the distinct ideas, and see the habitudes that all those concerned in the present inquiry have to one another, and to lay by those which relate not to the proposition in hand, and wholly to leave them out of the reckoning. This is that which, in other subjects besides quantity, is what is absolutely requisite to just reasoning, though in them it is not so easily observed, nor so carefully practised. In those parts of knowledge where it is thought demonstration has nothing to do, men reason as it were in the lump; and if, upon a summary and confused view, or upon a partial consideration, they can raise the appearance of a probability, they usually rest content, especially if it be in a dispute where every little straw is laid hold on, and every thing that can but be drawn in any way to give colour to the argument, is advanced with ostentation. But that mind is not in a posture to find the truth, that does not distinctly take all the parts asunder, and, omitting what is not at all to the point, draw a conclusion from the result of all the particulars which any way influence it. There is another no less useful habit to be got by an application to mathematical demonstrations, and that is, of using the mind to a long train of consequences; but having mentioned that already, I shall not again here repeat it.

As to men whose fortunes and time are narrower, what may suffice them is not of that vast extent as may be imagined, and so comes not within the objection.

Nobody is under an obligation to know every thing. Knowledge, and science in general, is the business only of those who are at ease and leisure. Those who have particular callings ought to understand them: and it is no unreasonable proposal, nor impossible to be com-

passed, that they should think and reason right about what is their daily employment. This one cannot think them incapable of without levelling them with the brutes, and charging them with a stupidity below the rank of rational creatures.

Section VIII.—Religion.

Besides his particular calling for the support of this life, every one has a concern in a future life, which he is bound to look after. This engages his thoughts in religion; and here it mightily lies upon him to understand and reason right. Men, therefore, cannot be excused from understanding the words, and framing the general notions relating to religion right. The one day of seven, besides other days of rest, allows in the Christian world time enough for this (had they no other idle hours), if they would but make use of these vacancies from their daily labour, and apply themselves to an improvement of knowledge, with as much diligence as they often do to a great many other things that are useless; and had but those that would enter them according to their several capacities in a right way to this knowledge. The original make of their minds is like that of other men, and they would be found not to want understanding fit to receive the knowledge of religion, if they were a little encouraged and helped in it as they should be. For there are instances of very mean people, who have raised their minds to a great sense and understanding of religion; and though these have not been so frequent as could be wished, yet they are enough to clear that condition of life from a necessity of gross ignorance, and to show that more might be brought to be rational creatures and Christians (for they can hardly be thought really to be so, who, wearing the name, know not so much as the very principles of that religion), if due care were taken of them. For, if I mistake not, the peasantry lately in France (a rank of people under a much heavier pressure of want and poverty than the day-labourers in England), of the reformed religion, understood it much better, and could say more for it, than those of a higher condition among us.

But if it shall be concluded that the meaner sort of people must give themselves up to a brutish stupidity in the things of their nearest concernment, which I see no reason for, this excuses not those of a freer fortune and education, if they neglect their understandings, and take no care to employ them as they ought, and set them right in the knowledge of those things for which principally they were given them. At least, those whose plentiful fortunes allow them the opportunities and helps of improvements, are not so few but that it might be hoped great advancements might be made in knowledge of all kinds, especially in that of the greatest concern and largest views, if men would make a right use of their faculties, and study their own understandings.

Section IX.—Ideas.

Outward corporeal objects, that constantly importune our senses and captivate our appetites, fail not to fill our heads with lively and lasting ideas of that kind. Here the mind needs not be set upon getting greater store; they offer themselves fast enough, and are usually entertained in such plenty, and lodged so carefully, that the mind wants room or attention for others that it has more use and need of. To fit the understanding, therefore, for such reasoning as I have been above speaking of, care should be taken to fill it with moral and more abstract ideas; for these not offering themselves to the senses, but being to be framed to the understanding, people are generally so neglectful of a faculty they are apt to think wants nothing, that I fear most men's minds are more unfurnished with such ideas than is imagined. They often use the words, and how can they be suspected to want the ideas? What I have said in the third book of my Essay will excuse me from any other answer to this question. But to convince people of what moment it is to their understandings to be furnished with such abstract ideas steady and settled in it, give me leave to ask how any one shall be able to know whether he be obliged to be just, if he has not established ideas in his mind of obligation and of justice, since knowledge consists in nothing but the perceived agreement or disagreement of those ideas; and so of all others the like, which concern our lives and manners. And if men do find a difficulty to see the agreement or disagreement of two angles which lie before their eyes, unalterably in a diagram, how utterly impossible will it be to perceive it in ideas, that have no other sensible objects to represent them to the mind but sounds, with which they have no manner of conformity, and therefore had need to be clearly settled in the mind themselves, if we would make any clear judgment about them. This, therefore, is one of the first things the mind should be employed about in the right conduct of the understanding, without which it is impossible it should be capable of reasoning rightly about those matters. But in these, and all other ideas, care must be taken that they harbour no inconsistencies, and that they have a real existence where real existence is supposed, and are not mere chimeras with a supposed existence.

Section X.—Prejudices.

Every one is forward to complain of the prejudices that mislead other men or parties, as if he were free, and had none of his own. This being objected on all sides, it is agreed that it is a fault and a hinderance to knowledge. What, now, is the cure? No other but this—that every man should let alone other's prejudices, and examine his own. Nobody is convinced of his by the accusation of another: he recriminates by the same rule, and is clear. The only way to remove this great cause of ignorance and error out of the world, is for every one impartially to examine himself. If others will not deal fairly with their own minds, does that make my errors truths, or ought it to make me in love with them, and willing to impose on myself? If others love cataracts on their eyes, should that hinder me from couching of mine as soon as I could? Every one declares against blindness, and yet who almost is not fond of that which dims his sight, and keeps the clear light out of his mind, which should lead him into truth and knowledge? False or doubtful positions, relied upon as unquestionable maxims, keep those in the dark from truth, who build on them. Such are usually the prejudices imbibed from education, party, reverence, fashion, interest, &c. This is the mote which every one sees in his brother's eye, but never regards the beam in his own. For who is there, almost, that is ever brought fairly to examine his own principles, and see whether they are such as will bear the trial? But yet this should be one of the first things every one should set about, and be scrupulous in, who would rightly conduct his understanding in the search of truth and knowledge.

To those who are willing to get rid of this great hinderance of knowledge (for to such only I write)—to those who would shake off this great and dangerous impostor *prejudice*, who dresses up falsehood in the likeness of truth, and so dexterously hoodwinks men's minds, as to keep them in the dark, with a belief that they are more in the light than any that do not see with their eyes, I shall offer this one mark whereby prejudice may be known. He that is strongly of any opinion, must suppose (unless he be self-condemned) that his persuasion is built upon good grounds, and that his assent is no greater than what the evidence of the truth he holds forces him to; and that they are arguments, and not inclination of fancy, that make him so confident and positive in his tenets. Now if, after all his profession, he cannot bear any opposition to his opinion—if he cannot so much as give a patient hearing, much less examine and weigh the arguments on the other side—does he not plainly confess it is prejudice governs him? And it is not the evidence of truth, but some lazy anticipation, some beloved presumption, that he desires to rest undisturbed in. For if what he holds be as he gives out, well fenced with evidence, and he sees it to be true, what need he fear to put it to the proof? If his opinion be settled upon a firm foundation, if the arguments that support it, and have obtained his assent, be clear, good,

and convincing, why should he be shy to have it tried whether they be proof or not? He whose assent goes beyond his evidence, owes this excess of his adherence only to prejudice, and does in effect own it when he refuses to hear what is offered against it; declaring thereby, that it is not evidence he seeks, but the quiet enjoyment of the opinion he is fond of, with a forward condemnation of all that may stand in opposition to it, unheard and unexamined; which, what is it but prejudice? *Qui æquum statuerit parte inauditâ alterâ, etiam si æquum statuerit haud æquus fuerit.*—[He who resolves to be just, and yet will hear only one side, will be unjust in spite of his resolution.] He that would acquit himself in this case as a lover of truth, not giving way to any pre-occupation or bias that may mislead him, must do two things that are not very common, nor very easy.

Section XI.—Indifferency.

First, he must not be in love with any opinion, or wish it to be true, until he knows it to be so, and then he will not need to wish it: for nothing that is false can deserve our good wishes, nor a desire that it should have the place and force of truth; and yet nothing is more frequent than this. Men are fond of certain tenets, upon no other evidence but respect and custom, and think they must maintain them, or all is gone, though they have never examined the ground they stand on, nor have ever made them out to themselves, or can make them out to others. We should contend earnestly for the truth, but we should first be sure that it is truth, or else we fight against God, who is the God of truth, and do the work of the devil, who is the father and propagator of lies; and our zeal, though never so warm, will not excuse us; for this is plainly prejudice.

Section XII.—Examine.

Secondly, he must do that which he will find himself very averse to, as judging the thing unnecessary, or himself incapable of doing of it. He must try whether his principles be certainly true or not, and how far he may safely rely upon them. This, whether fewer have the heart or the skill to do, I shall not determine; but this I am sure, this is what every one ought to do who professes to love truth, and would not impose upon himself; which is a surer way to be made a fool of than by being exposed to the sophistry of others. The disposition to put any cheat upon ourselves, works constantly, and we are pleased with it, but are impatient of being bantered or misled by others. The inability I here speak of, is not any natural defect that makes men incapable of examining their own principles. To such, rules of conducting their understandings are useless, and that is the case of very few. The great number is of those whom the ill habit of never exerting their thoughts has disabled: the powers of their minds are starved by disuse, and have lost that reach and strength which nature fitted them to receive from exercise. Those who are in a condition to learn the first rules of plain arithmetic, and could be brought to cast up an ordinary sum, are capable of this, if they had but accustomed their minds to reasoning: but they that have wholly neglected the exercise of their understandings in this way, will be very far at first from being able to do it, and as unfit for it as one unpractised in figures to cast up a shop-book, and perhaps think it as strange to be set about it. And yet it must nevertheless be confessed to be a wrong use of our understandings, to build our tenets (in things where we are concerned to hold the truth) upon principles that may lead us into error. We take our principles at hap-hazard upon trust, and without ever having examined them, and then believe a whole system upon a presumption that they are true and solid; and what is all this but childish, shameful, senseless credulity?

In these two things, namely, an equal indifferency for all truth—I mean the receiving it in the love of it as truth, but not loving it for any other reason before we know it to be true—and in the examination of our principles, and not receiving any for such, nor building on them, until we are fully convinced, as rational creatures, of their solidity, truth, and certainty, consists that freedom of the understanding which is necessary to a rational creature, and without which it is not truly an understanding. It is conceit, fancy, extravagance, any thing rather than understanding, if it must be under the constraint of receiving and holding opinions by the authority of any thing but their own, not fancied but perceived, evidence. This was rightly called imposition, and is of all other the worst and most dangerous sort of it. For we impose upon ourselves, which is the strongest imposition of all others; and we impose upon ourselves in that part which ought with the greatest care to be kept free from all imposition. The world is apt to cast great blame on those who have an indifferency for opinions, especially in religion. I fear this is the foundation of great error and worse consequences. To be indifferent which of two opinions is true, is the right temper of the mind, that preserves it from being imposed on, and disposes it to examine with that indifferency, until it has done its best to find the truth; and this is the only direct and safe way to it. But to be indifferent whether we embrace falsehood for truth, or no, is the great road to error. Those who are not indifferent which opinion is true, are guilty of this: they suppose, without examining, that what they hold is true, and then think they ought to be zealous for it. Those, it is plain by their warmth and eagerness, are not indifferent for their own opinions, but methinks are very indifferent whether they be true or false, since they cannot endure to have any doubts raised, or objections made, against them; and it is visible they never have made any themselves, and so, never having examined them, know not, nor are concerned, as they should be, to know whether they be true or false.

These are the common and most general miscarriages which I think men should avoid or rectify in a right conduct of their understandings, and should be particularly taken care of in education. The business whereof, in respect of knowledge, is not, as I think, to perfect a learner in all or any one of the sciences, but to give his mind that freedom, that disposition, and those habits, that may enable him to attain any part of knowledge he shall apply himself to, or stand in need of, in the future course of his life.

This, and this only, is well principling; and not the instilling a reverence and veneration for certain dogmas under the specious title of principles, which are often so remote from that truth and evidence which belongs to principles, that they ought to be rejected as false and erroneous; and is often the cause, to men so educated, when they come abroad into the world, and find they cannot maintain the principles so taken up and rested in, to cast off all principles, and turn perfect sceptics, regardless of knowledge and virtue.

There are several weaknesses and defects in the understanding, either from the natural temper of the mind, or ill habits taken up, which hinder it in its progress to knowledge. Of these there are as many, possibly, to be found, if the mind were thoroughly studied, as there are diseases of the body, each whereof clogs and disables the understanding to some degree, and therefore deserves to be looked after and cured. I shall set down some few to excite men, especially those who make knowledge their business, to look into themselves, and observe whether they do not indulge some weakness, allow some miscarriages, in the management of their intellectual faculty, which is prejudicial to them in the search of truth.

Section XIII.—Observation.

Particular matters of fact are the undoubted foundations on which our civil and natural knowledge is built: the benefit the understanding makes of them, is to draw from them conclusions, which may be as standing rules of knowledge, and consequently of practice. The mind often makes not that benefit it should of the information it receives from the accounts of civil or natural historians, in being too forward, or too slow, in making observations on the particular facts recorded in them.

There are those who are very assiduous in reading, and yet do not much advance their knowledge by it. They are delighted with the stories that are told, and perhaps can tell them again, for they make all they read nothing but history to themselves; but not reflecting on it, not making to themselves observations from what they read, they are very little improved by all that crowd of particulars that either pass through, or lodge themselves in, their understandings. They dream on in a constant course of reading and cramming themselves, but, not digesting any thing, it produces nothing but a heap of crudities.

If their memories retain well, one may say they have the materials of knowledge; but, like those for building, they are of no advantage, if there be no other use made of them but to let them lie heaped up together. Opposite to these, there are others who lose the improvement they should make of matters-of-fact by a quite contrary conduct. They are apt to draw general conclusions and raise axioms from every particular they meet with. These make as little true benefit of history as the other, nay, being of forward and active spirits, receive more harm by it; it being of worse consequence to steer one's thoughts by a wrong rule, than to have none at all: error doing to busy men much more harm, than ignorance to the slow and sluggish. Between these, those seem to do best, who, taking material and useful hints, sometimes from single matters of fact, carry them in their minds to be judged of, by what they shall find in history to confirm or reverse these imperfect observations; which may be established into rules fit to be relied on, when they are justified by a sufficient and wary induction of particulars. He that makes no such reflections on what he reads, only loads his mind with a rhapsody of tales, fit in winter nights for the entertainment of others; and he that will improve every matter of fact into a maxim, will abound in contrary observations, that can be of no other use but to perplex and pudder him if he compares them; or else to misguide him, if he gives himself up to the authority of that, which for its novelty, or for some other fancy, best pleases him.

Section XIV.—Bias.

Next to these we may place those who suffer their own natural tempers and passions they are possessed with to influence their judgments, especially of men and things that may any way relate to their present circumstances and interest. Truth is all simple, all pure, will bear no mixture of any thing else with it. It is rigid and inflexible to any bye interests; and so should the understanding be, whose use and excellency lies in conforming itself to it. To think of every thing just as it is in itself, is the proper business of the understanding, though it be not that which men always employ it to. This all men at first hearing allow is the right use every one should make of his understanding. Nobody will be at such an open defiance with common sense, as to profess that we should not endeavour to know, and to think of, things as they are in themselves; and yet there is nothing more frequent than to do the contrary; and men are apt to excuse themselves, and think they have reason to do so, if they have but a pretence that it is for God, or a good cause, that is, in effect, for themselves, their own persuasion, or party: for to those in their turns the several sects of men, especially in matters of religion, entitle God and a good cause. But God requires not men to wrong or misuse their faculties for him, nor to lie to others or themselves for his sake; which they purposely do who will not suffer their understandings to have right conceptions of the things proposed to them, and designedly restrain themselves from having just thoughts of every thing as far as they are concerned to inquire. And as for a good cause, that needs not such ill helps; if it be good, truth will support it, and it has no need of fallacy or falsehood.

Section XV.—Arguments.

Very much of kin to this is the hunting after arguments to make good one side of a question, and wholly to neglect and refuse those which favour the other side. What is this but wilfully to misguide the understanding, and is so far from giving truth its due value, that it wholly debases it?—espouse opinions that best comport with their power, profit, or credit, and then seek arguments to support them? Truth light upon this way, is of no more avail to us than error; for what is so taken up by us, may be false as well as true, and he has not done his duty who has thus stumbled upon truth in his way to preferment.

There is another, but more innocent, way of collecting arguments, very familiar among bookish men, which is, to furnish themselves with the arguments they meet with, *pro* and *con*, in the questions they study. This helps them not to judge right, nor argue strongly, but only to talk copiously on either side, without being steady and settled in their own judgments: for such arguments gathered from other men's thoughts, floating only in the memory, are there ready, indeed, to supply copious talk with some appearance of reason, but are far from helping us to judge right. Such variety of arguments only distract the understanding that relies on them, unless it has gone farther than such a superficial way of examining; this is to quit truth for appearance, only to serve our vanity. The sure and only way to get true knowledge, is to form in our minds clear settled notions of things, with names annexed to those determined ideas. These we are to consider, and with their several relations and habitudes, and not amuse ourselves with floating names, and words of indetermined signification, which we can use in several senses to serve a turn. It is in the perception of the habitudes and respects our ideas have one to another, that real knowledge consists; and when a man once perceives how far they agree or disagree one with another, he will be able to judge of what other people say, and will not need to be led by the arguments of others, which are many of them nothing but plausible sophistry. This will teach him to state the question right, and see whereon it turns; and thus he will stand upon his own legs, and know by his own understanding. Whereas, by collecting and learning arguments by heart, he will be but a retainer to others; and when any one questions the foundations they are built upon, he will be at a nonplus, and be fain to give up his implicit knowledge.

Section XVI.—Haste.

Labour for labour's sake is against nature. The understanding, as well as all the other faculties, chooses always the shortest way to its end, would presently obtain the knowledge it is about, and then set upon some new inquiry. But this, whether laziness or haste, often misleads it, and makes it content itself with improper ways of search, and such as will not serve the turn. Sometimes it rests upon testimony, when testimony of right has nothing to do, because it is easier to believe than to be scientifically instructed. Sometimes it contents itself with one argument, and rests satisfied with that as it were a demonstration, whereas the thing under proof is not capable of demonstration, and therefore must be submitted to the trial of probabilities, and all the material arguments, *pro* and *con*, be examined and brought to a balance. In some cases the mind is determined by probable topics, in inquiries where demonstration may be had. All these, and several others, which laziness, impatience, custom, and want of use and attention, lead men into, are misapplications of the understanding in the search of truth. In every question, the nature and manner of the proof it is capable of should first be considered, to make our inquiry such as it should be. This would save a great deal of frequently misemployed pains, and lead us sooner to that discovery and possession of truth we are capable of. The multiplying variety of arguments, especially frivolous ones, such as are all that are merely verbal, is not only lost labour, but cumbers the memory to no purpose, and serves only to hinder it from seizing and holding of the truth in all those cases which are capable of demonstration. In such a way of proof the truth and

certainty is seen, and the mind fully possesses itself of it; when in the other way of assent it only hovers about it, is amused with uncertainties. In this superficial way, indeed, the mind is capable of more variety of plausible talk, but is not enlarged as it should be in its knowledge. It is to this same haste and impatience of the mind also, that a not due tracing of the arguments to their true foundation is owing; men see a little, presume a great deal, and so jump to the conclusion. This is a short way to fancy and conceit, and (if firmly embraced) to opiniatrety, but is certainly the farthest way about to knowledge. For he that will know, must, by the connection of the proofs, see the truth, and the ground it stands on; and, therefore, if he has for haste skipped over what he should have examined, he must begin and go over all again, or else he will never come to knowledge.

Section XVII.—Desultory.

Another fault of as ill consequence as this, which proceeds also from laziness, with a mixture of vanity, is the skipping from one sort of knowledge to another. Some men's tempers are quickly weary of any one thing. Constancy and assiduity is what they cannot bear: the same study long continued in, is as intolerable to them as the appearing long in the same clothes or fashion is to a court lady.

Section XVIII.—Smattering.

Others, that they may seem universally knowing, get a little smattering in every thing. Both these may fill their heads with superficial notions of things, but are very much out of the way of attaining truth or knowledge.

Section XIX.—Universality.

I do not here speak against the taking a taste of every sort of knowledge; it is certainly very useful and necessary to form the mind; but then it must be done in a different way, and to a different end. Not for talk and vanity to fill the head with shreds of all kinds, that he who is possessed of such a frippery, may be able to match the discourses of all he shall meet with, as if nothing could come amiss to him, and his head were so well a stored magazine, that nothing could be proposed which he was not master of, and was readily furnished to entertain any one on. This is an excellency, indeed, and a great one too, to have a real and true knowledge in all or most of the objects of contemplation. But it is what the mind of one and the same man can hardly attain unto; and the instances are so few of those who have in any measure approached towards it, that I know not whether they are to be proposed as examples in the ordinary conduct of the understanding. For a man to understand fully the business of his particular calling in the commonwealth, and of religion, which is his calling as he is a man in the world, is usually enough to take up his whole time; and there are few that inform themselves in these, which is every man's proper and peculiar business, so to the bottom as they should do. But though this be so, and there are very few men that extend their thoughts towards universal knowledge, yet I do not doubt but if the right way were taken, and the methods of inquiry were ordered as they should be, men of little business and great leisure might go a great deal farther in it than is usually done. To return to the business in hand. The end and use of a little insight in those parts of knowledge, which are not a man's proper business, is to accustom our minds to all sorts of ideas, and the proper ways of examining their habitudes and relations. This gives the mind a freedom; and the exercising the understanding in the several ways of inquiry and reasoning, which the most skilful have made use of, teaches the mind sagacity and wariness, and a suppleness to apply itself more closely and dexterously to the bents and turns of the matter in all its researches. Besides, this universal taste of all the sciences, with an indifferency before the mind is possessed with any one in particular, and grown into love and admiration of what is made its darling, will prevent another evil very commonly to be observed in those who have from the beginning been seasoned only by one part of knowledge. Let a man be given up to the contemplation of one sort of knowledge, and that will become every thing. The mind will take such a tincture from a familiarity with that object, that every thing else, how remote soever, will be brought under the same view. A metaphysician will bring ploughing and gardening immediately to abstract notions: the history of nature shall signify nothing to him. An alchymist, on the contrary, shall reduce divinity to the maxims of his laboratory, explain morality by *sal, sulphur,* and *mercury,* and allegorise the Scripture itself, and the sacred mysteries thereof, into the philosopher's stone. And I heard once a man, who had a more than ordinary excellency in music, seriously accommodate Moses's seven days of the first week to the notes of music, as if from thence had been taken the measure and method of the creation. It is of no small consequence to keep the mind from such a possession, which I think is best done by giving it a fair and equal view of the whole intellectual world, wherein it may see the order, rank, and beauty, of the whole, and give a just allowance to the distinct provinces of the several sciences, in the due order and usefulness of each of them.

If this be that which old men will not think necessary, nor be easily brought to, it is fit at least that it should be practised in the breeding of the young. The business of education, as I have already observed, is not, as I think, to make them perfect in any one of the sciences, but so to open and dispose their minds as may best make them capable of any, when they shall apply themselves to it. If men are for a long time accustomed only to one sort or method of thoughts, their minds grow stiff in it, and do not readily turn to another. It is therefore to give them this freedom, that I think they should be made look into all sorts of knowledge, and exercise their understandings in so wide a variety and stock of knowledge. But I do not propose it as a variety and stock of knowledge, but a variety and freedom of thinking; as an increase of the powers and activity of the mind, not as an enlargement of its possessions.

Section XX.—Reading.

This is that which I think great readers are apt to be mistaken in. Those who have read of every thing, are thought to understand every thing too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge: it is thinking makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections; unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength and nourishment. There are indeed in some writers visible instances of deep thought, close and acute reasoning, and ideas well pursued. The light these would give, would be of great use, if their readers would observe and imitate them: all the rest at best are but particulars fit to be turned into knowledge; but that can be done only by our own meditation, and examining the reach, force, and coherence, of what is said; and then, as far as we apprehend and see the connection of ideas, so far it is ours; without that, it is but so much loose matter floating in our brain. The memory may be stored, but the judgment is little better, and the stock of knowledge not increased, by being able to repeat what others have said, or produce the arguments we have found in them. Such a knowledge as this is but a knowledge by hearsay, and the ostentation of it is at best but talking by rote, and very often upon weak and wrong principles. For all that is to be found in books is not built upon true foundations, nor always rightly deduced from the principles it is pretended to be built on. Such an examen as is requisite to discover that, every reader's mind is not forward to make; especially in those who have given themselves up to a party, and only hunt for what they can scrape together that may favour and support the tenets of it. Such men wilfully exclude themselves from truth, and from all true benefit to be received by reading. Others, of more indifferency, often want attention and industry.

The mind is backward in itself to be at the pains to trace every argument to its original, and to see upon what basis it stands, and how firmly; but yet it is this that gives so much the advantage to one man more than another in reading. The mind should, by severe rules, be tied down to this, at first uneasy, task; use and exercise will give it facility. So that those who are accustomed to it, readily, as it were with one cast of the eye, take a view of the argument, and presently, in most cases, see where it bottoms. Those who have got this faculty, one may say, have got the true key of books, and the clue to lead them through the mizmaze of variety of opinions and authors to truth and certainty. This young beginners should be entered in, and shown the use of, that they might profit by their reading. Those who are strangers to it, will be apt to think it too great a clog in the way of men's studies; and they will suspect they shall make but small progress, if, in the books they read, they must stand to examine and unravel every argument, and follow it step by step up to its original.

I answer, this is a good objection, and ought to weigh with those whose reading is designed for much talk and little knowledge, and I have nothing to say to it. But I am here inquiring into the conduct of the understanding in its progress towards knowledge; and to those who aim at that, I may say, that he who fair and softly goes steadily forward in a course that points right, will sooner be at his journey's end, than he that runs after every one he meets, though he gallop all day full speed.

To which let me add, that this way of thinking on, and profiting by, what we read, will be a clog and rub to any one only in the beginning; when custom and exercise have made it familiar, it will be dispatched, in most occasions, without resting or interruption in the course of our reading. The motions and views of a mind exercised that way, are wonderfully quick; and a man used to such sort of reflections, sees as much at one glimpse as would require a long discourse to lay before another, and make out an entire and gradual deduction. Besides that, when the first difficulties are over, the delight and sensible advantage it brings, mightily encourages and enlivens the mind in reading, which, without this, is very improperly called study.

Section XXI.—Intermediate Principles.

As a help to this, I think it may be proposed, that for the saving the long progression of the thoughts to remote and first principles in every case, the mind should provide itself several stages; that is to say, intermediate principles, which it might have recourse to in the examining those positions that come in its way. These, though they are not self-evident principles, yet, if they have been made out from them by a wary and unquestionable deduction, may be depended on as certain and infallible truths, and serve as unquestionable truths to prove other points depending on them, by a nearer and shorter view than remote and general maxims. These may serve as landmarks to show what lies in the direct way of truth, or is quite beside it. And thus mathematicians do, who do not in every new problem run it back to the first axioms, through all the whole train of intermediate propositions. Certain theorems that they have settled to themselves upon sure demonstration, serve to resolve to them multitudes of propositions which depend on them, and are as firmly made out from thence, as if the mind went afresh over every link of the whole chain that tie them to first self-evident principles. Only in other sciences great care is to be taken that they establish those intermediate principles with as much caution, exactness, and indifferency, as mathematicians use in the settling any of their great theorems. When this is not done, but men take up the principles in this or that science upon credit, inclination, interest, &c., in haste, without due examination and most unquestionable proof, they lay a trap for themselves, and, as much as in them lies, captivate their understandings to mistake, falsehood, and error.

Section XXII.—Partiality.

As there is a partiality to opinions, which, as we have already observed, is apt to mislead the understanding, so there is often a partiality to studies, which is prejudicial also to knowledge and improvement. Those sciences which men are particularly versed in, they are apt to value and extol, as if that part of knowledge which every one has acquainted himself with, were that alone which was worth the having, and all the rest were idle and empty amusements, comparatively of no use or importance. This is the effect of ignorance, and not knowledge; the being vainly puffed up with a flatulency, arising from a weak and narrow comprehension. It is not amiss that every one should relish the science that he has made his peculiar study; a view of its beauties, and a sense of its usefulness, carries a man on with the more delight and warmth, in the pursuit and improvement of it. But the contempt of all other knowledge, as if it were nothing in comparison of law or physic, of astronomy or chemistry, or perhaps some yet meaner part of knowledge, wherein I have got some smattering, or am somewhat advanced, is not only the mark of a vain or little mind, but does this prejudice in the conduct of the understanding, that it coops it up within narrow bounds, and hinders it from looking abroad into other provinces of the intellectual world, more beautiful possibly, and more fruitful, than that which it had until then laboured in; wherein it might find, besides new knowledge, ways or hints whereby it might be enabled the better to cultivate its own.

Section XXIII.—Theology.

There is indeed one science (as they are now distinguished) incomparably above all the rest, where it is not by corruption narrowed into a trade or faction, for mean or ill ends, and secular interests; I mean theology, which, containing the knowledge of God and his creatures, our duty to him and our fellow-creatures, and a view of our present and future state, is the comprehension of all other knowledge directed to its true end; that is, the honour and veneration of the Creator, and the happiness of mankind. This is that noble study which is every man's duty, and every one that can be called a rational creature is capable of. The works of nature, and the words of revelation, display it to mankind in characters so large and visible, that those who are not quite blind, may in them read and see the first principles and most necessary parts of it; and from thence, as they have time and industry, may be enabled to go on to the more abstruse parts of it, and penetrate into those infinite depths, filled with the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. This is that science which would truly enlarge men's minds, were it studied, or permitted to be studied, every where with that freedom, love of truth, and charity, which it teaches; and were not made, contrary to its nature, the occasion of strife, faction, malignity, and narrow impositions. I shall say no more here of this, but that it is undoubtedly a wrong use of my understanding, to make it the rule and measure of another man's—a use which it is neither fit for, nor capable of.

Section XXIV.—Partiality.

This partiality, where it is not permitted an authority to render all other studies insignificant or contemptible, is often indulged so far as to be relied upon, and made use of, in other parts of knowledge, to which it does not at all belong, and wherewith it has no manner of affinity. Some men have so used their heads to mathematical figures, that, giving a preference to the methods of that science, they introduce lines and diagrams into their study of divinity or politic inquiries, as if nothing could be known without them; and others, accustomed to retired speculations, run natural philosophy into metaphysical notions, and the abstract generalities of logic; and how often may one meet with religion and morality treated of in the terms of the laboratory, and thought to be improved by the methods and notions of

chemistry! But he that will take care of the conduct of his understanding, to direct it right to the knowledge of things, must avoid those undue mixtures, and not by a fondness for what he has found useful and necessary in one, transfer it to another science, where it serves only to perplex and confound the understanding. It is a certain truth, that *Res nolunt male administrari* — [Things have a sort of unwillingness to be ill managed]: it is no less certain, *Res nolunt male intelligi*—[That things have an unwillingness to be ill understood.] Things themselves are to be considered as they are in themselves, and then they will show us in what way they are to be understood. For to have right conceptions about them, we must bring our understandings to the inflexible natures and unalterable relations of things, and not endeavour to bring things to any preconceived notions of our own.

There is another partiality very commonly observable in men of study, no less prejudicial nor ridiculous than the former; and that is, a fantastical and wild attributing all knowledge to the ancients alone, or to the moderns. This raving upon antiquity in matter of poetry, Horace has wittily described and exposed in one of his satires. The same sort of madness may be found in reference to all the other sciences. Some will not admit an opinion not authorised by men of old, who were then all giants in knowledge. Nothing is to be put into the treasury of truth or knowledge, which has not the stamp of Greece or Rome upon it: and since their days, will scarce allow that men have been able to see, think, or write. Others, with a like extravagancy, contemn all that the ancients have left us, and being taken with the moderns' inventions and discoveries, lay by all that went before, as if whatever is called old must have the decay of time upon it, and truth, too, were liable to mould and rottenness. Men, I think, have been much the same for natural endowments in all times. Fashion, discipline, and education, have put eminent differences in the ages of several countries, and made one generation much differ from another in arts and sciences. But truth is always the same; time alters it not, nor is it the better or worse for being of ancient or modern tradition. Many were eminent in former ages of the world for their discovery and delivery of it; but though the knowledge they have left us be worth our study, yet they exhausted not all its treasure; they left a great deal for the industry and sagacity of after ages, and so shall we. That was once new to them which any one now receives with veneration for its antiquity; nor was it the worse for appearing as a novelty: and that which is now embraced for its newness, will to posterity be old, but not thereby be less true or less genuine. There is no occasion on this account to oppose the ancients and the moderns to one another, or to be squeamish on either side. He that wisely conducts his mind in the pursuit of knowledge, will gather what lights, and get what helps, he can from either of them, from whom they are best to be had, without adoring the errors, or rejecting the truths, which he may find mingled in them.

Another partiality may be observed, in some to vulgar, in others to heterodox, tenets. Some are apt to conclude, that what is the common opinion cannot but be true: so many men's eyes, they think, cannot but see right; so many men's understandings of all sorts cannot be deceived; and therefore will not venture to look beyond the received notions of the place and age, nor have so presumptuous a thought as to be wiser than their neighbours. They are content to go with the crowd, and so go easily, which they think is going right, or at least serves them as well. But however *Vox populi vox Dei*—[The voice of the people the voice of God]—has prevailed as a maxim, yet I do not remember wherever God delivered his oracles by the multitude, or Nature truths by the herd. On the other side, some fly all common opinions as either false or frivolous. The title of many-headed beast is a sufficient reason to them to conclude, that no truths of weight or consequence can be lodged there. Vulgar opinions are suited to vulgar capacities, and adapted to the ends of those that govern. He that will know the truth of things, must leave the common and beaten track, which none but weak and servile minds are satisfied to trudge along continually in. Such nice palates relish nothing but strange notions quite out of the way; whatever is commonly received, has the mark of the beast on it, and they think it a lessening to them to hearken to it, or receive it; their mind runs only after paradoxes; these they seek, these they embrace, these alone they vent, and so, as they think, distinguish themselves from the vulgar. But common or uncommon are not the marks to distinguish truth or falsehood, and therefore should not be any bias to us in our inquiries. We should not judge of things by men's opinions, but of opinions by things. The multitude reason but ill, and therefore may be well suspected, and cannot be relied on, nor should be followed as a sure guide; but philosophers, who have quitted the orthodoxy of the community, and the popular doctrines of their countries, have fallen into as extravagant and as absurd opinions as ever common reception countenanced. It would be madness to refuse to breathe the common air, or quench one's thirst with water, because the rabble use them to these purposes: and if there are conveniences of life which common use reaches not, it is not reason to reject them, because they are not grown into the ordinary fashion of the country, and every villager doth not know them.

Truth, whether in or out of fashion, is the measure of knowledge, and the business of the understanding; whatsoever is besides that, however authorised by consent, or recommended by rarity, is nothing but ignorance, or something worse.

Another sort of partiality there is, whereby men impose upon themselves, and by it make their reading little useful to themselves; I mean the making use of the opinions of writers, and laying stress upon their authorities, wherever they find them to favour their own opinions.

There is nothing almost has done more harm to men dedicated to letters, than giving the name of study to reading, and making a man of great reading to be the same with a man of great knowledge, or at least to be a title of honour. All that can be recorded in writing, are only facts or reasonings. Facts are of three sorts:—

1. Merely of natural agents, observable in the ordinary operations of bodies one upon another, whether in the visible course of things left to themselves, or in experiments made by men applying agents and patients to one another, after a peculiar and artificial manner.

2. Of voluntary agents, more especially the actions of men in society, which makes civil and moral history.

3. Of opinions.

In these three consists, as it seems to me, that which commonly has the name of learning; to which, perhaps, some may add a distinct head of critical writings, which indeed at bottom is nothing but matter of fact, and resolves itself into this, that such a man, or set of men, used such a word or phrase in such a sense; that is, that they made such sounds the marks of such ideas.

Under reasonings I comprehend all the discoveries of general truths made by human reason, whether found by intuition, demonstration, or probable deductions. And this is that which is, if not alone knowledge (because the truth or probability of particular propositions may be known, too), yet is, as may be supposed, most properly the business of those who pretend to improve their understandings, and make themselves knowing by reading.

Books and reading are looked upon to be the great helps of the understanding, and instruments of knowledge, as it must be allowed that they are; and yet I beg leave to question whether these do not prove a hinderance to many, and keep several bookish men from attaining to solid and true knowledge. This I think I may be permitted to say, that there is no part wherein the understanding needs a more careful and wary conduct, than in the use of books; without which they will prove rather innocent amusements than profitable employments of our time, and bring but small additions to our knowledge.

There is not seldom to be found even amongst those

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who aim at knowledge, who with an unwearied industry employ their whole time in books, who scarce allow themselves time to eat or sleep, but read, and read, and read on, but yet make no great advances in real knowledge, though there be no defect in their intellectual faculties to which their little progress can be imputed. The mistake here is, that it is usually supposed that, by reading, the author's knowledge is transfused into the reader's understanding; and so it is, but not by bare reading, but by reading and understanding what he writ. Whereby I mean not barely comprehending what is affirmed or denied in each proposition (though that great readers do not always think themselves concerned precisely to do), but to see and follow the train of his reasonings, observe the strength and clearness of their connection, and examine upon what they bottom. Without this, a man may read the discourses of a very rational author, writ in a language and in propositions that he very well understands, and yet acquire not one jot of his knowledge; which consisting only in the perceived, certain, or probable connection of the ideas made use of in his reasonings, the reader's knowledge is no farther increased, than he perceives that, so much as he sees of this connection, so much he knows of the truth or probability of that author's opinions.

All that he relies on without this perception, he takes upon trust upon the author's credit, without any knowledge of it at all. This makes me not at all wonder to see some men so abound in citations, and build so much upon authorities, it being the sole foundation on which they bottom most of their own tenets; so that in effect they have but a second-hand or implicit knowledge, that is are in the right, if such a one from whom they borrowed it were in the right in that opinion which they took from him: which, indeed, is no knowledge at all. Writers of this or former ages, may be good witnesses of matters of fact which they deliver, which we may do well to take upon their authority; but their credit can go no farther than this—it cannot at all affect the truth and falsehood of opinions, which have another sort of trial by reason and proof which they themselves made use of to make themselves knowing, and so must others too that will partake in their knowledge. Indeed, it is an advantage that they have been at the pains to find out the proofs, and lay them in that order that may show the truth or probability of their conclusions; and for this we owe them great acknowledgments, for saving us the pains in searching out those proofs which they have collected for us, and which possibly, after all our pains, we might not have found, nor been able to have set them in so good a light as that which they left them us in. Upon this account we are mightily beholden to judicious writers of all ages for those discoveries and discourses they have left behind them for our instruction, if we know how to make a right use of them; which is not to run them over in a hasty perusal, and perhaps lodge their opinions, or some remarkable passages, in our memories, but to enter into their reasonings, examine their proofs, and then judge of the truth or falsehood, probability or improbability, of what they advance; not by any opinion we have entertained of the author, but by the evidence he produces, and the conviction he affords us, drawn from things themselves. Knowing is seeing, and if it be so, it is madness to persuade ourselves that we do so by another man's eyes, let him use never so many words to tell us that what he asserts is very visible. Until we ourselves see it with our own eyes, and perceive it by our own understandings, we are as much in the dark, and as void of knowledge, as before, let us believe any learned author as much as we will.

Euclid and Archimedes are allowed to be knowing, and to have demonstrated what they say: and yet whoever shall read over their writings without perceiving the connection of their proofs, and seeing what they show, though he may understand all their words, yet he is not the more knowing. He may believe, indeed, but does not know what they say, and so is not advanced one jot in mathematical knowledge by all his reading of those approved mathematicians.

Section XXV.—Haste.

The eagerness and strong bent of the mind after knowledge, if not warily regulated, is often a hinderance to it. It still presses into farther discoveries and new objects, and catches at the variety of knowledge, and therefore often stays not long enough on what is before it, to look into it as it should, for haste to pursue what is yet out of sight. He that rides post through a country, may be able, from the transient view, to tell how in general the parts lie, and may be able to give some loose description of here a mountain and there a plain, here a morass and there a river; woodland in one part, and savannas in another. Such superficial ideas and observations as these he may collect in galloping over it. But the more useful observations of the soil, plants, animals, and inhabitants, with their several sorts and properties, must necessarily escape him; and it is seldom men ever discover the rich mines, without some digging. Nature commonly lodges her treasure and jewels in rocky ground. If the matter be knotty, and the sense lies deep, the mind must stop and buckle to it, and stick upon it with labour and thought, and close contemplation; and not leave it until it has mastered the difficulty, and got possession of truth. But here care must be taken to avoid the other extreme; a man must not stick at every useless nicety, and expect mysteries of science in every trivial question or scruple that he may raise. He that will stand to pick up and examine every pebble that comes in his way, is as unlikely to return enriched and laden with jewels, as the other that travelled full speed. Truths are not the better nor the worse for their obviousness or difficulty, but their value is to be measured by their usefulness and tendency. Insignificant observations should not take up any of our minutes, and those that enlarge our view and give light towards farther and useful discoveries, should not be neglected, though they stop our course, and spend some of our time in a fixed attention.

There is another haste that does often, and will mislead the mind, if it be left to itself and its own conduct. The understanding is naturally forward, not only to learn its knowledge by variety (which makes it skip over one to get speedily to another part of knowledge), but also eager to enlarge its views by running too fast into general observations and conclusions, without a due examination of particulars enough whereon to found those general axioms. This seems to enlarge their stock, but it is of fancies, not realities; such theories built upon narrow foundations stand but weakly, and if they fall not of themselves, are at least very hardly to be supported against the assaults of opposition. And thus, men being too hasty to erect to themselves general notions and ill-grounded theories, find themselves deceived in their stock of knowledge, when they come to examine their hastily-assumed maxims themselves, or to have them attacked by others. General observations drawn from particulars are the jewels of knowledge, comprehending great store in a little room; but they are therefore to be made with the greater care and caution, lest, if we take counterfeit for true, our loss and shame be the greater, when our stock comes to a severe scrutiny. One or two particulars may suggest hints of inquiry, and they do well who take those hints; but if they turn them into conclusions, and make them presently general rules, they are forward indeed; but it is only to impose on themselves by propositions assumed for truths without sufficient warrant. To make such observations, is, as has been already remarked, to make the head a magazine of materials, which can hardly be called knowledge, or at least it is but like a collection of lumber not reduced to use or order; and he that makes every thing an observation, has the same useless plenty, and much more falsehood mixed with it. The extremes on both sides are to be avoided; and he will be able to give the best account of his studies, who keeps his understanding in the right mean between them.

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Section XXVI.—Anticipation.

Whether it be a love of that which brings the first light and information to their minds, and want of vigour and industry to inquire, or else that men content themselves with any appearance of knowledge, right or wrong, which, when they have once got, they will hold fast—this is visible, that many men give themselves up to the first anticipations of their minds, and are very tenacious of the opinions that first possess them; they are often as fond of their first conceptions as of their first-born, and will by no means recede from the judgment they have once made, or any conjecture or conceit which they have once entertained. This is a fault in the conduct of the understanding, since this firmness, or rather stiffness, of the mind is not from an adherence to truth, but a submission to prejudice. It is an unreasonable homage paid to prepossession, whereby we show a reverence not to (what we pretend to seek) truth, but what by hap-hazard we chance to light on, be it what it will. This is visibly a preposterous use of our faculties, and is a downright prostituting of the mind, to resign it thus, and put it under the power of the first comer. This can never be allowed, or ought to be followed, as a right way to knowledge, until the understanding (whose business it is to conform itself to what it finds on the objects without), can by its own opiniatrety change that, and make the unalterable nature of things comply with its own hasty determinations, which will never be. Whatever we fancy, things keep their course; and their habitudes, correspondences, and relations, keep the same to one another.

Section XXVII.—Resignation.

Contrary to these, but by a like dangerous excess on the other side, are those who always resign their judgment to the last man they heard or read. Truth never sinks into these men's minds, nor gives any tincture to them, but, cameleon-like, they take the colour of what is laid before them, and as soon lose and resign it to the next that happens to come in their way. The order wherein opinions are proposed or received by us, is no rule of their rectitude, nor ought to be a cause of their preference. First or last in this case, is the effect of chance, and not the measure of truth or falsehood. This every one must confess, and therefore should, in the pursuit of truth, keep his mind free from the influence of any such accidents. A man may as reasonably draw cuts for his tenets, regulate his persuasion by the cast of a die, as take it up for its novelty, or retain it because it had his first assent, and he was never of another mind. Well-weighed reasons are to determine the judgment; those the mind should be always ready to hearken and submit to, and by their testimony and suffrage, entertain or reject any tenet indifferently, whether it be a perfect stranger or an old acquaintance.

Section XXVIII.—Practice.

Though the faculties of the mind are improved by exercise, yet they must not be put to a stress beyond their strength. *Quid valeant humeri, quid ferre recusent*—[What the shoulders can, and what they can *not* bear]—must be made the measure of every one's understanding, who has a desire not only to perform well, but to keep up the vigour of his faculties, and not to baulk his understanding by what is too hard for it. The mind, by being engaged in a task beyond its strength, like the body strained by lifting at a weight too heavy, has often its force broken, and thereby gets an unaptness or an aversion to any vigorous attempt ever after. A sinew cracked seldom recovers its former strength, or at least the tenderness of the sprain remains a good while after, and the memory of it longer, and leaves a lasting caution in the man not to put the part quickly again to any robust employment. So it fares in the mind; once jaded by an attempt above its power, it either is disabled for the future, or else checks at any vigorous undertaking ever after, at least is very hardly brought to exert its force again on any subject that requires thought and meditation. The understanding should be brought to the difficult and knotty parts of knowledge, that try the strength of thought, and a full bent of the mind, by insensible degrees; and, in such a gradual proceeding, nothing is too hard for it. Nor let it be objected, that such a slow progress will never reach the extent of some sciences. It is not to be imagined how far constancy will carry a man; however, it is better walking slowly in a rugged way, than to break a leg and be a cripple. He that begins with the calf may carry the ox; but he that will at first go to take up an ox, may so disable himself, as not to be able to lift a calf after that. When the mind, by insensible degrees, has brought itself to attention and close thinking, it will be able to cope with difficulties, and master them without any prejudice to itself, and then it may go on roundly. Every abstruse problem, every intricate question, will not baffle, discourage, or break it. But though putting the mind unprepared upon an unusual stress, that may discourage or damp it for the future, ought to be avoided; yet this must not run it, by an over-great shyness of difficulties, into a lazy sauntering about ordinary and obvious things, that demand no thought or application. This debases and enervates the understanding, makes it weak and unfit for labour. This is a sort of hovering about the surface of things, without any insight into them, or penetration; and when the mind has been once habituated to this lazy recumbency and satisfaction, on the obvious surface of things, it is in danger to rest satisfied there, and go no deeper, since it cannot do it without pains and digging. He that has for some time accustomed himself to take up with what easily offers itself at first view, has reason to fear he shall never reconcile himself to the fatigue of turning and tumbling things in his mind to discover their more retired and more valuable secrets.

It is not strange that methods of learning, which scholars have been accustomed to in their beginning and entrance upon the sciences, should influence them all their lives, and be settled in their minds by an overruling reverence, especially if they be such as universal use has established. Learners must at first be believers, and their masters' rules having been once made axioms to them, it is no wonder they should keep that dignity, and by the authority they have once got, mislead those who think it sufficient to excuse them, if they go out of their way in a well-beaten track.

Section XXIX.—Words.

I have copiously enough spoken of the abuse of words in another place, and therefore shall upon this reflection, that the sciences are full of them, warn those that would conduct their understandings right, not to take any term, howsoever authorised by the language of the schools, to stand for anything, until they have an idea of it. A word may be of frequent use and great credit with several authors, and be by them made use of, as if it stood for some real being; but yet if he that reads cannot frame any distinct ideas of that being, it is certainly to him a mere empty sound without a meaning, and he learns no more by all that is said of it, or attributed to it, than if it were affirmed only of that bare empty sound. They who would advance in knowledge, and not deceive and swell themselves with a little articulated air, should lay down this as a fundamental rule, not to take words for things, nor suppose that names in books signify real entities in nature, until they can frame clear and distinct ideas of those entities. It will not perhaps be allowed, if I should set down *substantial forms*, and *intentional species*, as such that may justly be suspected to be of this kind of insignificant terms. But this I am sure, to one that can form no determined ideas of what they stand for, they signify nothing at all; and all that he thinks he knows about them, is to him so much knowledge about nothing, and amounts at most but to a learned ignorance. It is not without all reason supposed, that there are many such empty terms to be found in some learned writers, to which they had recourse to etch out their systems,

where their understandings could not furnish them with conceptions from things. But yet I believe the supposing of some realities in nature, answering those and the like words, have much perplexed some, and quite misled others, in the study of nature. That which in any discourse signifies *I know not what*, should be considered *I know not when*. Where men have any conceptions, they can, if they are never so abstruse or abstracted, explain them and the terms they use for them. For our conceptions being nothing but ideas, which are all made up of simple ones, if they cannot give us the ideas their words stand for, it is plain they have none. To what purpose can it be to hunt after his conceptions, who has none, or none distinct? He that knew not what he himself meant by a learned term, cannot make us know anything by his use of it, let us beat our heads about it never so long. Whether we are able to comprehend all the operations of nature and the manners of them, it matters not to inquire; but this is certain, that we can comprehend no more of them than we can distinctly conceive; and, therefore, to obtrude terms where we have no distinct conceptions, as if they did contain or rather conceal something, is but an artifice of learned vanity, to cover a defect in an hypothesis, or our understandings. Words are not made to conceal, but to declare and show something; where they are, by those who pretend to instruct, otherwise used, they conceal indeed something; but that which they conceal is nothing but the ignorance, error, or sophistry of the talker, for there is in truth nothing else under them.

Section XXX.—Wandering.

That there is constant succession and flux of ideas in our minds, I have observed in the former part of this essay, and every one may take notice of it in himself. This, I suppose, may deserve some part of our care in the conduct of our understandings; and I think it may be of great advantage, if we can by use get that power over our minds, as to be able to direct that train of ideas, that so, since there will new ones perpetually come into our thoughts by a constant succession, we may be able by choice so to direct them, that none may come in view but such as are pertinent to our present inquiry, and in such order as may be most useful to the discovery we are upon; or, at least, if some foreign and unsought ideas will offer themselves, that yet we might be able to reject them, and keep them from taking off our minds from its present pursuit, and hinder them from running away with our thoughts quite from the subject in hand. This is not, I suspect, so easy to be done as perhaps may be imagined; and yet, for aught I know, this may be, if not the chief, yet one of the great differences that carry some men in their reasoning so far beyond others, where they seem to be naturally of equal parts. A proper and effectual remedy for this wandering of thoughts, I would be glad to find. He that shall propose such a one, would do great service to the studious and contemplative part of mankind, and perhaps help unthinking men to become thinking. I must acknowledge, that hitherto I have discovered no other way to keep our thoughts close to their business, but the endeavouring as much as we can, and, by frequent attention and application, getting the habit of attention and application. He that will observe children, will find, that, even when they endeavour their utmost, they cannot keep their minds from straggling. The way to cure it, I am satisfied, is not angry chiding or beating, for that presently fills their heads with all the ideas that fear, dread, or confusion can offer to them. To bring back gently their wandering thoughts, by leading them into the path, and going before them in the train they should pursue, without any rebuke, or so much as taking notice (where it can be avoided) of their roving, I suppose would sooner reconcile and inure them to attention, than all those rougher methods, which more distract their thought, and, hindering the application they would promote, introduce a contrary habit.

Section XXXI.—Distinction.

Distinction and division are (if I mistake not the import of the words) very different things; the one being the perception of a difference that nature has placed in things, the other our making a division where there is yet none; at least, if I may be permitted to consider them in this sense, I think I may say of them, that one of them is the most necessary and conducive to true knowledge that can be; the other, when too much made use of, serves only to puzzle and confound the understanding. To observe every, the least difference that is in things, argues a quick and clear sight, and this keeps the understanding steady and right in its way to knowledge. But though it be useful to discern every variety that is to be found in nature, yet it is not convenient to consider every difference that is in things, and divide them into distinct classes under every such difference. This will run us, if followed, into particulars (for every individual has something that differences it from another) and we shall be able to establish no general truths, or else, at least, shall be apt to perplex the mind about them. The collection of several things into several classes, gives the mind more general and larger views; but we must take care to unite them only in that, and so far as they do agree, for so far they may be united under the consideration. For entity itself, that comprehends all things, as general as it is, may afford us clear and rational conceptions. If we would well weigh and keep in our minds what it is we are considering, that would best instruct us when we should or should not branch into farther distinctions, which are to be taken only from a due contemplation of things; to which there is nothing more opposite than the art of verbal distinctions, made at pleasure, in learned and arbitrarily invented terms, to be applied at a venture, without comprehending or conveying any distinct notions, and so altogether fitted to artificial talk, or empty noise in dispute, without any clearing of difficulties, or advance in knowledge. Whatsoever subject we examine, and would get knowledge in, we should, I think, make as general and as large as it will bear; nor can there be any danger of this, if the idea of it be settled and determined; for if that be so, we shall easily distinguish it from any other idea, though comprehended under the same name. For it is to fence against the entanglements of equivocal words, and the great art of sophistry which lies in them, that distinctions have been multiplied, and their use thought so necessary. But had every distinct abstract idea a distinct known name, there would be little need of these multiplied scholastic distinctions, though there would be nevertheless as much need still of the mind's observing the differences that are in things, and discriminating them thereby one from another. It is not therefore the right way to knowledge, to hunt after and fill the head with abundance of artificial and scholastic distinctions, wherewith learned men's writings are often filled; and we sometimes find what they treat of so divided and subdivided, that the mind of the most attentive reader loses the sight of it, as it is more than probable the writer himself did; for in things crumbled into dust, it is in vain to affect or pretend order, or expect clearness. To avoid confusion by too few or too many divisions, is a great skill in thinking as well as writing, which is but the copying our thoughts; but what are the boundaries of the mean between the two vicious excesses on both hands, I think, is hard to set down in words: clear and distinct ideas is all that I yet know able to regulate it. But as to verbal distinctions received and applied to common terms, that is, equivocal words, they are more properly, I think, the business of criticisms and dictionaries than of real knowledge and philosophy, since they, for the most part, explain the meaning of words, and give us their several significations. The dexterous management of terms, and being able to *fend* and *prove* with them, I know has and does pass in the world for a great part of learning; but it is learning distinct from knowledge, for knowledge consists only in perceiving the habitudes and relation of ideas one to another, which is done without

words; the intervention of a sound helps nothing to it. And hence we see that there is least use of distinctions where there is most knowledge—I mean in mathematics, where men have determined ideas with known names to them; and so, there being no room for equivocations, there is no need of distinctions. In arguing, the opponent uses as comprehensive and equivocal terms as he can, to involve his adversary in the doubtfulness of his expressions: this is expected, and therefore the answerer on his side makes it his play to distinguish as much as he can, and thinks he can never do it too much; nor can he, indeed, in that way wherein victory may be had without truth and without knowledge. This seems to me to be the art of disputing. Use your words as captiously as you can in your arguing on one side, and apply distinctions as much as you can on the other side, to every term, to nonplus your opponent; so that, in this sort of scholarship, there being no bounds set to distinguishing, some men have thought all acuteness to have lain in it; and, therefore, in all they have read or thought on, their great business has been to amuse themselves with distinctions, and multiply to themselves divisions, at least more than the nature of the thing required. There seems to me, as I said, to be no other rule for this, but a due and right consideration of things as they are in themselves. He that has settled in his mind determined ideas, with names affixed to them, will be able both to discern their differences one from another, which is really distinguishing; and where the penury of words affords not terms answering every distinct idea, will be able to apply proper distinguishing terms to the comprehensive and equivocal names he is forced to make use of. This is all the need I know of distinguishing terms; and in such verbal distinctions, each term of the distinction joined to that whose signification it distinguishes, is but a new distinct name for a distinct idea. Where they are so, and men have clear and distinct conceptions that answer their verbal distinctions, they are right, and are pertinent as far as they serve to clear any thing in the subject under consideration. And this is that which seems to me the proper and only measure of distinctions and divisions; which he that will conduct his understanding right, must not look for in the acuteness of invention, nor the authority of writers, but will find only in the consideration of things themselves, whether they are led into it by their own meditations or the information of books.

An aptness to jumble things together wherein can be found any likeness, is a fault in the understanding on the other side, which will not fail to mislead it, and by thus lumping of things, hinder the mind from distinct and accurate conceptions of them.

Section XXXII.—Similes.

To which let me here add another near of kin to this, at least in name, and that is, letting the mind, upon the suggestion of any new notion, run immediately after similes to make it the clearer to itself; which, though it may be a good way, and useful in the explaining our thoughts to others, yet it is by no means a right method to settle true notions of any thing in ourselves, because similes always fail in some part, and come short of that exactness which our conceptions should have to things, if we would think aright. This, indeed, makes men plausible talkers, for those are always most acceptable in discourse who have the way to let in their thoughts into other men's minds with the greatest ease and facility; whether those thoughts are well formed and correspond with things, matters not—few men care to be instructed but at an easy rate. They who in their discourse strike the fancy, and take the hearer's conceptions along with them as fast as their words flow, are the applauded talkers, and go for the only men of clear thoughts. Nothing contributes so much to this as similes, whereby men think they themselves understand better, because they are the better understood. But it is one thing to think right, and another thing to know the right way to lay our thoughts before others with advantage and clearness, be they right or wrong. Well-chosen similes, metaphors, and allegories, with method and order, do this the best of any thing, because, being taken from objects already known and familiar to the understanding, they are conceived as fast as spoken; and the correspondence being concluded, the thing they are brought to explain and elucidate is thought to be understood too. Thus fancy passes for knowledge, and what is prettily said is mistaken for solid. I say not this to decry metaphor, or with design to take away that ornament of speech; my business here is not with rhetoricians and orators, but with philosophers and lovers of truth; to whom I would beg leave to give this one rule whereby to try whether, in the application of their thoughts to any thing for the improvement of their knowledge, they do in truth comprehend the matter before them really such as it is in itself. The way to discover this is to observe, whether in the laying it before themselves or others, they make use only of borrowed representations, and ideas foreign to the thing, which are applied to it by way of accommodation, as bearing some proportion or imagined likeness to the subject under consideration. Figured and metaphorical expressions do well to illustrate more abstruse and unfamiliar ideas, which the mind is not yet thoroughly accustomed to—but then they must be made use of to illustrate ideas that we already have, not to paint to us those which we yet have not. Such borrowed and allusive ideas may follow real and solid truth, to set it off when found, but must by no means be set in its place, and taken for it. If all our search has yet reached no farther than simile and metaphor, we may assure ourselves we rather fancy than know, and are not yet penetrated into the inside and reality of the thing, be it what it will, but content ourselves with what our imaginations, not things themselves, furnish us with.

Section XXXIII.—Assent.

In the whole conduct of the understanding, there is nothing of more moment than to know when and where, and how far, to give assent, and possibly there is nothing harder. It is very easily said, and nobody questions it, that giving and withholding our assent, and the degrees of it, should be regulated by the evidence which things carry with them; and yet we see men are not the better for this rule: some firmly embrace doctrines upon slight grounds, some upon no grounds, and some contrary to appearance. Some admit of certainty, and are not to be moved in what they hold; others waver in every thing, and there want not those that reject all as uncertain. What, then, shall a novice, an inquirer, a stranger, do in the case? I answer, use his eyes. There is a correspondence in things, and agreement and disagreement in ideas, discernible in very different degrees, and there are eyes in men to see them, if they please, only their eyes may be dimmed or dazzled, and the discerning sight in them impaired or lost. Interest and passion dazzle; the custom of arguing on any side, even against our persuasions, dims the understanding, and makes it, by degrees, lose the faculty of discerning clearly between truth and falsehood, and so of adhering to the right side. It is not safe to play with error, and dress it up to ourselves or others in the shape of truth. The mind by degrees loses its natural relish of real solid truth, is reconciled insensibly to any thing that can but be dressed up into any faint appearance of it: and if the fancy be allowed the place of judgment at first in sport, it afterwards comes by use to usurp it; and what is recommended by this flatterer (that studies but to please), is received for good. There are so many ways of fallacy, such arts of giving colours, appearances, and resemblances, by this court-dresser, the fancy, that he who is not wary to admit nothing but truth itself, very careful not to make his mind subservient to any thing else, cannot but be caught. He that has a mind to believe, has half assented already; and he that, by often arguing against his own sense, imposes falsehoods on others, is not far from believing himself. This takes away the great distance there is betwixt truth and falsehood—it brings them almost together, and makes it no great odds, in things

that approach so near, which you take; and when things are brought to that pass, passion or interest, &c., easily, and without being perceived, determine which shall be the right.

Section XXXIV.—Indifferency.

I have said above, that we should keep a perfect indifferency for all opinions, not wish any of them true, or try to make them appear so; but being indifferent, receive and embrace them according as evidence, and that alone, gives the attestation of truth. They that do thus, that is, keep their minds indifferent to opinions, to be determined only by evidence, will always find the understanding has perception enough to distinguish between evidence or no evidence, betwixt plain and doubtful; and if they neither give nor refuse their assent but by that measure, they will be safe in the opinions they have. Which, being perhaps but few, this caution will have also this good in it, that it will put them upon considering, and teach them the necessity of examining more than they do; without which the mind is but a receptacle of inconsistencies, not the storehouse of truths. They that do not keep up this indifferency in themselves for all but truth, not supposed, but evidenced in themselves, put coloured spectacles before their eyes, and look on things through false glasses, and then think themselves excused in following the false appearances which they themselves put upon them. I do not expect that by this way the assent should in every one be proportioned to the grounds and clearness wherewith every truth is capable to be made out, or that men should be perfectly kept from error—that is more than human nature can by any means be advanced to; I aim at no such unattainable privilege: I am only speaking of what they should do, who would deal fairly with their own minds, and make a right use of their faculties in the pursuit of truth; we fail them a great deal more than they fail us. It is mismanagement more than want of abilities that men have reason to complain of, and which they actually do complain of, in those that differ from them. He that by an indifferency for all but truth, suffers not his assent to go faster than his evidence, nor beyond it, will learn to examine, and examine fairly, instead of presuming, and nobody will be at a loss or in danger for want of embracing those truths, which are necessary in his station and circumstances. In any other way but this, all the world are born to orthodoxy; they imbibe at first the allowed opinions of their country and party, and so, never questioning their truth, not one of a hundred ever examines. They are applauded for presuming they are in the right. He that considers, is a foe to orthodoxy, because possibly he may deviate from some of the received doctrines there. And thus men without any industry or acquisition of their own, inherit local truths, for it is not the same every where, and are inured to assent without evidence. This influences farther than is thought; for what one of a hundred of the zealous bigots in all parties ever examined the tenets he is so stiff in, or ever thought it his business or duty so to do? It is suspected of lukewarmness to suppose it necessary, and a tendency to apostacy to go about it. And if a man can bring his mind once to be positive and fierce for positions, whose evidence he has never once examined, and that in matters of greatest concernment to him, what shall keep him from this short and easy way of being in the right in cases of less moment? Thus we are taught to clothe our minds as we do our bodies, after the fashion in vogue, and it is accounted fantasticalness, or something worse, not to do so. This custom (which who dares oppose?) makes the short-sighted bigots, and the warier sceptics, as far as it prevails. And those that break from it are in danger of heresy; for, taking the whole world, how much of it doth truth and orthodoxy possess together? Though it is by the last alone (which has the good luck to be every where), that error and heresy are judged of; for argument and evidence signify nothing in the case, and excuse no where, but are sure to be borne down in all societies by the infallible orthodoxy of the place. Whether this be the way to truth and right assent, let the opinions that take place and prescribe in the several habitable parts of the earth, declare. I never saw any reason yet why truth might not be trusted to its own evidence: I am sure, if that be not able to support it, there is no fence against error, and then truth and falsehood are but names, that stand for the same things. Evidence, therefore, is that by which alone every man is, and should be, taught to regulate his assent, who is then, and then only, in the right way when he follows it.

Men deficient in knowledge are usually in one of these three states; either wholly ignorant, or as doubting of some proposition they have either embraced formerly, or at present are inclined to; or, lastly, they do with assurance hold and profess without ever having examined, and being convinced by well-grounded arguments.

The first of these are in the best state of the three, by having their minds yet in their perfect freedom and indifferency, the likelier to pursue truth the better, having no bias yet clapped on to mislead them.

Section XXXV.—Indifferency.

For ignorance with an indifferency for truth is nearer to it than opinion with ungrounded inclination, which is the great source of error; and they are more in danger to go out of the way, who are marching under the conduct of a guide, that it is a hundred to one will mislead them, than he that has not yet taken a step, and is likelier to be prevailed on to inquire after the right way. The last of the three sorts are in the worst condition of all; for if a man can be persuaded and fully assured of any thing for a truth, without having examined, what is there that he may not embrace for truth?—and if he has given himself up to believe a lie, what means is there left to recover one who can be assured without examining? To the other two this I crave leave to say, that as he that is ignorant is in the best state of the two, so he should pursue truth in a method suitable to that state, that is, by inquiring directly into the nature of the thing itself, without minding the opinions of others, or troubling himself with their questions or disputes about it, but to see, what he himself can, sincerely searching after truth, find out. He that proceeds upon other principles in his inquiry into any sciences, though he be resolved to examine them and judge of them freely, does yet at least put himself on that side, and post himself in a party which he will not quit until he be beaten out; by which the mind is insensibly engaged to make what defence it can, and so is unawares biassed. I do not say but a man should embrace some opinion when he has examined, else he examines to no purpose; but the surest and safest way is to have no opinion at all until he has examined, and that without any the least regard to the opinions or systems of other men about it. For example, were it my business to understand physic, would not the safer and readier way be to consult nature herself, and inform myself in the history of diseases and their cures, than espousing the principles of the dogmatists, methodists, or chemists, engage in all the disputes concerning either of those systems, and suppose it true, until I have tried what they can say to beat me out of it. Or, supposing that Hippocrates, or any other book, infallibly contains the whole art of physic, would not the direct way be to study, read, and consider that book, weigh and compare the parts of it, to find the truth, rather than espouse the doctrines of any party, who, though they acknowledge his authority, have already interpreted and wire-drawn all his text to their own sense; the tincture whereof when I have imbibed, I am more in danger to misunderstand his true meaning, than if I had come to him with a mind unprepossessed by doctors and commentators of my sect, whose reasonings, interpretation, and language, which I have been used to, will of course make all chime that way, and make another, and perhaps the genuine meaning of the author, seem harsh, strained, and uncouth to me. For words having naturally none of their own, carry that signification to the hearer that

he is used to put upon them, whatever be the sense of him that uses them. This, I think, is visibly so; and if it be, he that begins to have any doubt of any of his tenets, which he received without examination, ought, as much as he can, to put himself wholly into this state of ignorance in reference to that question, and throwing wholly by all his former notions, and the opinions of others, examine with a perfect indifferency the question in its source, without any inclination to either side, or any regard to his or others' unexamined opinions. This I own is no easy thing to do, but I am not inquiring the easy way to opinion, but the right way to truth; which they must follow who will deal fairly with their own understandings and their own souls.

Section XXXVI.—Question.

The indifferency that I here propose, will also enable them to state the question right, which they are in doubt about, without which they can never come to a fair and clear decision of it.

Section XXXVII.—Perseverance.

Another fruit from this indifferency, and the considering things in themselves, abstract from our own opinions, and other men's notions and discourses on them, will be that each man will pursue his thoughts in that method which will be most agreeable to the nature of the thing, and to his apprehension of what it suggests to him; in which he ought to proceed with regularity and constancy, until he come to a well-grounded resolution wherein he may acquiesce. If it be objected, that this will require every man to be a scholar, and quit all his other business, and betake himself wholly to study, I answer, I propose no more to any one than he has time for. Some men's state and condition require no great extent of knowledge; the necessary provision for life swallows the greatest part of their time. But one man's want of leisure is no excuse for the oscitancy and ignorance of those who have time to spare; and every one has enough to get as much knowledge as is required and expected of him; and he that does not that is in love with ignorance, and is accountable for it.

Section XXXVIII.—Presumption.

The variety of distempers in men's minds is as great as of those in their bodies; some are epidemic, few escape them, and every one too, if he would look into himself, would find some defect of his particular genius. There is scarce any one without some idiosyncrasy that he suffers by. This man presumes upon his parts, that they will not fail him at time of need, and so thinks it superfluous labour to make any provision beforehand. His understanding is to him like *Fortunatus's* purse, which is always to furnish him without ever putting any thing into it beforehand: and so he sits still satisfied, without endeavouring to store his understanding with knowledge. It is the spontaneous product of the country, and what need of labour and tillage? Such men may spread their native riches before the ignorant; but they were best not come to stress and trial with the skilful. We are born ignorant of every thing. The superficies of things that surround them, makes impressions on the negligent; but nobody penetrates into the inside without labour, attention, and industry. Stones and timber grow of themselves, but yet there is no uniform pile, with symmetry and convenience to lodge in, without toil and pains. God has made the intellectual world harmonious and beautiful without us; but it will never come into our heads all at once; we must bring it home piecemeal, and there set it up by our own industry, or else we shall have nothing but darkness and a chaos within, whatever order and light there may be in things without us.

Section XXXIX.—Despondency.

On the other side, there are others that depress their own minds, despond at the first difficulty, and conclude that the getting an insight in any of the sciences, or making any progress in knowledge, farther than serves their ordinary business, is above their capacities. These sit still, because they think they have not legs to go as the others I last mentioned do, because they think they have wings to fly, and can soar on high when they please. To these latter, one may for answer apply the proverb, *Use legs and have legs.* Nobody knows what strength of parts he has, until he has tried them. And of the understanding one may most truly say, that its force is greater generally than it thinks, until it is put to it—*viresque acquirit eundo*—[and acquires force by motion].

And therefore the proper remedy here is but to set the mind to work, and apply the thoughts vigorously to the business; for it holds in the struggles of the mind as in those of war—*Dum putant se vincere, vincere* [While they think they are gaining the victory, they have gained it]—a persuasion that we shall overcome any difficulties that we meet with in the sciences, seldom fails to carry us through them. Nobody knows the strength of his mind, and the force of steady and regular application, until he has tried. This is certain, he that sets out upon weak legs, will not only go farther, but grow stronger too, than one who, with a vigorous constitution, and firm limbs, only sits still.

Something of kin to this, men may observe in themselves, when the mind frights itself (as it often does) with any thing reflected on in gross, and transiently viewed, confusedly, and at a distance. Things thus offered to the mind, carry the show of nothing but difficulty in them, and are thought to be wrapt up in impenetrable obscurity. But the truth is, these are nothing but spectres that the understanding raises to itself, to flatter its own laziness. It sees nothing distinctly in things remote, and in a huddle, and therefore concludes too faintly, that there is nothing more clear to be discovered in them. It is but to approach nearer, and that mist of our own raising that enveloped them, will remove; and those that in that mist appeared hideous giants not to be grappled with, will be found to be of the ordinary and natural size and shape. Things that in a remote and confused view seem very obscure, must be approached by gentle and regular steps, and what is most visible, easy, and obvious in them, first considered. Reduce them into their distinct parts; and then in their due order bring all that should be known concerning every one of those parts, into plain and simple questions; and then, what was thought obscure, perplexed, and too hard for our weak parts, will lay itself open to the understanding in a fair view, and let the mind into that which before it was awed with, and kept at a distance from, as wholly mysterious. I appeal to my reader's experience, whether this has never happened to him—especially when busy on one thing, he has occasionally reflected on another. I ask him, whether he has never thus been scared with a sudden opinion of mighty difficulties, which yet have vanished when he has seriously and methodically applied himself to the consideration of this seeming terrible subject; and there has been no other matter of astonishment left, but that he amused himself with so discouraging a prospect of his own raising, about a matter which in the handling was found to have nothing in it more strange or intricate than several other things which he had long since, and with ease, mastered. This experience should teach us how to deal with such bugbears another time, which should rather serve to excite our vigour, than enervate our industry. The surest way for a learner, in this as in all other cases, is not to advance by jumps and large strides; let that which he sets himself to learn next, be indeed the next, that is, as nearly conjoined with what he knows already as is possible; let it be distinct, but not remote from it: let it be new, and what he did not know before, that the understanding may advance; but let it be as little at once as may be, that its advances may be clear and sure. All the ground that it gets this way it will hold. This distinct gradual growth in knowledge is firm and sure; it carries its own light with it in every step of its progression in an easy and orderly train, than which there is nothing of more use to the understanding. And though this, perhaps, may seem a very slow and linger-

ing way to knowledge, yet I dare confidently affirm, that whoever will try it in himself, or any one he will teach, shall find the advances greater in this method, than they would in the same space of time have been in any other he could have taken. The greatest part of true knowledge lies in a distinct perception of things in themselves distinct. And some men give more clear light and knowledge by the bare distinct stating of a question, than others by talking of it in gross whole hours together. In this, they who so state a question, do no more but separate and disentangle the parts of it one from another, and lay them, when so disentangled, in their due order. This often, without any more ado, resolves the doubt, and shows the mind where the truth lies. The agreement or disagreement of the ideas in question, when they are once separated and distinctly considered, is in many cases presently perceived, and thereby clear and lasting knowledge gained; whereas things in gross taken up together, and so lying together in confusion, can produce in the mind but a confused, which in effect is no, knowledge—or, at least, when it comes to be examined and made use of, will prove little better than none. I therefore take the liberty to repeat here again what I have said elsewhere, that in learning any thing, as little should be proposed to the mind at once as is possible; and that, being understood and fully mastered, to proceed to the next adjoining part yet unknown, simple, unperplexed proposition belonging to the matter in hand, and tending to the clearing what is principally designed.

Section XL.—Analogy.

Analogy is of great use to the mind in many cases, especially in natural philosophy, and that part of it chiefly which consists in happy and successful experiments. But here we must take care that we keep ourselves within that wherein the analogy consists. For example, the acid oil of vitriol is found to be good in such a case, therefore the spirit of nitre or vinegar may be used in the like case. If the good effect of it be owing wholly to the acidity of it, the trial may be justified; but if there be something else besides the acidity in the oil of vitriol, which produces the good we desire in the case, we mistake that for analogy which is not, and suffer our understanding to be misguided by a wrong supposition of analogy where there is none.

Section XLI.—Association.

Though I have in the second book of my Essay concerning Human Understanding, treated of the association of ideas; yet having done it there historically, as giving a view of the understanding in this as well as its several other ways of operating, rather than designing there to inquire into the remedies that ought to be applied to it, it will, under this latter consideration, afford other matter of thought to those who have a mind to instruct themselves thoroughly in the right way of conducting their understandings; and that the rather, because this, if I mistake not, is as frequent a cause of mistake and error in us, as perhaps anything else that can be named, and is a disease of the mind as hard to be cured as any; it being a very hard thing to convince any one that things are not so, and naturally so, as they constantly appear to him.

By this one easy and unheeded miscarriage of the understanding, sandy and loose foundations become infallible principles, and will not suffer themselves to be touched or questioned: such unnatural connections become by custom as natural to the mind, as sun and light: fire and warmth go together; and so seem to carry with them as natural an evidence as self-evident truths themselves. And where, then, shall one with hopes of success begin the cure? Many men firmly embrace falsehood for truth, not only because they never thought otherwise, but also because, thus blinded as they have been from the beginning, they never could think otherwise; at least without a vigour of mind able to contest the empire of habit, and look into its own principles—a freedom which few men have the notion of in themselves, and fewer are allowed the practice of by others; it being the great art and business of the teachers and guides in most sects to suppress, as much as they can, this fundamental duty which every man owes himself, and is the first steady step towards right and truth in the whole train of his actions and opinions. This would give one reason to suspect that such teachers are conscious to themselves of the falsehood or weakness of the tenets they profess, since they will not suffer the grounds whereon they are built to be examined; whereas those who seek truth only, and desire to own and propagate nothing else, freely expose their principles to the test, are pleased to have them examined, give men leave to reject them if they can; and if there be anything weak and unsound in them, are willing to have it detected, that they themselves, as well as others, may not lay any stress upon any received proposition beyond what the evidence of its truth will warrant and allow.

There is, I know, a great fault among all sorts of people, of principling their children and scholars: which, at last, when looked into, amounts to no more but making them imbibe their teachers' notions and tenets, by an implicit faith, and firmly to adhere to them, whether true or false. What colours may be given to this, or of what use it may be when practised upon the vulgar, destined to labour, and given up to the service of their bellies, I will not here inquire. But as to the ingenuous part of mankind, whose condition allows them leisure and letters, and inquiry after truth, I can see no other right way of principling them, but to take heed, as much as may be, that in their tender years, ideas that have no natural cohesion come not to be united in their heads; and that this rule be often inculcated to them to be their guide in the whole course of their lives and studies, namely, that they never suffer any ideas to be joined in their understandings, in any other or stronger combination than what their own nature and correspondence give them; and that they often examine those that they find linked together in their minds, whether this association of ideas be from the visible agreement that is in the ideas themselves, or from the habitual and prevailing custom of the mind joining them thus together in thinking.

This is for caution against this evil, before it be thoroughly riveted by custom in the understanding; but he that would cure it when habit has established it, must nicely observe the very quick and almost imperceptible motions of the mind in its habitual actions. What I have said in another place about the change of the ideas of sense into those of judgment, may be proof of this. Let any one not skilled in painting, be told when he sees bottles and tobacco pipes, and other things so painted, as they are in some places shown, that he does not see protuberances, and you will not convince him but by the touch: he will not believe that by an instantaneous legerdemain of his own thoughts, one idea is substituted for the other. How frequent instances may one meet with of this in the arguings of the learned, who not seldom, in two ideas that they have been accustomed to join in their minds, substitute one for the other, and, I am apt to think, often without perceiving it themselves. This, whilst they are under the deceit of it, makes them incapable of conviction, and they applaud themselves as zealous champions for truth, when indeed they are contending for error. And the confusion of two different ideas, which a customary connection of them in their minds hath made to them almost one, fills their head with false views, and their reasonings with false consequences.

Section XLII.—Fallacies.

Right understanding consists in the discovery and adherence to truth, and that in the perception of the visible or probable agreement or disagreement of ideas, as they are affirmed and denied one of another. From whence it is evident, that the right use and conduct of the understanding, whose business is purely truth, and nothing else, is, that the mind should be kept in a perfect indifferency, not inclining to either side, any farther than evidence settles it by knowledge, or the overbalance of probability gives it the turn of assent and belief; but

yet it is very hard to meet with any discourse, wherein one may not perceive the author not only maintain (for that is reasonable and fit), but inclined and biassed to one side of the question, with marks of a desire that that should be true.

If it be asked me, how authors who have such a bias, and lean to it, may be discovered, I answer, by observing how in their writings or arguings they are often led by their inclinations to change the ideas of the question, either by changing the terms, or by adding and joining others to them, whereby the ideas under consideration are so varied, as to be more serviceable to their purpose, and to be thereby brought to an easier and nearer agreement, or more visible and remoter disagreement, one with another. This is plain and direct sophistry; but I am far from thinking, that wherever it is found, it is made use of with design to deceive and mislead the readers.

It is visible that men's prejudices and inclinations by this way impose often upon themselves; and their affections for truth, under their prepossession in favour of one side, is the very thing that leads them from it. Inclination suggests and slides into their discourse favourable terms, which introduce favourable ideas, until at last by this means, that is concluded clear and evident, thus dressed up, which, taken in its native state, by making use of none but the precise determined ideas, would find no admittance at all. The putting these glosses on what they affirm, these, as they are thought handsome, easy, and graceful explications of what they are discoursing on, is so much the character of what is called and esteemed writing well, that it is very hard to think that authors will ever be persuaded to leave what serves so well to propagate their opinions, and procure themselves credit in the world, for a more jejune and dry way of writing, by keeping to the same terms precisely annexed to the same ideas; a sour and blunt stiffness tolerable in mathematicians only, who force their way, and make truth prevail by irresistible demonstration.

But yet if authors cannot be prevailed with to quit the looser, though more insinuating, ways of writing, if they will not think fit to keep close to truth and instruction, by unvaried terms and plain unsophisticated arguments, yet it concerns readers not to be imposed on by fallacies, and the prevailing ways of insinuation. To do this, the surest and most effectual remedy is to fix in the mind the clear and distinct ideas of the question stripped of words; and so likewise, in the train of argumentation, to take up the author's ideas, neglecting his words, observing how they connect or separate those in the question. He that does this will be able to cast off all that is superfluous; he will see what is pertinent, what coherent, what is direct to, what slides by the question. This will readily show him all the foreign ideas in the discourse, and where they were brought in: and though they perhaps dazzled the writer, yet he will perceive that they give no light nor strength to his reasonings.

This, though it be the shortest and easiest way of reading of books with profit, and keeping one's self from being misled by great names or plausible discourses, yet it being hard and tedious to those who have not accustomed themselves to it, it is not to be expected that every one (amongst those few who really pursue truth) should this way guard his understanding from being imposed on by the wilful, or at least undesigned, sophistry, which creeps into most books of argument. They that write against their conviction, or that next to them, are resolved to maintain the tenets of a party they are engaged in, cannot be supposed to reject any arms that may help to defend their cause, and therefore such should be read with the greatest caution. And they who write for opinions they are sincerely persuaded of, and believe to be true, think they may so far allow themselves to indulge their laudable affection to truth, as to permit their esteem of it to give it the best colours, and set it off with the best expressions and dress they can, thereby to gain it the easiest entrance into the minds of their readers, and fix it deepest there.

One of those being the state of mind we may justly suppose most writers to be in, it is fit their readers, who apply to them for instruction, should not lay by that caution which becomes a sincere pursuit of truth, and should make them always watchful against whatever might conceal or misrepresent it. If they have not the skill of representing to themselves the author's sense by pure ideas separated from sounds, and thereby divested of the false lights and deceitful ornaments of speech, this yet they should do—they should keep the precise question steadily in their minds, carry it along with them through the whole discourse, and suffer not the least alteration in the terms, either by addition, subtraction, or substituting any other. This every one can do who has a mind to it; and he that has not a mind to it, it is plain makes his understanding only the warehouse of other men's lumber; I mean false and unconcluding reasonings, rather than a repository of truth for his own use, which will prove substantial, and stand him in stead when he has occasion for it. And whether such a one deals fairly by his own mind, and conducts his own understanding right, I leave to his own understanding to judge.

Section XLIII.—Fundamental Verities.

The mind of man being very narrow, and so slow in making acquaintance with things, and taking in new truths, that no one man is capable, in a much longer life than ours, to know all truths, it becomes our prudence, in our search after knowledge, to employ our thoughts about fundamental and material questions, carefully avoiding those that are trifling, and not suffering ourselves to be diverted from our main even purpose, by those that are merely incidental. How much of many young men's time is thrown away in purely logical inquiries, I need not mention. This is no better than if a man who was to be a painter, should spend all his time in examining the threads of the several cloths he is to paint upon, and counting the hairs of each pencil and brush he intends to use in the laying on of his colours. Nay, it is much worse than for a young painter to spend his apprenticeship in such useless niceties; for he, at the end of all his pains to no purpose, finds that it is not painting, nor any help to it, and so is really to no purpose. Whereas men designed for scholars have often their heads so filled and warmed with disputes on logical questions, that they take those airy useless notions for real and substantial knowledge, and think their understandings so well furnished with science, that they need not look any farther into the nature of things, or descend to the mechanical drudgery of experiment and inquiry. This is so obvious a mismanagement of the understanding, and that in the professed way to knowledge, that it could not be passed by; to which might be joined abundance of questions, and the way of handling of them in the schools. What faults in particular of this kind every man is, or may be, guilty of, would be infinite to enumerate—it suffices to have shown that superficial and slight discoveries and observations that contain nothing of moment in themselves, nor serve as clues to lead us into farther knowledge, should be lightly passed by, and never thought worth our searching after.

There are fundamental truths that lie at the bottom, the basis upon which a great many others rest, and in which they have their consistency. These are teeming truths, rich in store, with which they furnish the mind; and, like the lights of heaven, are not only beautiful and entertaining in themselves, but give light and evidence to other things, that without them could not be seen or known. Such is that admirable discovery of Mr Newton, that all bodies gravitate to one another, which may be counted as the basis of natural philosophy; which of what use it is to the understanding of the great frame of our solar system, he has to the astonishment of the learned world shown; and how much farther it would guide us in other things, if rightly pursued, is not yet known. Our Saviour's great rule, that *we should love our neighbour as ourselves*, is such a fundamental truth for the regulating human society, that, I think, by

that alone, one might, without difficulty, determine all the cases and doubts in social morality. These, and such as these, are the truths we should endeavour to find out, and store our minds with. Which leads me to another thing in the conduct of the understanding that is no less necessary, namely—

Section XLIV.—Bottoming.

To accustom ourselves in any question proposed to examine, and find out upon what it bottoms. Most of the difficulties that come in our way, when well considered and traced, lead us to some proposition, which known to be true, clears the doubt, and gives an easy solution of the question, whilst topical and superficial arguments, of which there is store to be found on both sides, filling the head with variety of thoughts, and the mouth with copious discourse, serve only to amuse the understanding, and entertain company without coming to the bottom of the question, the only place of rest and stability for an inquisitive mind, whose tendency is only to truth and knowledge.

For example, if it be demanded, whether the Grand Seignior can lawfully take what he will from any of his people?—this question cannot be resolved without coming to a certainty, whether all men are naturally equal; for upon that it turns; and that truth, well settled in the understanding, and carried in the mind through the various debates concerning the various rights of men in society, will go a great way in putting an end to them, and showing on which side the truth is.

Section XLV.—Transferring of Thoughts.

There is scarce any thing more for the improvement of knowledge, for the ease of life, and the dispatch of business, than for a man to be able to dispose of his own thoughts; and there is scarce any thing harder in the whole conduct of the understanding than to get a full mastery over it. The mind, in a waking man, has always some object that it applies itself to; which, when we are lazy or unconcerned, we can easily change, and at pleasure transfer our thoughts to another, and from thence to a third, which has no relation to either of the former. Hence men forwardly conclude, and frequently say, nothing is so free as thought, and it were well it were so; but the contrary will be found true in several instances; and there are many cases wherein there is nothing more restive and ungovernable than our thoughts; they will not be directed what objects to pursue, nor be taken off from those they have once fixed on, but run away with a man in pursuit of those ideas they have in view, let him do what he can.

I will not here mention again what I have above taken notice of, how hard it is to get the mind narrowed by a custom of thirty or forty years' standing to a scanty collection of obvious and common ideas, to enlarge itself to a more copious stock, and grow into an acquaintance with those that would afford more abundant matter of useful contemplation; it is not of this I am here speaking. The inconveniency I would here represent and find a remedy for, is the difficulty there is sometimes to transfer our minds from one subject to another, in cases where the ideas are equally familiar to us.

Matters that are recommended to our thoughts by any of our passions, take possession of our minds with a kind of authority, and will not be kept out or dislodged; but as if the passion that rules were, for the time, the sheriff of the place, and came with all the posse, the understanding is seized and taken with the object it introduces, as if it had a legal right to be alone considered there. There is scarce any body, I think, of so calm a temper, who hath not sometime found this tyranny on his understanding, and suffered under the inconvenience of it. Who is there almost whose mind, at some time or other, love or anger, fear or grief, has not so fastened to some clog, that it could not turn itself to any other object? I call it a clog, for it hangs upon the mind so as to hinder its vigour and activity in the pursuit of other contemplations, and advances itself little or not at all in the knowledge of the thing which it so closely hugs and constantly pores on. Men thus possessed, are sometimes as if they were so in the worst sense, and lay under the power of an enchantment. They see not what passes before our eyes, hear not the audible discourse of the company; and when, by any strong application to them, they are roused a little, they are like men brought to themselves from some remote region; whereas, in truth, they come no farther than their secret cabinet within, where they have been wholly taken up with the puppet, which is for that time appointed for their entertainment. The shame that such dumps cause to well-bred people, when it carries them away from the company, where they should bear a part in the conversation, is a sufficient argument, that it is a fault in the conduct of our understanding not to have that power over it as to make use of it to those purposes, and on those occasions, wherein we have need of its assistance. The mind should be always free, and ready to turn itself to the variety of objects that occur, and allow them as much consideration as shall for that time be thought fit. To be engrossed so by one object, as not to be prevailed on to leave it for another that we judge fitter for our contemplation, is to make it of no use to us. Did this state of mind remain always so, every one would, without scruple, give it the name of perfect madness; and while it does last, at whatever intervals it returns, such a rotation of thoughts about the same object no more carries us forward towards the attainment of knowledge, than getting upon a mill-horse, whilst he jogs on in his circular track, would carry a man a journey.

I grant something must be allowed to legitimate passions, and to natural inclinations. Every man, besides occasional affections, has beloved studies, and those the mind will more closely stick to; but yet it is best that it should be always at liberty, and under the free disposal of the man, to act how and upon what he directs. This we should endeavour to obtain, unless we would be content with such a flaw in our understandings that sometimes we should be as it were without it; for it is very little better than so in cases where we cannot make use of it to those purposes we would, and which stand in present need of it.

But before fit remedies can be thought on for this disease, we must know the several causes of it, and thereby regulate the cure, if we will hope to labour with success.

One we have already instanced in, whereof all men that reflect have so general a knowledge, and so often an experience in themselves, that nobody doubts of it. A prevailing passion so pins down our thoughts to the object and concern of it, that a man passionately in love cannot bring himself to think of his ordinary affairs; nor a kind mother drooping under the loss of a child, is not able to bear a part as she was wont in the discourse of the company or conversation of her friends.

But though passion be the most obvious and general, yet it is not the only cause that binds up the understanding, and confines it for the time to one object, from which it will not be taken off.

Besides this, we may often find that the understanding, when it has a while employed itself upon a subject which either chance, or some slight accident, offered to it without the interest or recommendation of any passion, works itself into a warmth, and, by degrees, gets into a career, wherein, like a bowl down a hill, it increases its motion by going, and will not be stopped or diverted; though, when the heat is over, it sees all this earnest application was about a trifle not worth a thought, and all the pains employed about it, lost labour.

There is a third sort, if I mistake not, yet lower than this; it is a sort of childishness, if I may so say, of the understanding, wherein during the fit, it plays with, and dandles some insignificant puppet to no end, nor with any design at all, and yet cannot easily be got off from it. Thus, some trivial sentence or a scrap of poetry will sometimes get into men's heads, and make such a chiming there, that there is no stilling of it; no peace to be obtained, nor attention to anything else, but this impertinent guest will take up the mind, and possess the

thoughts, in spite of all endeavours to get rid of it. Whether every one hath experimented in themselves this troublesome intrusion of some frisking ideas which thus importune the understanding, and hinder it from being better employed, I know not; but persons of very good parts, and those more than one, I have heard speak and complain of it themselves. The reason I have to make this doubt, is from what I have known in a case something of kin to this, though much odder, and that is of a sort of visions that some people have, lying quiet but perfectly awake in the dark, or with their eyes shut. It is a great variety of faces, most commonly very odd ones, that appear to them in train one after another; so that, having had just the sight of one, it immediately passes away to give place to another, that the same instant succeeds, and has as quick an exit as its leader, and so they march on in a constant succession; nor can any one of them, by any endeavour, be stopped or retained beyond the instant of its appearance, but is thrust out by its follower, which will have its turn. Concerning this fantastical phenomenon, I have talked with several people, whereof some have been perfectly acquainted with it, and others have been so wholly strangers to it, that they could hardly be brought to conceive or believe it. I knew a lady of excellent parts, who had got past thirty without having ever had the least notice of any such thing; she was so great a stranger to it, that when she heard me and another talking of it, could scarce forbear thinking we bantered her; but sometime after, drinking a large dose of dilute tea (as she was ordered by a physician), going to bed, she told us at next meeting, that she had now experimented what our discourse had much ado to persuade her of. She had seen a great variety of faces in a long train, succeeding one another, as we had described; they were all strangers and intruders, such as she had no acquaintance with before, nor sought after then, and as they came of themselves, they went too; none of them staid a moment, nor could be detained by all the endeavours she could use, but went on in their solemn procession, just appeared, and then vanished. This odd phenomenon seems to have a mechanical cause, and to depend upon the matter and motion of the blood or animal spirits.

When the fancy is bound by passion, I know no way to set the mind free, and at liberty to prosecute what thoughts the man would make choice of, but to allay the present passion, or counterbalance it with another, which is an art to be got by study, and acquaintance with the passions.

Those who find themselves apt to be carried away with the spontaneous current of their own thoughts, not excited by any passion or interest, must be very wary and careful in all the instances of it to stop it, and never humour their minds in being thus triflingly busy. Men know the value of their corporeal liberty, and therefore suffer not willingly fetters and chains to be put upon them. To have the mind captivated is, for the time, certainly the greater evil of the two, and deserves our utmost care and endeavours to preserve the freedom of our better part. And in this case our pains will not be lost; striving and struggling will prevail, if we constantly, in all such occasions, make use of it. We must never indulge these trivial attentions of thought; as soon as we find the mind makes itself a business of nothing, we should immediately disturb and check it, introduce new and more serious considerations, and not leave until we have beaten it off from the pursuit it was upon. This, at first, if we have let the contrary practice grow to a habit, will perhaps be difficult; but constant endeavours will by degrees prevail, and at last make it easy. And when a man is pretty well advanced, and can command his mind off at pleasure from incidental and undesigned pursuits, it may not be amiss for him to go on farther, and make attempts upon meditations of greater moment, that at the last he may have full power over his own mind, and be so fully master of his own thoughts as to be able to transfer them from one subject to another, with the same ease that he can lay by any thing he has in his hand, and take something else that he has a mind to in the room of it. This liberty of mind is of great use both in business and study, and he that has got it will have no small advantage of ease and dispatch in all that is the chosen and useful employment of his understanding.

The third and last way which I mentioned the mind to be sometimes taken up with, I mean the chiming of some particular words or sentence in the memory, and, as it were, making a noise in the head, and the like, seldom happens but when the mind is lazy, or very loosely and negligently employed. It were better, indeed, be without such impertinent and useless repetitions. Any obvious idea, when it is roving causelessly at a venture, being of more use and apter to suggest something worth consideration, than the insignificant buzz of purely empty sounds. But since the rousing of the mind, and setting the understanding on work with some degrees of vigour, does for the most part presently set it free from these idle companions, it may not be amiss, whenever we find ourselves troubled with them, to make use of so profitable a remedy that is always at hand.

SOME THOUGHTS CONCERNING EDUCATION.

A SOUND mind in a sound body, is a short but full description of a happy state in this world. He that has these two, has little more to wish for; and he that wants either of them, will be but little the better for anything else. Men's happiness or misery is most part of their own making. He whose mind directs not wisely, will never take the right way, and he whose body is crazy and feeble, will never be able to advance in it. I confess, there are some men's constitutions of body and mind so vigorous and well framed by nature, that they need not much assistance from others, but by the strength of their natural genius, they are from their cradles carried towards what is excellent; and by the privilege of their happy constitutions, are able to do wonders. But examples of this kind are but few, and I think I may say, that of all the men we meet with, nine parts of ten are what they are, good or evil, useful or not, by their education. It is that which makes the great difference in mankind. The little or almost insensible impressions on our tender infancies, have very important and lasting consequences. And there it is, as in the fountains of some rivers, where a gentle application of the hand turns the flexible waters into channels, that make them take quite contrary courses; and by this little direction, given them at first in the source, they receive different tendencies, and arrive at last at very remote and distant places.

Those that intend ever to govern their children, should begin it whilst they are *very little*, and look that they perfectly comply with the will of their parents. Would you have your son obedient to you when past a child, be sure then to establish the authority of a father, as soon as he is capable of submission, and can understand in whose power he is. If you would have him stand in awe of you, imprint it in his infancy; and as he approaches more to a man, admit him nearer to your familiarity; so shall you have him your obedient subject (as is fit) whilst he is a child, and your affectionate friend when he is a man. For methinks they mightily misplace the treatment due to their children, who are indulgent and familiar when they are little, but severe to them, and keep them at a distance, when they are

grown up. For liberty and indulgence can do no good to children; their want of judgment makes them stand in need of restraint and discipline; and on the contrary, imperiousness and severity is but an ill way of treating men who have reason of their own to guide them, unless you have a mind to make your children, when grown up, weary of you, and secretly to say within themselves, "When will you die, father?"

The child's natural genius and constitution must be considered in a right education. We must not hope wholly to change their original tempers, nor make the gay pensive and grave, nor the melancholy sportive, without spoiling them. God has stamped certain characters upon men's minds, which, like their shapes, may perhaps be a little mended, but can hardly be totally altered and transformed into the contrary. He, therefore, that is about children, should well study their natures and aptitudes, and see by often trials, what turn they easily take, and what becomes them, observe what their native stock is, how it may be improved, and what it is fit for. He should consider what they want, whether they be capable of having it wrought into them by industry, and incorporated there by practice, and whether it be worth while to endeavour it. For in many cases all that we can do, or should aim at, is to make the best of what nature has given, to prevent the vices and faults to which such a constitution is most inclined, and give it all the advantages it is capable of. Every one's natural genius should be carried as far as it could; but to attempt the putting another upon him, will be but labour in vain; and what is so plastered on, will at best fit but untowardly, and have always hanging to it the ungracefulness of constraint and affectation.

Of all the ways whereby children are to be instructed, and their manners formed, the plainest, easiest, and most efficacious, is to set before their eyes the examples of those things you would have them do, or avoid, which, when they are pointed out to them, in the practice of persons within their knowledge, with some reflections on their beauty and unbecomingness, are of more force to draw or deter their imitation, than any discourses which can be made to them. Virtues and vices can by no words be so plainly set before their understandings, as the actions of other men will show them, when you direct their observation, and bid them view this or that good or bad quality in their practice. And the beauty or uncomeliness of many things, in good and ill breeding, will be better learnt, and make deeper impressions on them, in the examples of others, than from any rules or instructions can be given about them. This is a method to be used, not only whilst they are young, but to be continued even as long as they shall be under another's tuition or conduct; nay, I know not whether it be not the best way to be used by a father, as long as he should think fit, on any occasion, to reform anything he wishes mended in his son; nothing sinking so gently, and so deep, into men's minds, as example. And what ill they either overlook or indulge in themselves, they cannot but dislike, and be ashamed of, when it is set before them in another.

The great work of a governor is to fashion the carriage, and form the mind; to settle in his pupil good habits, and the principles of virtue and wisdom, to give him by little and little a view of mankind, and work him into a love and imitation of what is excellent and praiseworthy; and in the prosecution of it, to give him vigour, activity, and industry. The studies which he sets him upon, are but as it were the exercises of his faculties and employment of his time, to keep him from sauntering and idleness, to teach him application, and accustom him to take pains, and to give him some little taste of what his own industry must perfect.

Latin I look upon as absolutely necessary to a gentleman; and indeed custom, which prevails over every thing, has made it so much a part of education, that even those children are whipped to it, and made spend many hours of their precious time uneasily in Latin, who, after they are once gone from school, are never to have more to do with it as long as they live. Can there be anything more ridiculous, than that a father should waste his own money, and his son's time, in setting him to learn the Roman language, when at the same time he designs him for a trade, wherein he having no use for Latin, fails not to forget that little which he brought from school, and which it is ten to one he abhors for the ill usage it procured him?

The great skill of a teacher is to get and keep the attention of his scholar; whilst he has that, he is sure to advance as fast as the learner's abilities will carry him; and without that, all his bustle and pudder will be to little or no purpose. To attain this, he should make the child comprehend (as much as may be) the usefulness of what he teaches him, and let him see, by what he has learnt, that he can do something, which he could not before; something which gives him some power and real advantage above others who are ignorant of it. To this he should add sweetness in all his instructions, and, by a certain tenderness in his whole carriage, make the child sensible that he loves him, and designs nothing but his good, the only way to beget love in the child, which will make him hearken to his lessons, and relish what he teaches him. Nothing but obstinacy should meet with any imperiousness, or rough usage. All other faults should be corrected with a gentle hand; and kind engaging words will work better and more effectually upon a willing mind, and even prevent a good deal of that perverseness which rough and imperious usage often produces in well-disposed and generous minds. It is true, obstinacy and wilful neglects must be mastered, even though it cost blows to do it. But I am apt to think perverseness in the pupils is often the effect of frowardness in the tutor; and that most children would seldom have deserved blows, if needless and misapplied roughness had not taught them ill nature, and given them an aversion for their teacher, and all that comes from him.

To write and speak correctly, gives a grace, and gains a favourable attention to what one has to say. And since it is English that an English gentleman will have constant use of, that is the language he should chiefly cultivate, and wherein most care should be taken to polish and perfect his style. To speak or write better Latin than English, may make a man be talked of, but he will find it more to his purpose to express himself well in his own tongue, that he uses every moment, than to have the vain commendation of others for a very insignificant quality. This I find universally neglected, nor no care taken any where to improve young men in their own language, that they may thoroughly understand and be masters of it. If any one among us have a facility or purity more than ordinary in his mother tongue, it is owing to chance, or his genius, or anything, rather than to his education, or any care of his teacher. To mind what English his pupil speaks or writes, is below the dignity of one bred up amongst Greek and Latin, though he have but little of them himself. These are the learned languages, fit only for learned men to meddle with and teach; English is the language of the illiterate vulgar.

Buck

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